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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS NME

THE CULT COMES ALIVE!

DEATH CULT INTERVIEW

by David Dorrell

ROBERT WYATT

COMATEENS

THE B-52'S

The brave

Death Cult's Ian and friend Anna. Pic Peter Anderson

IT'S BUST-UP WEEK — BIRTHDAY BOYS, UNDERTONES & (ALMOST) PiL

Curtis tour

CURTIS MAYFIELD has now added a string of provincial dates to his previously announced appearances at the Glastonbury Festival (June 19) and London Kensington Commonwealth Institute (24 and 25). He opens on June 17 at Nottingham Royal Concert Hall followed by an all-nighter at Hinckley Leisure Centre, then plays Braintree The Barn (18), Glasgow Henry Afrika's (21), Manchester Hacienda Club (22), Birmingham Carlton Ballroom (23), Dunstable Queensway Hall (26), Reading Hexagon (27) and Brighton Dome (28). Promoters are Marand Music.

No JB

JAMES BROWN has withdrawn from the Glastonbury CND Festival (June 17-19) — as, indeed, he has from the entire European tour which was being lined up for him. No explanation has been given, although it's believed that financial considerations were involved — which is ironic, in view of the fact that Glastonbury's aim is to raise money for the anti-nuke movement.

The Glastonbury Fest is run as a commercial operation and acts receive their normal fees, with only the subsequent profits going to CND, though some bands who are dedicated to the cause invariably donate their fees to CND. The Enid, one of the bands appearing in the festival, have addressed the following open letter to other acts:

"There can be no band less able than The Enid to bear the financial burden of donating to CND our fee for appearing at the festival. There is no more important issue facing humanity than nuclear weapons. Every other political, ethical or moral consideration is secondary. It is for this reason that The Enid implore ALL bands playing at Glastonbury to do likewise and also donate their fees to CND."

It's understood that The Enid, as a middle-order act, were offered £800 to play Glastonbury. One wonders what the headliners were offered — and, in many cases, are accepting.

Joke back

KILLING JOKE are about to emerge after two months in the recording studio, where they've been working on a new album. This is due out in July and, coinciding with its release, the band will be undertaking a British tour, with dates and venues to be announced within the next week or two, but meanwhile it's already known that their major London show will be at Hammersmith Palais on July 31 (tickets £4, plus booking fee where applicable).

Prior to this activity, they have a new single released by Polydor on June 17, their first for some months — it is 'Let's All Go (To The Fire Dances)'/'Dominator'.

Pic: Kevin Cummins

THE PARTY'S OVER

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY have announced that they will definitely be breaking up in the near future. They are currently in Australia, and will be returning to the UK very shortly to finish recording an EP for Mute Records, after which the group will split to pursue individual projects.

The group have just issued their own statement which, in somewhat obscure terms, explains their decision:

"In view of events this year, it has become obvious that new challenges are needed to sustain our creative vitality. Rather than continue regardless of our better judgment (i.e. for money or through lack of daring) and diminishing the impact of our work to date, it has been decided to end The Birthday Party. Individual plans are not definite at this time, but we hope this decision will prove as productive as is its intent."

KEITH QUITS PiL

PUBLIC IMAGE LIMITED have parted company with Keith Levene, leaving the group in the hands of the only original member, John Lydon and his recent associate, drummer Martin Atkin. Despite this, PiL will remain a working unit, and are currently nearing completion of their first album since 'Flowers Of Romance' two years ago — this, together with a 12-inch single, should be out in the autumn.

The group have recently been playing a series of concerts in the States, and are due to visit Japan next month. They still intend to fulfill this commitment, even though Levene will not be with them, and it's not yet known who will replace him. Sources close to PiL suggest that Levene was increasingly at odds with the others, and decided to leave before the Japanese tour.

Recording of the new album has been slow, even by PiL's standards, but sessions were interrupted for a lengthy period while Lydon flew to Italy to play his first film role, which is in a still untitled cop movie — called 'Cop Killer' in Europe — also starring Harvey Keital, and is to be released in the autumn.

● The Sex Pistols classic 'Anarchy In The UK' is reissued by Virgin this weekend — "to commemorate the General Election," they say.

Pic: Anton Corbijn

'TONES GO UNDER

THE UNDERTONES are to split up next month, it was announced through EMI Records this week. The group, who headlined a major London concert at the Lyceum Ballroom last Sunday, will play their last UK date on July 9 — when they support Peter Gabriel in his open-air concert at the Crystal Palace Football Ground in South London (see page 33). Then after appearing in two French festivals in Toulouse and Brest, their farewell show will be at the Dublin Festival No. 2 on July 17.

No word has yet been forthcoming about their future plans or the reasons that prompted the split, partially because their future intentions are still undecided, though the chances are that front man Feargal Sharkey will re-emerge either as a soloist or with a new band. An EMI spokesperson said they'll be giving the reasons for the break-up next week.

As the first major new-wave band to emerge from Ulster, The Undertones were at their peak in the late '70s and 1980 — but the next couple of years saw them lapse into the background, as the result of inactivity forced upon them by label and agency problems. It's only in recent months that they've recaptured a large degree of their status, by way of an EMI contract, a new LP, and an extensive concert tour.

Pic: John Stoddart

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

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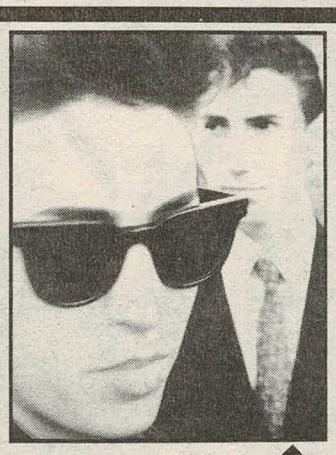

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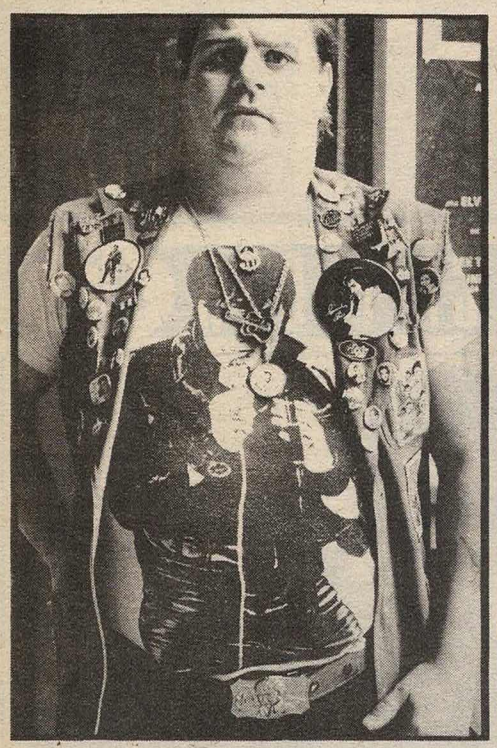

Conventionally ELVIS

Gut reactions by Cath Carroll and Liz Neer

ON THE afternoon of August 16th 1977 Joe 'Diamond Joe' Esposito was on his knees in the Presley bathroom administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to the mortal remains of Elvis. Joe was Colonel Parker's 'foreman' who averted several near-fatal ODs, procured showgirls and generally took care of business for 'E' over nigh on two decades.

On a Sunday afternoon in Manchester, May 1983, Diamond Joe was showing his home movies to over 1000 people in the Free trade Hall. For 10 minutes we watched Elvis and the guys surfing with Joe filling us in: "As you can see, it's very, uh, wet . . ." After all, they *were* just home movies, all shot around the times when Elvis was either making a film or a major public appearance (his wedding).

If you're familiar with the Albert Goldman biography you'll know that Elvis had to make the most of the periods when the Presley head was together and the physique in trim. You'll know too that there were *other* home movies, but of course, no Decent Elvis fan would even acknowledge their existence, let alone tolerate their showing . . . "Albert Goldman? Absolute filth!" "Disgusting muck-raking" "We won't have that book in our house!".

A couple of hours earlier this same audience had cheered, screamed and swooned its way through a showing of *'That's The Way It Is'*. Now they were quiet, storing memories of footage, cooing over Elvis and Priscilla together, whistling as Elvis rubbed sun oil over Priscilla as they lay, pasty white, on a deserted beach, cheering as Elvis blew smoke from a joint into the camera — naughty boy!

And, oh boy! the souvenirs. Elvis Kitsch has progressed since the days when Colnel Parker hawked 'autogrpahed' 10 × 8's at village halls. The convention was organised by the London memorabilia firm, Elvisly Yours. Psst. Wanna buy an Elvis teaspoon, a crushed velvet Elvis rug, a musical box that cranks out 'Love Me Tender', a copy of *Graceland News* only £1.75? Or a Memphis mafia jigsaw puzzle? Ulp. One thing money couldn't buy was the life-size Elvis statue, cast in bronze depicting E. in an ungainly squatting pose. Grannies and stack-heeled cryptoteds queued for a photo at the life-size feet of the icon.

We grabbed a fab Priscilla lookalike wearing the finest pair of eyelashes this side of a hearthbrush. She was from Surrey and screamed throughout the feature film. She was wearing a thigh-hugging mini dress but as she spoke you were hit by a wave of upright, old-fashioned decency. It was as if she belonged to a rock'n'roll religious order where all the young women are betrothed to Elvis — The Only Begotten. Did she think Elvis was sexy? "Yes, but that isn't the only reason why I scream . . . I have to scream or I collapse. I'm hoping to move out to the States this year, the atmosphere round Graceland is terrific. Elvis is just everything I do." She'd once lost her voice for 6½ weeks after screaming at a convention.

The punters ranged from 7-76, either fat or unhealthily thin and some came on crutches, hobbling towards the Presence on the big screen. Who needs Lourdes? The amount of pies and pop consumed was, well, Presleylike in its proportion.

David Hamilton, just back from a holiday aboard a rotisserie, presided over the Elvis Dancing Competition. Chris from Oldham voluntered a waxen mime to 'Don't Be Cruel'. He was one of few who'd chosen to emulate the early Elvis, possibly because most people found the overblown rhinestone Vegas era easier to fit into. You couldn't move for sateen bomber jackets and off-the ankle flares.

We must n't forget Heathcliffe, supposedly the best impersonator in the UK. He was credible — provided you kept your eyes shut.

Sid Shaw, director of Elvisly Yours was manically busy. Pleased with the attendance, Sid? "Considering the times, the recession and things, it is good. The Liberace show this week only had half this many . . ." Do *you* make a lot of money out of Elvis? "Well, I lost £2000 on the last show. Hopefully you get it back in other ways."

At 9.30, Joe Esposito dashed off to get a plane to LA where he has worked with The Bee Gees, John Denver and The Carpenters. The pilgrims flocked back to the coaches and we were still reeling the next day. Elvisly Saturated. Wow.

Will the real Elvis Presley please stand up? Imitators and fans at Manchester's Elvisly Yours convention.

Photography: Kevin Cummins

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NME CHARTS

45s UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	3	CANDY GIRL	New Edition (London)	7	1
2	15	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	Police (A & M)	2	2
3	8	BAD BOYS	Wham (Innervision)	3	3
4	4	CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU	The Beat (Go Feet)	5	4
5	1	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	7	1
6	2	TEMPTATION	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	7	2
7	10	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	3	7
8	17	MONEY GO ROUND	Style Council (Polydor)	2	8
9	11	BUFFALO SOLDIER	Bob Marley (Island)	4	9
10	13	WHAT KINDA BOY YOU'RE LOOKING FOR	Hot Chocolate (RAK)	3	10
11	5	DANCING TIGHT	Galaxy (Ensign)	7	4
12	25	JUST GOT LUCKY	JoBoxers (RCA)	3	12
13	6	OUR LIPS ARE SEALED	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	6	5
14	(—)	LOVE TOWN	Booker Newbury III (Polydor)	1	14
15	30	GLORY, GLORY MAN. UNITED	Manchester Utd Team (EMI)	2	15
16	9	BLIND VISION	Blancmange (London)	5	9
17	7	(KEEP FEELING) FASCINATION	Human League (Virgin)	7	2
18	48	IN A BIG COUNTRY	Big Country (Mercury)	2	18
19	20	SHIPBUILDING	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	4	19
20	28	FEEL THE NEED IN ME	Forrest (CBS)	3	20
21	29	MUSIC (PART 1)	D Train (Prelude)	5	21
22	14	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	11	8
23	12	PALE SHELTER	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	6	4
24	47	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash 'n' The Pan (Easy Beat)	2	24
25	(—)	LADY LOVE ME (ONE MORE TIME)	George Benson (Warner Bros)	1	25
26	(—)	BRING ME CLOSER	Altered Images (Epic)	1	26
27	18	WORDS	F.R. David (Carrere)	9	3
28	21	STOP THAT CRAZY RHYTHM	Modern Romance (WEA)	4	21
29	22	MISS THE GIRL	Creatures (Polydor)	7	17
30	16	FAMILY MAN	Hall & Oates (RCA)	5	16
31	35	STOP AND GO	David Grant (Chrysalis)	4	31
32	19	WE ARE DETECTIVE	Thompson Twins (Arista)	7	7
33	38	JUICY FRUIT	M'tume (Epic)	3	33
34	(—)	THE WHEEL	Spear Of Destiny (Epic)	1	34
35	(—)	WE CAME TO DANCE	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	1	35
36	(—)	THE KIDS ARE BACK	Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	1	36
37	23	CANTON (LIVE)	Japan (Virgin)	2	23
38	(—)	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	1	38
39	(—)	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI-America)	1	39
40	(—)	LET'S LIVE IT UP	David Joseph (Island)	1	40
41	27	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)	8	3
42	50	MORNIN'	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)	2	42
43	32	OVERKILL	Men At Work (Epic)	7	19
44	33	I GOT MINE	Motorhead (Bronze)	2	30
45	(—)	THE HEAT IS ON	Agnetha Faltskog (Epic)	1	45
46	(—)	LITTLE RED CORVETTE	Prince (Warner Bros)	1	46
47	(—)	WALK OUT TO WINTER	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	1	47
48	(—)	FLESH OF MY FLESH	Orange Juice (Polydor)	1	48
49	(—)	COUNTDOWN	Rush (Mercury)	1	49
50	41	CANDY MAN	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	2	41

LPs UK TOP FIFTY

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	3	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	24	1
2	2	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	12	1
3	17	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley (Island)	2	3
4	1	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	5	1
5	14	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (EMI)	2	5
6	4	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	7	1
7	5	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	4	5
8	15	FEAST	Creatures (Polydor)	2	8
9	16	TWICE AS KOOL	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	5	9
10	10	DRESSED FOR THE OCCASION	Cliff Richard (EMI)	3	10
11	7	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	12	2
12	9	NIGHT DUBBING	Imagination (R&B)	4	9
13	6	CARGO	Men At Work (Epic)	7	3
14	12	QUICK STEP AND SIDE KICK	Thompson Twins (Arista)	14	2
15	8	MIDNIGHT AT THE LOST AND FOUND	Meatloaf (Epic)	5	3
16	11	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT	Bonnie Tyler (CBS)	7	3
17	22	CHART ENCOUNTERS OF THE HIT KIND	Various (Ronco)	2	17
18	19	WHAMMY!	B-52s (Island)	2	18
19	13	SWEET DREAMS (ARE MADE OF THIS)	Eurythmics (RCA)	14	1
20	20	TOTO IV	Toto (CBS)	14	3
21	(—)	DUCK ROCK	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	1	21
22	37	RING OF CHANGES	Barclay James Harvest (Polydor)	2	22
23	18	THE FINAL CUT	Pink Floyd (Harvest)	10	1
24	24	SONGS	Kids From Fame (BBC)	4	17
25	25	WHITE FEATHERS	Kajagoogoo (EMI)	6	8
26	(—)	CRISIS	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	1	26
27	36	THE COLLECTION	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	2	27
28	(—)	ANOTHER PERFECT DAY	Motorhead (Bronze)	1	28
29	21	CHINERA	Bill Nelson (Mercury)	4	13
30	27	H_2O	Hall And Oates (RCA)	3	27
31	23	SIOGO	Blackfoot (Atco)	3	23
32	32	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	7	12
33	40	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (WEA)	7	24
34	26	WAITING	Fun Boy Three (Chrysalis)	11	7
35	30	LISTEN	A Flock Of Seagulls (Jive)	5	13
36	28	YOU CAN'T STOP ROCK'N'ROLL	Twisted Sister (Atlantic)	5	16
37	41	PRIDE	Robert Palmer (Island)	7	15
38	44	LAUGHTER AND TEARS COLLECTION	Various (WEA)	3	33
39	(—)	OUTSIDE INSIDE	Tubes (Capitol)	1	39
40	(—)	NAKED	Kissing The Pink (Magnet)	1	40
41	29	WE ARE ONE	Maze (Capitol)	4	27
42	31	THE ELEVENTH HOUR	Magnum (Jet)	2	31
43	39	HELLO I MUST BE GOING	Phil Collins (Virgin)	29	2
44	(—)	HUNKY DORY	David Bowie (RCA)	1	44
45	38	THE RISE AND FALL OF ZIGGY STARDUST	David Bowie (RCA)	4	38
46	34	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	46	2
47	48	SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR	Marillion (EMI)	10	4
48	35	WAR	U2 (Island)	13	3
49	45	MUSIC FROM LOCAL HERO	Mark Knopfler (Vertigo)	7	10
50	33	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)	21	9

45s INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	SHIPBUILDING	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	4	1
2	3	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)	3	2
3	2	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	11	2
4	14	WALK OUT TO A WINTER	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	5	4
5	5	CATCH 23	GBH (Clay)	3	3
5	19	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash 'n' The Pan (Easy Beat)	2	19
7	7	CAPITALISM AND CANNIBALISM	Anthrax (Crass)	3	7
8	4	BAD BOY	Adicts (Razor)	4	4
9	8	ALICE 12"	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)	3	8
10	13	THE JET SET JUNTA	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	3	10
11	6	PEPPERMINT PIG	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	4	6
12	9	CROW BABY	March Violets (Rebirth)	3	9
13	12	TELECOMMUNICATION EP	Blitz (Future)	3	12
14	(—)	EUROPEAN SONG	Aberdeen Football Club (Aberdeen F.C.)	1	14
15	10	SCREAMING	Gene Loves Jezebel (Situation 2)	3	10
16	15	BURNING SKIES EP	Tones On Tail (Situation 2)	2	15
17	26	WORKING ON THE GROUND	Shriekback (Y)	2	17
18	16	BEWARE EP	Sleeping Dogs (Crass)	3	16
19	11	ZOMBIE CREEPING FLESH	Peter & The Test Tube Babies (Trapper)	3	11
20	20	FURNICE/GUYS AND DOLLS	Darkness & Jive (Red Rhino)	3	20
21	17	A GIRL CALLED JOHNNY	Water Boys (Chicken Jazz)	3	17
22	24	CATTLE AND CANE	The Go Betweens (Rough Trade)	3	22
23	(—)	PUNK ROCKER	Special Duties (Expulsion)	1	23
24	(—)	KINKY BOOTS	Patrick McNee & Honor Blackman (Cherry Red)	1	24
25	25	LOVE WILL TEAR US APART	Joy Division (Factory)	3	25
26	(—)	MEN LIKE MONKEYS	Three Johns (CNT)	1	26
27	28	IN NOMINI PATRI	Alternative (Crass)	3	27
28	(—)	THE ESCAPADE OF FUTURA 2000	Futura 2000 With The Clash (Celluloid)	1	28
29	21	SEBASTIAN	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)	3	21
30	23	BAD SEED	Birthday Party (4AD)	2	23

LPs INDEPENDENT

1	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	4	1
2	2	HIGH LAND, HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)	2	2
3	4	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)	2	3
4	3	THE WHIP	Various (Kamera)	3	3
5	5	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)	3	5
6	6	STOP THAT TRAIN	Clint Eastwood And General Saint (Greensleeves)	3	6
7	13	FIRST FLOWER	Play Dead (Jungle)	2	7
8	7	1981-82 THE MINI ALBUM	New Order (Factory)	3	7
9	(—)	SECOND EMPIRE JUSTICE	Blitz (Future)	1	9
10	11	SEDUCTION	Danse Society (Society)	3	10
11	(—)	BACK TO MYSTERY CITY	Hanoi Rocks (Lick)	1	11
12	10	IT'S TIME TO SEE WHO'S WHO	Conflict (Corpus Christi)	3	10
13	14	MACHINE	1919 (Red Rhino)	3	13
14	8	SONG AND LEGEND	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)	3	8
15	(—)	PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOL. 3	Various (Anagram)	1	15
16	(—)	WE'VE GOT THE POWER	Red Alert (No Future)	1	16
17	16	BEGINNING OF THE END	Wasted Youth (Bridge House)	3	16
18	15	LET THE TRIBE INCREASE	The Mob (All The Madmen)	3	15
19	12	BEFORE HOLLYWOOD	Go-Betweens (Rough Trade)	3	12
20	19	REASON WHY	Angelic Upstarts (Anagram)	3	19
21	17	GARLANDS	Cocteau Twins (4AD)	3	17
22	18	ENFLAME	Passage (Cherry Red)	3	18
23	(—)	VOLUME, CONTRAST, BRILLIANCE	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)	1	23
24	(—)	A TOUCH OF CLASS	Ejected (Revolver)	1	24
25	(—)	STRIVE TO SURVIVE	Flux Of Pink Indians (Spiderleg)	1	25
26	29	ONE AFTERNOON IN A HOT AIR BALLOON	Artery (Red Flame)	3	26
27	23	MOVEMENT	New Order (Factory)	3	23
28	(—)	NOTHING CAN STOP US NOW	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)	1	28
29	(—)	HOME KILLED MEAT	Fall Out (Fall Out)	1	29
30	21	EARTH	Misty In Roots (People Unite)	3	21

DANCE FLOOR 45s

Jackie Wilson on the up and up.

1	GOATY	Mighty Sparrow (Melodisc) '63
2	TEENAGE SKA	Bab Brooks (Island) '68
3	HIGHER AND HIGHER	Jackie Wilson (MCA) '67
4	VOLUNTEERED SLAVERY	Rahsaan Roland Kirk (Atlantic) '69
5	WRONG CROWD	Prince George (DPG) '71
6	COOL AID	Paul Humphries (Lizard) '71
7	JIM SCREECHY	Big Youth (Negusa Negast) '76
8	FUNKY MUSIC IS A PART OF ME	Luthor Vandross (Cottillion) '76
9	MI SABRINA TEQUANA	Ingram (H&L) '77
10	CAN YOU GET IT	Mandrill (Arista) '77
11	I WANNA DO THE DO	Bobby Rush (Phil Int) '78
12	FREAKIN TIME	Asphalt Jungle (Tec) '79
13	WE RAP MORE MELLOW	Younger Generation (Brass) '79
14	BURNING SPEAR	Richard Evans (A&M) '79
15	THE WORLD IS A GHETTO	War (MCA) '80
16	YOU'RE THE BEST	Keni Burke (RCA) '81
17	LOVE IT OR (BEAT THE BUSH)	Slyck (Prince Charles) (Solid Platinum) '81
18	GONNA GET YOU HOT	Masterdon Committee (Enjoy) '82
19	2000 BLACK	Fela Kuti/Roy Ayers (Rhonodisk) '82
20	ARISA SPECIAL	Sunny Ade (SAR) '82
21	HOT HOT HOT	Arrow (Dynamic) '83
22	TROUBLE FUNK EXPRESS	Trouble Funk (DETT) '83
23	ARCADE FUNK	Tilt (DETT) '83
24	THE ROXY	Phase II (Disk AZ) '83
25	JAM HOT	Johnny Dynell (Acme) '83
26	TROUBLE ME A TROUBLE YOU	Ina Kamoze (Ja Taxi) '83
27	TERRORISTS IN THE CITY	Eek A Mouse (Greensleeves) '83
28	FREAK A ZOID	Midnight Star (Solar) '83
29	CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU	Wickett (MR T) '83
30	SURVIVAL PT 2	William Bell (Kat Family) '83

Courtesy Hector, DJ, Wag Club, London W1

GOSPEL LPs

1	AGE TO AGE	Amy Grant (Myrrh)
2	SONGS FOR THE SHEPHERD	Keith Green (Pretty Good)
3	MORE POWER TO YA	Petra (Word)
4	A SONG IN THE NIGHT	Silverwind (Sparrow)
5	I'LL NEVER STOP LOVING YOU	Leon Patillo (Word)
6	CUTTING EDGE	The Sweet Comfort Band (Lexicon)
7	EQUATOR	Randy Stonehill (Myrrh)
8	MAINSTREAM	Michael & Stormie Omartian (Sparrow)
9	PEACE IN THE VALLEY	B. J. Thomas (Myrrh)
10	THE MICHAEL SMITH PROJECT	Michael Smith (Reunion)

Courtesy Billboard Publications

REGGAE PRE 45s

1	OVER ME	Barry Brown (Hitbound)
2	STEWED PEAS	Chalice (Pipe Music)
3	MY LOVE	Dennis Brown (Yvonne Special)
4	HARBOUR SHARK	Sugar Minott (Jah Life)
5	REBEL CRICKETERS	Rapper Robert (Spiderman)
6	SENSIMILLA	Patrick Andy (Hitbound)
7	COME SEE ME	Tony Tuff (G.G)
8	YOU TALK TOO MUCH	Danny Mangaroo (Joe Gibbs)
9	NUTRON BOMB	Eek A Mouse (Gorgon)
10	MINISTER FOR GANJA	Jim Brown (Studio 1)

Courtesy Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

REGGAE LPs

1	COME ON OVER	Freddy McGregor (Ras)
2	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)
3	JAH LOVE	Michael Prophet (Jah Life)
4	SATISFACTION FEELING	Dennis Brown (Tads)
5	TWO BIG SOUNDS LIVE	Peoples Choice vs. Lees Unlimited (Greensleeves)
6	DUB ME CRAZY, PT 3	Mad Professor (Ariwa)
7	FEELINGS	Jean Adebambo (Adej)
8	VERY BEST OF	Ruddy Thomas (Mobilizer)
9	DUB MERCHANT	Mickey Dread (Date)
10	STURGAV VERSUS LEES UNLIMITED	Live D.J.'s (Jah Life)

Courtesy Daddy Cool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

JAZZ LPs

1	STAR PEOPLE	Miles Davis (CBS)
2	THE HUNTER	Joe Sample (MCA)
3	TRAVELS	Pat Metheny Group (ECM)
4	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (WEA)
5	WEATHER REPORT	Procession (CBS)
6	GENTLE FIRE	Wilton Felder (MCA)
7	LOW RIDE	Earl Klugh (Capitol)
8	ALL THE MAGIC	Lester Bowie (ECM)
9	AFTER DARK	Dick Morrissey (Coda)
10	COME WITH ME	Tania Maria (Contemporary)
11	LIVE AT THE PLUGGED NICKEL	Miles Davis (CBS)
12	TOUCHSTONE	Chick Corea (Warners)
13	CITYSCAPE	Ogerman/Brecker (War)
14	OFFRAMP	Pat Metheny (ECM)
15	CALIFORNIA HERE I COME	Bill Evans (Verve)
16	GUARDIAN OF THE LIGHT	George Duke (CBS)
17	IT'S ABOUT TIME	Morrissey-Mullen (Beggars Banquet)
18	INCOMPARABLE ELLA	Ella Fitzgerald (Polydor)
19	LATIN ODYSSEY	Almeida/Byrd (Concord Jazz)
20	BEST IS YET TO COME	Ella Fitzgerald (Pablo)

Courtesy HMV Shop, Oxford Street, London W1

US 45s

Irene Carla fame at last.

1	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
2	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
3	BEAT IT	Michael Jackson (Epic)
4	OVERKILL	Men At Work (Columbia)
5	SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE	Thomas Dolby (Capitol)
6	LITTLE RED CORVETTE	Prince (Warner Bros)
7	SOLITAIRE	Laura Branigan (Atlantic)
8	TIME	Culture Club (Virgin/Epic)
9	MY LOVE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
10	STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART	Bryan Adams (A&M)
11	AFFAIR OF THE HEART	Rick Springfield (RCA)
12	ALWAYS SOMETHING THERE TO REMIND ME	Naked Eyes (EMI-America)
13	FAITHFULLY	Journey (Columbia)
14	DON'T LET IT END	Styx (A & M)
15	JEOPARDY	Greg Kihn Band (Beserkley)

Courtesy Billboard Publications

US LPs

1	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)
2	FLASHDANCE	Soundtrack (Casablanca)
3	CARGO	Men At Work (Columbia)
4	PYROMANIA	Def Leppard (Mercury)
5	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI-America)
6	FRONTIERS	Journey (Columbia)
7	KILROY WAS HERE	Styx (A & M)
8	H_2O	Daryl Hall & John Oates (RCA)
9	1999	Prince (Warner Bros.)
10	LIONEL RICHIE	Lionel Richie (Motown)
11	THE FINAL CUT	Pink Floyd (Columbia)
12	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE	Bryan Adams (A & M)
13	JARREAU	Al Jarreau (Warner Bros.)
14	BUSINESS AS USUAL	Men At Work (Columbia)
15	THE GOLDEN AGE OF WIRELESS	Thomas Dolby (Capitol)

Courtesy Billboard Publications

ITALY 45s

1	VACANZE ROMANE	Matia Bazaar (Ariston)
2	CHI CHI CHI, COCO COCO COCO	Pippo Franco (Lupus/Ricordi)
3	AMICO E'	Dario Baldan Bembo & Caterina Caselli (CGD-MM)
4	FACE TO FACE	Twins (Fonit Cetra)
5	BILLY JEAN	Michael Jackson (CBS)
6	I DIDN'T KNOW	PhD (WEA)
7	DO YOU REALLY WANT TO HURT ME	Culture Club (Virgin)
8	SHOCK THE MONKEY	Peter Gabriel (Polygram)
9	L'ITALIANO	Toto Cotugno (Carosello)
10	TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE	Cube (Polygram)

Courtesy Germano Ruscitto/Billboard

BOOKS 10

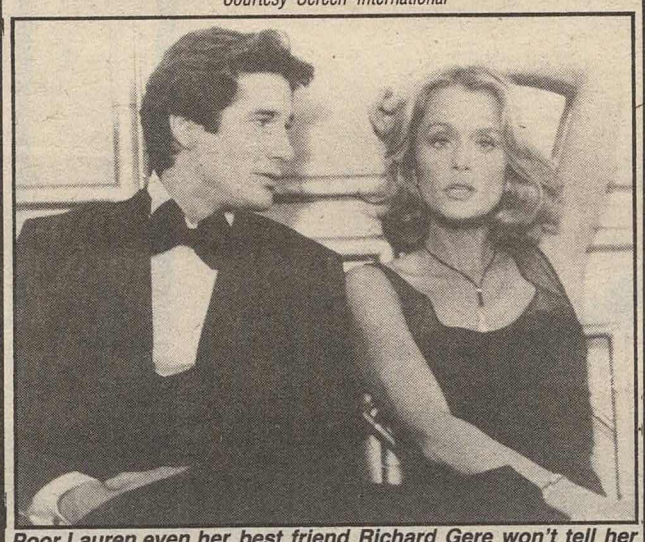
1	WHEN THE WIND BLOWS	Raymond Briggs (Penguin)
2	THATCHER'S BRITAIN (A GUIDE TO THE RUINS)	(Pluto Press)
3	BEEN DOWN SO LONG	Richard Farina (Penguin)
4	THE ESSENTIAL BIFF	Garratt & Kidd (Pavement Press)
5	BRAIDED LIVES	Marge Piercy (Penguin)
6	RASTA FAR I	Millard Faristzaddi (Grove Press)
7	INDUSTRIAL CULTURE HANDBOOK	(Research Magazine 6/7)
8	HAM ON RYE	Charles Bukowski (Black Sparrow)
9	REGGAE INTERNATIONAL	Davis & Simon (Thames & Hudson)
10	BENEATH THE CITY STREETS	Peter Laurie (Granada)

Courtesy Compendium Bookshop, 234 Camden High Street, London NW1

FILM 10

1	TOOTSIE	(Col-EMI-War)
2	FRIDAY THE 13th PART 3	(UIP)
3	SOPHIE'S CHOICE	(UIP)
4	EDUCATING RITA	(Rank)
5	GANDHI	(Col-EMI-Warner)
6	ANDROID	(Miracle)
7	LOCAL HERO	(20th Century Fox)
8	HEAT AND DUST	(Curzon/Enterprise)
9	AMERICAN GIGOLO	(UIP)
10	SIX WEEKS	(Rank)

Courtesy Screen International



Poor Lauren even her best friend Richard Gere won't tell her (American Gigolo).

FRED FACT

YEAH, so it was Andy Williams who had the original chart hit with 'Can't Get Used To Losing You' just 20 years ago. But did you know it was the self-same Williams who earlier supplied the singing voice of Lauren Bacall in the Bogart movie *To Have Or Have Not*? No, I thought not. Continuing in 'gee whiz, imagine that' mode, a mention next of Michael Jackson's 'Thriller' which has dominated the U.S. album charts for what *Variety* terms "14 socko weeks at No. 1", a feat previously achieved by Ray Charles' 'Modern Sounds In Country And Western Music' and Stevie Wonder's 'Songs In The Key Of Life' but totally eclipsed in black music history terms by the exploits of Harry Belafonte's 'Calypso' which clung to the pole position for no less than 31 weeks during 1956 — presumably the reason why Dylan made employment on a Belafonte album date his first aim as a sessionman. A smart cookie, that Zim.

Fred Dellar

5 YEARS AGO

1	RIVERS OF BABYLON	Boney M (Atlantic)
2	BOY FROM NEW YORK CITY	Darts (Magnet)
3	NIGHT FEVER	Bee Gees (RSO)
4	BECAUSE THE NIGHT	Patti Smith (Arista)
5	IF I CAN'T HAVE YOU	Yvonne Elliman (RSO)
6	WHAT A WASTE	Ian Dury (Stiff)
7	(I'M ALWAYS TOUCHED BY YOUR) PRESENCE DEAR	Blondie (Chrysalis)
8	LOVE IS IN THE AIR	John Paul Young (Ariola)
9	MORE THAN A WOMAN	Tavares (Capitol)
10	CA PLANE POUR MOI	Plastic Bertrand (Sire)

10 YEARS AGO

1	CAN THE CAN	Suzi Quatro (RAK)
2	SEE MY BABY JIVE	Wizzard (Harvest)
3	ONE AND ONE IS ONE	Medicine Head (Polydor)
4	AND I LOVE HER SO	Perry Como (RCA)
5	YOU ARE THE SUNSHINE OF MY LIFE	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
6	RUBBER BULLETS	10 cc (UK)
7	TIE A YELLOW RIBBON	Dawn (Bell)
8	HELL-RAISER	Sweet (RCA)
9	BROKENDOWN ANGEL	Nazareth (Mooncrest)
10	WALK ON THE WILD SIDE	Lou Reed (RCA)

15 YEARS AGO

1	YOUNG GIRL	Union Gap (CBS)
2	HONEY	Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)
3	A MAN WITHOUT LOVE	Englebert Humperdinck (Decca)
4	JUMPIN' JACK FLASH	Rolling Stones (Decca)
5	I DON'T WANT OUR LOVING TO DIE	The Herd (Fontana)
6	JOANNA	Scott Walker (Philips)
7	RAINBOW VALLEY	Love Affair (CBS)
8	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Julie Driscoll & The Brian Auger Trinity (Marmalade)
9	DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE	Dionne Warwick (Pye Int)
10	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	Louis Armstrong (HMV)

20 YEARS AGO

1	DO YOU WANT TO KNOW A SECRET	Billy J. Kramer (Parlophone)
2	FROM ME TO YOU	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	SCARLETT O'HARA	Jet Harris and Tony Meehan (Decca)
4	I LIKE IT	Gerry and The Pacemakers (Columbia)
5	WHEN WILL YOU SAY I LOVE YOU	Billy Fury (Decca)
6	TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART	Ray Charles (HMV)
7	LUCKY LIPS	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
8	IN DREAMS	Roy Orbison (London)
9	TWO KINDS OF TEARDROPS	Del Shannon (London)
10	IF YOU GOTTA MAKE A FOOL OF SOMEBODY	Freddie and The Dreamers (Columbia)

NEXT WEEK

○AZTEC CAMERA

A bunch of '80s hippies, or still the brave new sound of Scotland? Kirsty McNeill puts Roddy in the frame and gives you the definitive answer in glorious colour.

○ROBBIE ROBERTSON

Former creative genius of the legendary Band, Robbie Robertson has now successfully launched himself into the movie business. In this exclusive interview by Kristine McKenna, he reveals all about De Niro and Scorsese and their new film, King Of Comedy.

○ELECTION '83

So just what do you think about the present election campaign and who are you going to vote for? Next week we present a Vox Pop Special where we talk not only to the Readers, but also to those stars who deem it important enough to have a political opinion.

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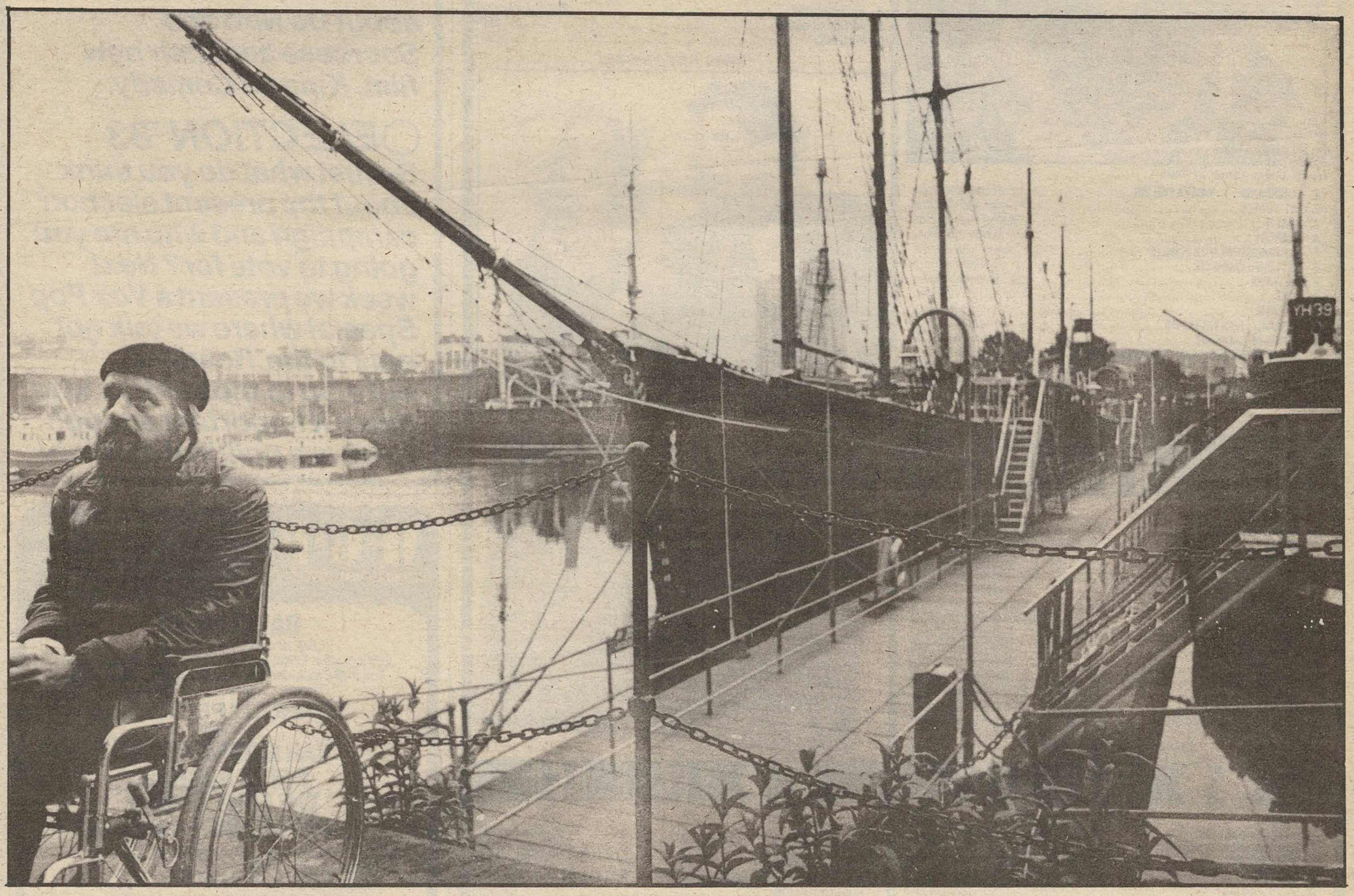
ROBERT WHEN THE BOAT



*Well, **Robert Wyatt's** boat has certainly come in with the surprise success of his single 'Shipbuilding' on its re-release. In this interview **Richard Cook** talks to him about sudden pop stardom. Photography by **Pennie Smith.***

WHEN IT is a time for shipbuilding, it is a time to break men's hearts, as if they were toy soldiers. 'Shipbuilding' is a record of that breakage.

Robert Wyatt, who sings on the record, remembers its conception like this.

"I was handed it on a plate, out of the blue, to mix metaphors. Geoff (Travis) sent me a cassette saying this is a pretty good song, you ought to sing it. So I tried it out and it sounded good. The musical setting was nothing to do with me. Elvis had already recorded a vocal for it — very good vocal — and it was going to come out in the same form with him singing on it.

"I went in and did a vocal in a couple of hours, with Mr Costello producing, and that was it. It was great because all I had to think about was my singing, like on the Mike Mantler things I've done. I only had to focus on one thing instead of all kinds of things at once."

Robert speaks lightly of the record. He has interrupted his residence in Spain for a mere few days in order to appear in a video for the

WYATT COMES IN

single, which has gathered an unexpected momentum and taken a position in the Top 30 on its re-release. Elvis Costello, who co-wrote the song with Clive Langer, is overseeing matters.

"I did have a secret ambition to be the only person in England who'd never made a video!" Robert laughs an intimate, delighted kind of chuckle.

"Still. I dunno, it's disarming in a sort of way. It suddenly felt a bit precious not to do it. Normally I've just spent years putting out stuff and not bothering about it again, but for some reason I can't be that way about this record. Because it's not just *my* record. Other people are making an effort to get it to as many people as possible and it would be wrong to be aloof."

Costello's lyric is a wintry, disconsolate view over dockyards in the darkening atmosphere of war. Langer's music fashions a subtle minor lament for the gentle syncopations of acoustic instruments. Wyatt's singing is as lonely and plaintive as the core of the song itself. No surprise that the lyricist was overcome on hearing the vocal.

"I had no expectations of it at all," he confesses. "All I thought about was singing it in tune! All my worrying went into singing it as well as possible."

AND NOW Robert finds himself a pop star again, nine years after an unlikely rendition of 'I'm A Believer' crept into a depressed top 30 and a group of musicians in wheelchairs appeared on *Top Of The Pops*.

In his Twickenham home, pleasantly cluttered with books and records, bright and airy, he sits on a hard couch, a ragged old beret and a straggly beard framing his face. Sometimes he clasps one of his ruined legs between powerful drummer's arms and swings it from side to side. He is a bit too mild and careless to be 'interviewed'.

Does he deliberately shy away from attention?

"I seem to, on the whole," he admits. "I don't mind recording and doing songs I like. But I can't speculate on things like follow-ups. I doubt it. I'm probably too old to try new tricks."

Yet it seems strange that the creator of the celebrated landscapes of 'Rock Bottom' and 'Ruth Is Stranger Than Richard' should have settled for the small fruits of a few singles for Rough Trade in recent years.

"Well, most of my real interests are, um...I don't think rock is a real vehicle for self-expression for me. I lead a very busy life and I earn as much money as I have to to eat. It's not that I'm not interested in making music, but it's the enforced narcissism of the industry, especially for a singer, which I find very claustrophobic. I prefer being an anonymous watcher. Part of the mob, watching from the terraces.

"I'm a *singer*, basically, and I'm not really working in pop music as such even if I nudge the charts occasionally. I don't know what the category is."

Has he not retreated from a jazz base?

"Not really. If you look at the musicians I choose to record with and the kind of material there is a greater affection for the mainstream of jazz history than I used to have ten years ago. I don't feel the need to try and transcend the idiom which the avant garde presumably feels its doing. I don't really keep up with where jazz is going.

"I'm more interested in looking at the essences of what it is I like about it — peeling away the novelty and looking for a permanent core of knowledge. It's fairly *new*core in musical terms. Nagging away at Sonny Rollins and Archie Shepp...Shepp especially, because he's rejected the search for novelty and is looking at how the masters did it. Ten years ago I wouldn't have understood why he was doing that.

"And all that's craftsmanship way beyond anything I'm capable of. I can only watch that and be inspired by it."

Robert's jazz acumen is impeccable. I reluctantly have to steer away from a detailed discussion of Shepp, Rollins and Kirk. Could he not be an organiser of sound?

"To a certain extent I have been. 'Team Spirit' from 'Ruth' was an attempt to acknowledge all of that. But I'm not all that good. I tend to get in a bit of a flap."

Why the erratic series of singles for Rough Trade — why not another LP?

"Because I didn't have enough ideas for another LP. I chose those songs with a consistent political attitude, but even then that was down to the context. One thing I do like about the pop format is it comes in short chunks. It's very expensive making an LP and you have to have a 40-minute lump of ideas."

You could always have people doing five minutes tenor solos...

"Oh yes! I know all about that!" Robert laughs at a legacy of long Soft Machine records.

Is he satisfied with singing per se?

"Um, I get a bit fed up with the sound of my own voice," he says, a trifle downcast.

"I wouldn't mind doing some duets with Annette Peacock or something. The voice is a wonderful instrument, but I tend to get fed up...you start to realise the limitations. I wouldn't mind listening to my records in with a bunch of other stuff; but listening to ten of my songs in a row, with my voice on them — a bit much. I tend to prefer hearing instrumental music anyway.

"On the whole I don't hear words first in a song. I certainly don't judge by words. I think you listen to *singing* as such. I don't know — I develop theories about the relationship between songwriting and music and then I hear something like Randy Newman's 'Let's Drop The Big One' where everything matches everything else and I can't analyse why it's so good. You seem to be able to hear the words and enjoy the music all at once there."

How about wordless singing?

"I think that's even harder. You know it's a voice and you think, well, what's he *really* singing? What's he trying to say? Has he got a disease or something? (Laughter) We know what voices are for. They're for words. Or proto-words, like mmm!

"That would explain your point about instrumental music saying more. It formalises noisemaking and removes it from expectations. But I just don't know how music works."

Wyatt prods and noses at theories, always seems ready to give up with "I don't know" — and then returns to the point. I wonder, with this prodigious interest in cause and effect, in the mystery of music, if he had to overcome a personal snobbery over 'pop'?

"I've always had that. Most musicians from my background see songs as a launching pad — like, what's the chords on this? But I like the whole package of a good song.

"I suppose my two big influences are Mose Allison and Ray Charles cos I thought, well, you can't get better music than that. I don't think it's a question of how much you can put in to an idiom. The quality is due to selectiveness, control of your resources. Look at Monk — he played more simply than Mose Allison ever has.

"That's what's nice about working with Elvis. He's very interested in songs. Working with him I don't have to feel like a closet vocalist!"

WYATT'S WORLD is large. Some of the books piled near his stereo bracket a wide interest — *Battlefont Namibia, How Europe Underdeveloped Africa, The First Indian War Of Independence.*

His recent recordings display an understated discontent best felt in the despairing 'Arauco', a Chilean folk tune that numbers the wages of colonialism with melancholy concern. They are records that sound steeped in private sorrows. But they are *so* understated. Is he envious of the sheer clout a record like 'The Message' carries, a blunt strength his own music seems afraid of?

"That's interesting...I don't know how to think about that one. The best person I've found writing about the difference between self-alienation and rejection is Julie Burchill. I wonder what she would say?"

Robert worries over it. I try and dispel his frown. Would he rather do something that bludgeoned its way past his normally spare settings?

"I used to bash about a lot. I beat shit out of the drum kit. I learnt to sing by bellowing over feedback and fuzzboxes. But I tend to work in a very piecemeal way. I don't have an overview. On the whole I'm not as much in control as the kind of questions you're asking suggest. I tend to do what I can. That's all, really."

Is he ever concerned that such an inward-looking attitude might be only selfish?

"Yes, I suppose it could be," he says. "I think people expect more of me than I expect of myself. I can't tell you how relieved I am to come out of a studio having done three minutes of singing that's in tune, with the piano roughly right, where the bass player turned up and the engineer didn't erase it.

"Really, I'm very mundane about what I do. Most of my really ambitious ideas go into my private life and not into my work. I suppose that's selfish, but I don't have the rock thing of living and feeling in public. I can't speak for a generation. I only know about six people who agree with me on anything, and that's not much of a generation!

"I'm not being funny, because I don't know what I would have done if it hadn't been for this. I'm grateful that I can make a living at it. I don't *believe* in it, though. Obviously songs are about things that interest you, but it doesn't mean you're *doing* anything, necessarily."

Does he find the pop marketplace distasteful?

"I think people pick on it unfairly. From what I've seen of the art gallery or book publishing circuits the pop industry is a paragon of virtue! I don't see why it's singled out as a cultural red light district. But I wouldn't jump into it at the deep end because I've found another way of operating.

"Someone like Elvis really loves it as music. He puts an investment of attention into it the way I do into jazz and I suppose that's more healthy because it's the area he's actually working in."

Will he work with Costello on any further projects?

"I've no idea. It hasn't been suggested but, um...I myself don't make any plans. I just respond to what comes up. And I'm not really here. I'm living in Spain."

OSTENSIBLY, Robert and his wife Alfie live in Spain because "the light's better" for her painting. But he seems to feel few ties to his first home. How does England seem on his return?

"One of the great pleasures of the last six months has been having to think about that less and less. In our town in Spain there's just been a provincial election and as the results were coming through it was like a big party. All the little parties getting one and two, the Commies getting a few — and the Socialists sweeping the board.

"The area we're in is called the Red Belt, near Barcelona, and it's the strongest Communist area because there are a lot of Andalucian workers, for one thing; and right now the atmosphere there is so enjoyable, and what we've been able to join in in the way of culture and politics has been so refreshing, that it's sort of cruel to ask me to speak about England. There's a few people here still holding on to the bucking bronco but...

"I went into this Commie bar — the Commies have bars in Spain instead of handing out leaflets, more like community centres — and this old geezer came up and said, I fought alongside some English in the Civil War and they were brave fighters. Usually the people struggle to say something nice when they hear where you're from. Another geezer came up and said, the English had the first strong trade union movement in the world — what the fuck happened?"

Does he harbour *any* affection for England?

"I very much object to the way that there's no freedom of choice about whether you're English or not."

His voice takes on a much harder edge.

"If there was an element of choice about it then there could be an element of pride. But I don't see how you can be proud of something you're dumped with. I feel more at home with people who behave nicely, frankly. I'm homesick right now. Ten or 15 years ago there were things I might have enjoyed, but I can't feel that now. People saying Britishness is *this* or *that* has completely spoiled any kind of pride you may have had. If Britishness consists of going round the world sneering at foreigners then I don't want to know."

For the only time in our conversation, Wyatt appears angry. If his response to the legacies of colonialism is lowkey, it's still a deeply felt reaction.

"I think the dotted lines kill democracy. All the ruling people have to do is gerrymander situations. You can isolate situations like Northern Ireland, a typical colonialist trick, which makes it look like a democratic right for one side to rule another. Democracy has always been a lie, even the founding Greek democracy — an oasis of free speech in an ocean of coerced misery. I acknowledge that that's how it is and I'll even go further and say a lot of beautiful things come out of it — but be proud of it? I would like to think there's some other way of doing things."

WYATT MAKES me a cup of tea. We have Sonny Rollins on the deck — 'Blue Seven', his masterpiece of spontaneous symmetry and heat. Robert cuddles his old dog Florence. In his worn clothes and beret he resembles a salty old painter himself — Gaugin, perhaps. Sometimes he scats gently along with the massive sweep of the tenorman's voice.

Are you an optimist, Robert?

"What me? How dare you! No, but I think it's arrogant to project pessimism onto the entire universe. I can see a lot of people who are very happy.

"When I look at what gives me greatest pleasure and inspiration it seems to be the most fragile things or even the most hated or least looked-after things; and what gives me least inspiration and frightens me most are things which look very safe and nurtured.

"I suppose I envy those people for whom it's the other way around."

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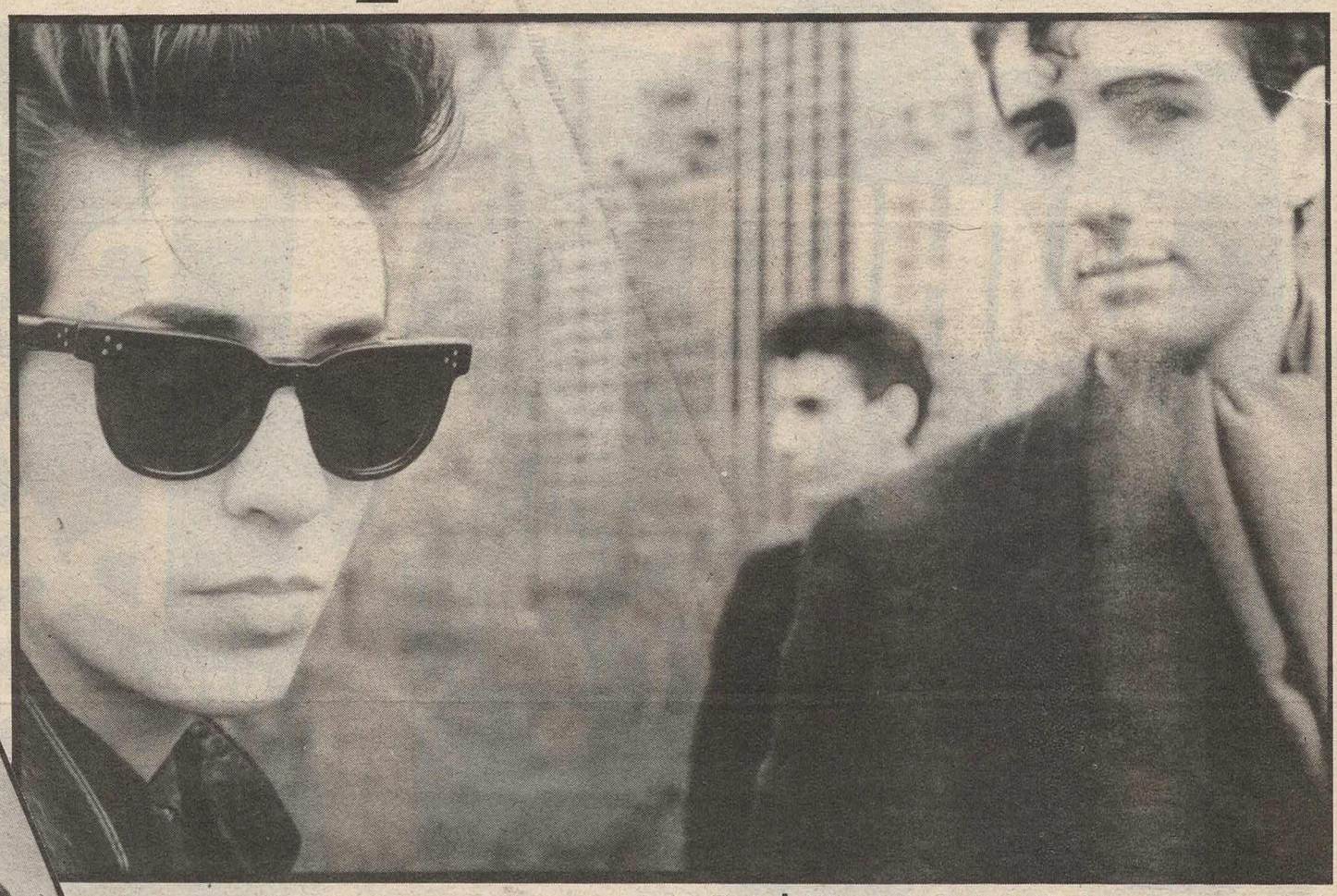


IN THE WAKE of British pop successes across the Atlantic, it was perhaps inevitable that Uncle Sam would unearth some indigenous examples of that rampant European species *Synthesisum Electropoppus* sooner or later: the past few years have seen the American charts infiltrated and almost saturated by the likes of Soft Cell, Human League and now Thomas Dolby and their influence on emerging talent over there has been crucial.

Take The Comateens — Lyn Byrd, Nic North and Oliver North — three cute kittens from New York who have learnt their English lessons well enough to secure themselves a recording contract not with a US label but with Virgin Records in London. The first fruits of the liaison, a single 'The Late Mistake' and their album 'Pictures On A String', are released this week.

Their music is not totally electronic but it displays many of the trappings of synthesiser pop as it seems to be force fed to record buyers in 1983. The songs are flat and linear, hooked around the hypnotic hiss of a rhythm box and coloured by some clipped, clinical pseudo-funk guitar. Though the human element is there in the deadpan voice of Lyn Byrd, the rigidity of the format becomes monotonous over an entire album. It's pleasant enough as far as it goes. It's just been done far better before.

The Comateens hardly qualify as a new band, having been part of the Manhattan music scene for over five years now. The inspiration for their odd name came from a story in one of the New York gutter rags about a young mother who lapsed into a coma before giving birth: the headlines referred to her as the coma-mom and to her child as the coma-baby — the band became The Comateens, feeling that the name reflected both the sweet and sinister sides to their music.

That was in 1978 when they were proud to number among the also-rans in the over-rated punk clubs of New York (they even *boast* about having a record "on the jukebox" at Max's Kansas City!). Initially a quartet, they shrank to the current trio after replacing their original *real* drummer with the rhythm box 'Rolly'.

By 1981, after contributing a couple of tracks to the Marty Thau compilation album '2×5', they had signed with the Greenwich Village independent label Cachalot to release their self-titled debut album and a 12" single 'Ghosts'. The records set the tone for their future output, combining serious songs about urban alienation with throwaway mini-pops cover versions of such standards as 'Summer In The City' and 'TVC15'.

"Most of our songs are pure New York," says Lyn. "You don't even notice it, but you absorb the tension and madness of New York and bring it out in the music. Maybe that's why people say that we sometimes seem cold. It's all nerves and tension. But there's lightness in there too. We like to think that the name fits the music. It's half dark and half light. Sometimes it's hard to keep the right balance."

The deal with Cachalot — a label with French connections similar to those of early Ze — brought the group success in France as well as New York, hardly surprising considering the Parisian infatuation with dark, moody American from Vincent to Vega. They toured France last year, returning to the States to support OMD on a nationwide tour which ultimately led to their Virgin contract. Feeling that they had more in common with the current UK scene than the one in their homeland, The Comateens have been recording with producer Norman Mighell in London, one of the reasons why — whatever its lyrical concerns — their album *sounds* like a British record.

"Most of the bands in New York these days have to move away to get anywhere musically," concedes Oliver. "The Cramps and The Fleshtones moved to the west coast and we've had to move to Paris and London to play and record, even though we still live in Manhattan. Things have really died down in New York over the last couple of years. In 1977 there was the huge explosion and for a few years after that there were thousands of bands and loads of clubs, but it's been declining slowly ever since."

Although their single slots in pretty innocuously alongside the omnipresent synthi-dance dribblings on daytime radio, The Comateens naturally feel offended at any attempt at categorisation.

"I think everybody says no to that," says Nic. "It's such a noose. People will always try and hold you to whatever you say, and we're always changing. We're always battling to retain the edges in our music when people are trying to smooth us down. But things always stay the way that they came out. It's a big fight and the pressure is constantly on us.

"We've got nothing against record companies aiming for hits. It's something that you've got to expect. But they have to be hits on their own terms."

Whether or not The Comateens can extract Uncle Sam some revenge on the British chart remains to be seen. Personally I find their music largely grey in all the places where they want it to be black and white.

But maybe there's a place in some futurist heart for the Peter, Paul and Mary of the Synth Generation.

ADRIAN THRILLS

Shady lady Lyn Bird and the North Bros. Pics Kevin Cummins.

FOXY LADIES

So you thought the Sex Pistols-Bill Grundy clash was shocking, did you, way back in the days of "punk-TV-outrage"? Well, amigo, that was nothing. A "punk-TV-outrage" has just broken in Spain — threatening the very fabric of post-Franco democracy, freedom of expression, God, King! Church, etc.

A little-known all girl punk outfit from the Basque country appeared on a new kiddies' pop show last week. Despite their name — Las Vulpes (from vulpine, or foxy) — neither the state controlled TV company nor the millions of dutiful young Catholics watching were quite prepared for what followed.

Without so much as a sneer, the young Basque vixens burst straight into their new single, 'I Like Being A Whore' (*"Me gusta ser una zorra"*). In Spain, zorra means both female fox and whore. As Franco turned in his grave, viewers sat mortified as the foxy ladies sang about contemporary sexual politics: *"I like being a whore, shithead/I'd rather masturbate alone in bed/Than sleep with someone who speaks of tomorrow"*.

After one or two references to smack, the song ends with the young ladies' ultimate desire: *"I want to stick a needle in the prick/Of an ageing pig called Lou Reed"*. All hell broke loose.

It wasn't so much a question of "obscenity" and the like, more one of final proof for the Right that Spanish TV under a Socialist government is, 'ow you say, red. As in Marxist. As in destroying the fabric of society etc etc. Spain's attorney general, Luis Antonio Buron, stepped in to deflect the storm away from the Government by filing a lawsuit against Las Vulpes.

The programme's director, Carlos Tena, now faces 16 years of "professional disqualification" under the Francoist Penal Code.

The foxy ladies, meanwhile returned to the Basque country looking somewhat sheepish. But only somewhat — 'I Like Being A Whore' is receiving unexpected airplay on private radio, and is said to be selling well in the big cities.

Howell Llewellyn

WHAT IS BEAT?

side one...
TEARS OF A CLOWN
HANDS OFF...SHE'S MINE
MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM
STAND DOWN MARGARET
DOORS OF YOUR HEART
TWIST AND CRAWL
SAVE IT FOR LATER

side two...
TOO NICE TO TALK TO
I CONFESS
BEST FRIEND
DROWNING
ACKEE 1-2-3
CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING YOU
RANKIN' FULL STOP

THE BEST OF THE BEAT

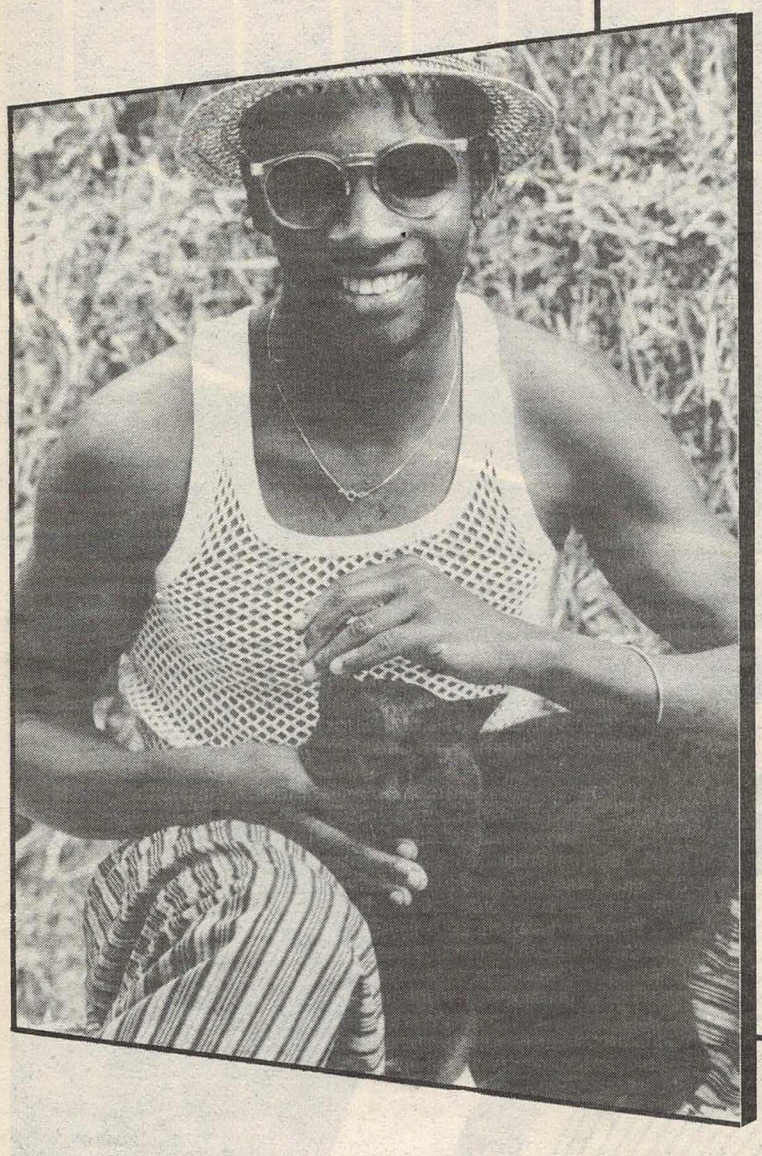
NEW ALBUM & DOUBLE-TAKE CASSETTE OF ALL THEIR HITS

INCLUDES FREE ALBUM OF EXTENDED REMIXES
LIMITED EDITION

PRODUCED BY: BOB SARGEANT.

ARISTA
GO-FEET RECORDS

LYNVAL'S LINE UP ● BARNSLEY'S EXPLOSIVE POET ● POP GALLERY ●



LYNVAL GOLDING (FUNBOY THREE)

PORTRAIT OF THE

ARTIST

AS A CONSUMER

RULES OF LIFE
Enjoy it

COMEDIANS
Lennie Henry

RECORDS/MUSIC
Gregory Isaacs
Gil Scott Heron
Bobby Womack
Michael Jackson
Culture Club
ABC
Madness

MUSICAL INFLUENCES
Bob Marley
Stevie Wonder
George Benson
BB King
Eddy Grant

FILMS
Lady Sings The Blues
All Marx Brothers

FOOD
Tilly Restaurant, Camden
Bib's Cafe, Front Line

DRINKS
One cup of tea a day
Brandy and Babycham

LIVE PERFORMERS
Gregory Isaacs
Miles Davis
Dennis Bovell Dub Band

BOOKS
The Search For Solutions **— Hon Michael Manley, ex Prime Minister of Jamaica**

RANT & RAVE

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DARREN SHAKESPEARE — RANTER

My mate Don the Surrealist Milkman came round dressed as The Gobi Desert.

He had two bags of sand tied to his coat and a dead lizard hanging from his hat. What a bloke! If I could bottle his genius and sell it on the streets I'd be a bastard millionaire. I said Don you are the most creative bloke in the universe since Zane Gray. He said: "Let me sit down a minute I've had a right fright." He can't help talking in bastard surrealist poetry!

I said what's up, you genius. He said "I've just been mugged by the Helicopter Sandbag Muggers. They drop sandbags on you from a helicopter and then they nick your purse." You mean you're not meant to be dressed as The Gobi Desert? "Don't be daft. I came out dressed as The Sargasso Sea but I got my weed snagged in the collar of a pissing dog. I didn't realise for 400 yards. Then I got helicopter mugged. But I tied the sandbags to my jacket for evidence. I'm going to take them to the Gas Board."

Don't you mean the police? I said. "Don't forget I'm a surrealist" he said. But what about the lizard hanging from your hat? I said. "What lizard?" he said. That lizard. The dead lizard. I said. "WAAAAAAAAAA" he said. I forgot he was scared of lizards. I had to go and see a theatrical agent with a view to getting myself booked into a few summer seasons. I told Don he could come with me if he took the lizard out of his hat. "Can I keep the camel in my pocket?" he said. What a genius!

Got on the bus, paid with a £20 note and refused the change for a joke. Got to the agent. Said to the secretary I am Max Bygraves and this is my mate Dickie the Surrealist Henderson because I didn't have an appointment. She believed us and she showed us in. The agent was a big bloke with nine cigars in his mouth. All lit. I said I told your secretary a little white lie. I'm not Max Bygraves I'm really Darren Shakespeare the Ranter. I leaped on the desk and gave him one of my new ones, entitled "Last time I voted SDP I was ill in bed for three days; next time I'll be more careful about sucking the pencil."

He didn't move. I gave him ten more poems and he still didn't move. His secretary came in. She screamed. "He's dead!" she said, and she rang the police station. Thirty nine coppers came in and I kept stumbling against them. "Turn out your pockets" they said. Don told them he couldn't, because the camel would escape. They didn't believe him. They flung him to the ground and ripped his trousers off. One of them put his hand in Don's pocket and pulled out an elephant, which started charging round the room.

I thought you said it was a camel, I said. "I told you I was a surrealist" he said.

(Darren Shakespeare was talking to IAN MCMILLAN)

"There you go again, Bryan. Making an exhibition of yourself!" Mr and Mrs Ferry in Rome, 1982, by Martyn Goddard.

May is seen into June by a trio of exhibitions featuring artists whose work has previously graced NME pages. In London, the Olivier Gallery (the National Theatre, South Bank) houses an exhibition of portrait photos by Martyn Goddard. It runs until June 18, and includes likenesses of Ian Dury, Paula Yates, Niki Lauda, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, Kim Wilde, UB40, Eddy Grant, Toyah, Cliff Richard and Debbie Harry, among others.

Until June 11, the capital's Association of Illustrators Gallery at 1 Colville Place, W1 will be housing a theme show of illustrations based around the idea, sound and experience of the City. Open every Mon-Sat, this exhibition will feature work by several illustrators who have worked for NME including Sue Coe, whose portrait of Thelonius Monk appeared the other week.

Coe's work may also be caught further north in an exhibition of three women's work entitled 'Power Plays'. 'Power Plays' also features the work of Argentinian sculptress Marisa Rueda and painter Jacqueline Morreau; it runs at Liverpool's Bluecoat Gallery until June 11 and will be shown at London's Pentonville Gallery later this year.

CYNTHIA ROSE

FORMATION

THE TRUTH

TOUR

26th MAY – HULL, DINGWALLS
27th MAY – NEWCASTLE, DINGWALLS
28th MAY – GLASGOW, STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY
29th MAY – EDINBURGH, NITE CLUB
31st MAY – SHEFFIELD, LIMIT CLUB
1st JUNE – NORWICH, GALA BALLROOM
3rd JUNE – EAST RETFORD, PORTERHOUSE
4th JUNE – COVENTRY, GENERAL WOOLFE
6th JUNE – BRADFORD, UNIVERSITY
7th JUNE – MANCHESTER, GALLERY
9th JUNE – BRISTOL, DINGWALLS
10th JUNE – LOUGHBOROUGH, UNIVERSITY
12th JUNE – DUNSTABLE, QUEENSWAY HALL
18th JUNE – OXFORD POLY
25th JUNE – LONDON, MARQUEE
26th JUNE – LONDON, MARQUEE
30th JUNE – WARWICK, UNIVERSITY

TRUTH IF

Distributed by WEA Records Limited A Warner Communications Company

FIRST SINGLE

CONFUSION (HITS US EVERYTIME)

DOUBLE PACK SINGLE
INCLUDING
ME AND MY GIRL
AND
LOVE A GO GO (LIVE)
FROM THE HEART (LIVE)
RECORDED AT THE MARQUEE

APPEARING ON
THE TUBE SPECIAL – 24TH JUNE
RAZZMATAZZ – 28TH JUNE

PERNOD

Free the Spirit

PERNOD

DISCOVER YOUR FLIP SIDE.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY

TODAY'S ENVIRONMENT — a dizzying melange of neon, advertisement, slum detritus and 'junk culture' — has fascinated artists and poets since the 1950s.

But not until '78 did any *band* appear who utilised the same sort of extrovert art established by the Pop painting brigade of the '60s: a highly personal, descriptive balancing act incorporating both sentiment and irony.

From the deep-fried Southern environs of Georgia The B-52's burst upon the rock world; modern folk artists who made poetic use of the real dreams behind consumer goods, pulp mags, thrift-shop refuse. They arrived trailing speech balloons for lyrics — a homage to the narrative techniques familiar from comics and bad movies. And their method of composition was the archetypal Pop procedure of collage.

Musically, they were among the first re-cyclers of early funk innovations — which they married to a driving dancefloor beat: a combo that made them instant box office once an appearance on American TV's *Saturday Night Live* spread the news.

For a wide spectrum of fans, the B's encapsulated the sound of social restlessness, but they also offered a D-I-Y mode of survival: they proved that taking a positive, not a negative attitiude to NOW could pay off.

Success made them sitting ducks for every sort of pressure, however, and in '81 they released an album which made many of us wonder if their inventiveness hadn't begun to dissipate altogether. The spiritless 'Mesopotamia' was obviously the baby of producer and head Head David Byrne; on it the B's themselves sounded swamped, confused and often forlorn.

"Neither," says drummer Keith now, "did the record company exactly go full blast to promote it."

TWO YEARS passed with no other word until a few weeks ago — when the band surprised everyone with a spanking new LP entitled 'Whammy!'. Not only the most sparkling and accomplished work they've yet committed to vinyl, it's also a forceful re-statement of those original factors which first took them to the top. Only it's cleaner, sharper, more *modern*.

I had trouble taking it off the turntable long enough to track Cindy, Kate, Fred, and Keith (Ricky was suffering the after-effects of Mexican food the night before) down to their temporary London lair for fuller info.

When I did, it transpires that this band has hardly been inactive during all that time the UK has heard *nada* from them. They played the giant US Festival in the States; appeared between Toots and his Maytals and Gladys Knight at the World Music Festival in Jamaica; opened for The Who at a dustbowl of a stadium in Florida ("a nightmare!"); and played themselves on America's TV soap opera, *The Guiding Light*.

"We were supposed to just pop into this disco they have in their fictitious town," relates Keith, "and there was this guy in the show who's supposed to be trying to make it in music. Fred and Cindy gave him some tips after we did our numbers.

"He had a future," adds Fred. "But our acting was abysmal; we couldn't *stop* laughing."

The B-boys are relaxing in their hotel's 'Garden Terrace', Fred having won his perennial UK battle for "tea with cream and honey please".

Keith's just out of the shower so his slicked-back hair contrasts sharply with his dress pants (ribbon down the outside leg), T-shirt and waistcoat. Both are feeling frank about the less profitable aspects of their recent

CONTINUES OVER

THE B-52's GO DOWN A BOMB WITH CYNTHIA ROSE

B-52s

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

past — the somewhat touchy subject of Byrne and 'Mesopotamia'.

Keith stares at his glass of beer. "At that point we were sort of having to start over," he says slowly, "cos on the second album half the material was stuff we'd been doing for a long time, left over from our first batch. But when a third album came round it *all* had to be new. So we felt we had to try something different because there we were — starting all over again. Only we also felt pretty self-conscious at that point and had sort of a distorted view of ourselves from just reading stuff."

"We were really in danger of becoming a parody of ourselves. I mean, we had never thought about an 'identity' before and there we were thinking about it a lot. Always saying, wait a minute, if we do *this* then the critics will say *that*. We asked David in because we knew him and since he was a musician, we figured there were certain ways in which he could direct us *(laughs)* — and he certainly did!"

"He operates more, uh...hierarchically."

Fred laughs too. "He wanted to work with us

FRED, CINDY, KEITH, KATE AND RICKY.

AT DINNER the following night after a debut on Channel 4's *Switch*, Cindy and Kate's exhaustion doesn't stop them from expatiating with equal fervour on the group's solidarity — honed even tighter thanks to their Mesopotamian trial by fire.

"Actually," says Cindy, flicking a lock of real ash-blonde hair out of her beer, "the jams for those songs were still great. But the mood was — ominous. We'd come right off the road after all that touring and there we were, just plopped down to write a whole new album. And it was winter. And we weren't at home. I mean, we were home, but we weren't *at home*, if you know what I mean."

Kate, petite and spectacularly beautiful with delicate Sissy Spacek-type colouring, stirs a small bowl of cream soup.

"The first two albums were real unconscious," she says. "We never even separated who did what; we just jammed and juxtaposed ideas. And I never felt like there was any sort of judge of who was making what. But 'Mesopotamia' seemed *real* conscious of who had which responsibilities."

Cindy: "We had most of it written before we went in the studio but David added a lot of different things and headed a lot of things in opposite directions to what we planned, so we ended doing it mostly *in* the studio."

Kate: "We were looking for him to have input, though — he's often blamed for ruining that album, which is really not his fault. It *was* an experiment. And, face it, we were having our own own pace." On 'Song for a Future Generation' they even used what Fred calls "the blackboard method — everyone writes something on our blackboard and if it works, it works. We even have a *pointer!*"

Kate: "Steven's a great dancer too; he bops in the studio. He'll just spin around and punch all these buttons and the drums'll come up real loud. Then he'll hold onto the board, putting his legs up behind him. We'd be singing in the studio and we'd see his head just going back and forth with this big smile on his face. But he is exacting; he never lets you off with, oh, that's good enough."

A major part of what the band wanted to reinstate was the fact that every B-52 accomplishment comes through group effort; according to Fred, that's what's behind 'Song for a Future Generation'.

"We've always wanted to do a song where we introduce ourselves. There's so many of 'em: The Floaters, 'The Jam' by Grand Central Station...a lot of rap groups. We figured it was about time, especially as Kate and Cindy and I are upfront and Keith and Ricky have never sung. We like to promote all five of us," he says firmly. "Be sure attention is paid equally to everyone this time round."

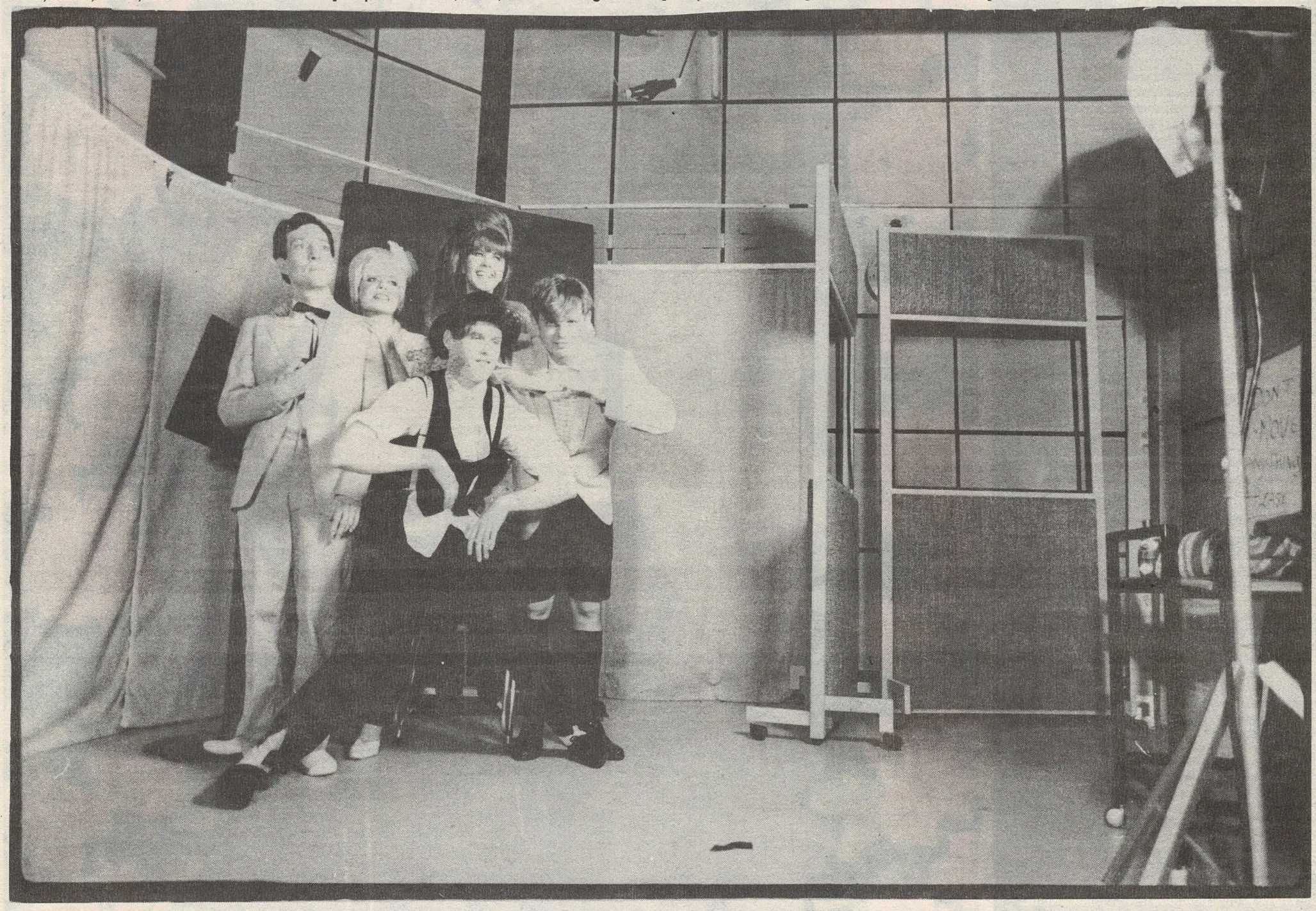
THE B's have already played four American warm-up gigs for the tour they commence in June; they're in London on a brief stopover after filming 'Rock Palast' in Germany.

of it, but this whole swing into nostalgia and glorifying the past...I wish people would finally move into the future. Fred and I — since we're slightly older than the rest of the band *(laughs)* — we remember being told in school how those jet packs you wear on your back would be a reality when we grew up, and everybody would be using them to just whizz around to work."

AN EBULLIENT sense of whizzing to work, however, is very much in evidence on 'Whammy!'; it sounds like the art of a group with near-limitless resources of excitement in their own lives. And, these days, that's very much the case.

Fred writes, "sort of Victorian verse". He's working on a book, originally composed of "overhead converstions" until they got "just a little too *cheesy*." So now he's decided to "stick with verse; I'm a big fan of Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear". Lyrically, Fred's provided some material for a group 'Whammy!' trumpet player Dave Buck is founding, and he also hopes to embark on a solo project with Bernie Worrell "and a couple of guys from Parliament".

Cindy has devoted herself to a quiet life — mostly painting and the manufacture of fabulous, complicated masks ("they're *really* subconscious" says Kate). Brother Ricky sticks to Mexican cooking and session work with the likes of Tom Verlaine; Keith still labours on varied projects in tandem with former members of The Plastics, together with Kate and Cindy.



because our other image is so *intellectual*," he says rather cryptically. "But you know, he'd known us for a couple of years. Not exactly real close, not exactly as friends; we were sorta in awe of him actually.

"I think our humour is a little more subtle than some people grasp," Fred maintains. "I mean, if you take it at surface value then it might seem real kitschy, but there's a lot more to it, a little more meaning and a *lot* more politics. Our show's real high energy anyway so it's hard to capture on record what we do,. Even on this album some of my singing is only about one-tenth of what it is onstage."

Keith: "It's just hard in the studio because you can't have that energy you need from an audience. So much of our stuff is also just observation, coming back through this sort of wild format."

Fred: "Yeah — we like picking up on mannerisms and phrases; since the first we've been conscious of taking things people say to incorporate them in our lyrics."

Keith: "You know, we've always been a little worried about Britain — we tend to be represented as sort of shallow over here. I guess our sensibility doesn't necessarily come across; here what people see visually tends to inform their whole impression. But it's a real communal thing how we write, and I think that layering aspect ends up giving a lot of different levels of meaning to a song. It's sort of subliminal."

difficulties around then; maybe we were getting a little *too* subconscious!"

Regeneration arrived in the form of reassessment aided by a true kindred spirit: Steven Stanley, the house engineer at Compass Point and architect of the Tom Tom Club LPs (one out, one in the works) as well as the B's own 'Party Mix', two of whose arrangements the band now use in concert.

"Steven's this real young whizzkid from Jamaica," says Fred. "Real *alive*; he's got incredible energy in the studio. With him, this album sounds as close as possible to the way we wrote it — on our four-track at home. And since the second album we've done our jamming with a drum machine, so when Steven said, keep it in, we did...and that definitely changed the tone."

Keith: "We were sorta headed in that direction anyway; we've always used an organ on stage, for instance, so it was just much more efficient to use a synthesiser. But I have mixed feelings about the drum machine because it really *was* an experiment, I was going to go back and put drums over it.

"I'm not sure how far we'll continue with electronics," he adds. "They're nice to a certain extent, but I think they do get kinda cold. They're so precise they don't vary the tempo enough, really, but then you don't know those things till you've done 'em once."

Cindy and Kate laud the fact that "with Steven we were able to be collective again and work at

The live show that's on their agenda this summer will be half drums and half rhythm machine.

"So Keith and Ricky can get out and dance around too," says Kate, though she confesses that she's also "a little worried" about the rhythm box. "I think everyone's a *bit* worried, that people might feel we're not giving 'em quite as much as we did."

"But this is the age for it," interposes Cindy. "Besides, those songs were written with the machine so they fit right in."

Kate: "Um. This may be the modern age, but things sure are getting conservative. Like here — if the Tories win this election it'll be awful; wouldn't that be UNBELIEVABLE? I always thought England was so progressive they would *never* vote Tory".

Kate has lived in both Ireland and Newcastle, where she worked as a barmaid in Jesmond.

"I just saw Thatcher on TV in my room and you know the only comment they made? She was wearing *thick, shiny Wellington boots!!!* It's as bad as watching Reagan on TV, which is like looking at a puppet.

"I never dreamed he would get elected, either, but at least his popularity is on the wane...particularly because of all the environmental scandals."

Kate shakes her head. "It's like this '50s fashion trend that's coming back. I for one just do not want to see that again! I mean, I like *some*

Currently, plenty of music filters through to enliven their jam sessions: DJ Africa Bambaataa, Joan Jett (Kate's fave), Culture Club, Prince Charles, ESG, REM, Bananarama, The Ramones, The Sugarhill roster, Fun Boy Three, Tanya Wenley's 'Vicious Rap' and 'Watchdog', The Stray Cats and Fred's pash Billy Idol ("'White Wedding' is BIG in New York!"). They're also still careful to plug their friends: Pylon's new 'Chomp' LP, Love Tractor, Limbo District, Oh OK and the Now Explosion from Athens.

With four months a year their maximum touring schedule, the B's look set for a sane and profitable period of heavy partying with the likes of you and me. Kate and Cindy have already started — hitting the Camden Palace in time to catch Rusty Egan rapping to Yello and checking out the Mohawks/fake dreadlocks along the London shopping drags. ("Hee-Haw clothes" or "the hillbilly look" is Cindy's description of our New Dickensiana.)

Whatever happens in the coming months, this band at least shares the ultimate Whammy of Pop: an unerring, recently refreshed sense of the absurd.

Or, as Fred puts it: "Our humour is our best safety valve. We've made mistakes and we realise that, but we've learned humour is the most important tool to help you find a way to salvage something for yourself out of all the craziness."

THE HAYRICK SONG

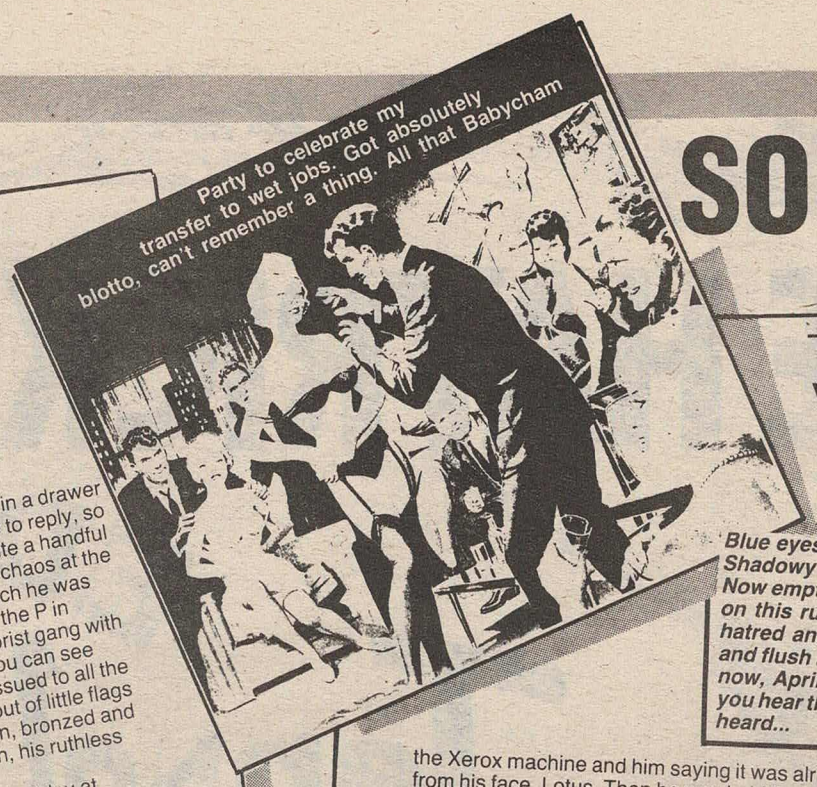
EDDIE Tenpole TUDOR

new single

7" BUY 177
12"S BUY 177
same price as 7"

STIFF RECORDS

SOFT DRINKS



SMERSH

Secret Underwater HQ

Dear Lotus
I recently came across your letter in one of Mister Johnny's filing cabinets, in a drawer marked AMMO. I thought it was a great shame he hadn't taken the trouble to reply, so I'm writing to tell you not to be too upset. It sounds like your big chief is quite a handful so perhaps you're used to this kind of thing. Anyway, the head office is in chaos at the moment — nothing has been seen of Mister Johnny since Christmas which he was supposed to be spending on an aircraft carrier at sea somewhere below the P in Pacific. But we've recently had a series of ransom demands from a terrorist gang with bad spelling. All the girls here are in floods of tears, out of the window you can see grim-faced aides filing into minibuses and machine pistols have been issued to all the V-men. We're collating rumours from all over the globe, and have run out of little flags for the map in the situation room. Never mind I expect he'll turn up soon, bronzed and devil-may-care with that sardonic smile playing around his cruel mouth, his ruthless eyebrows raised as if to say *Lewis Collins? Don't remember the boy.*

Personally I find him rather attractive in an eerie sort of way; on my first day at SMERSH I made the mistake of accepting his invitation to dinner. He took me to a beastly place called *Frederick's* (or was it *Federico's*?) where all the waiters wore frilly see-through babydoll nighties and we had to eat off the back of a naked boy about 12 on all fours. I was beginning to wonder if he was a bit "that way" but it turned out he just likes eating off naked boys. Then he took me to a perfectly dreadful nightclub called *American Express* (or was it *Lobster's*?) where everybody was very smart and rich and drunk and didn't care a damn about solidarity with the working class struggle. All evening they were making horrible jokes about the unions and Greenham Common and how to take advantage of girls. They were doing some beastly loud boasting about doing it *you know* in dangerous forms of transport: Speedboats, sno-cats, cable cars, spaceraft. It all sounded ever so uncomfortable to me, perhaps it's the danger makes them come over all, oh dear you know, all *indecent*. Or perhaps it's the vibration. I was really scared they were going to pop me into an armoured car and drive off to Belfast or somewhere like that. Any way up it was alright cos he never laid a hand on me that evening but insisted on having me driven home in a six door Mercedes with tinted windows, what a thrill. My girlfriends at the flat were speechless as the chauffeur (a dear little Korean with a bowler hat) escorted me to the front door.

The only time he ever went too far was on my first payday when he made me crawl for it with all my clothes off, pulling my wage packet along the floor in the back of a toy dumper truck. At the same time I had to balance a nasty elongated table lamp on my back. It was filled with psychedelic liquid with globules going up and down in it like in how he was "turned on" by cheap beauty. Of course that was the last straw. Cheap. Barbarella. His eyes were like slits Lotus and he was chuckling as he explained to me Who did he think he was talking to. I really lost my temper and you know me Lotus I'm always happy and smiley. That man! I told him he was horrid and loathsome and mean and a cretin. Also I threatened to tell all the girls about the time I caught him doing it to the Xerox machine and him saying it was alright it was still warm... The blood drained from his face, Lotus. Then he was babbling about not knowing what had come over him it was his red mists. Please please would I forgive him, think of his position. That's when I gave in my notice. But he doubled my wages and transferred me to the swankiest dept. which is Wet Jcbs where I am now.

Mind you he insisted I had to have a new name. What's wrong with Sue I said, it's a nice friendly name. Forget it he snarled. Now I have to pretend my name is Miss Showers and wear a lime green PVC shortie mac with matching souwester hat and Quant boots. He makes me run around the office peering through one of those transparent Oxford Street umbrellas and saying 'Oh gosh I'm getting soaked'.

Anyway I expect you have your own problems as well. Must dash now as Top Shop closes early on Thursday.

Bye for now,
lots of luv,
April Showers, Wet Jobs

P.S. Just received a call from Destiny Angel in Crime (Passionate). She said Guess what, guess who's back. Well my heart leapt into my mouth Lotus I must be in love! All the other girls are. Oh gosh does it always hurt like this? Anyway he was in a filthy temper and ordered her to arrange a meeting with your head man. He has to go to Q Branch about some stun grenades and he's going to call in. Be a poppet and dash off some polite excuse — he'll be in a fearful mood when he arrives you know how he hates hairstyles and your mob are just so flash. I bet it's about that column for the youth of today your editor asked him to write. I asked him what's it about he said soft drinks. Ha bloody ha (I thought). He must have some horrible sort of plan for the teenagers who read *NME* like mass sedation or slavery or converting them into edible soya products. The youth market is dead April he keeps telling me. They no longer have any *buying power*. If they lose their jobs through their own silly faults, they should be made into something useful to help industry. It's vital to get them back into the factories. *In one form or another*. His very words. Lotus I'm scared.

TEASER TWO WITH JOHNNY BULLETS

Blue eyes and a smiley face aren't enough, April. The Shadowy Organisation demands fanatical obedience. Now empty your mind of girlish thoughts. Concentrate on this ruby. You're in a red mist, you are filled with hatred and fury. *Where is the traitor?* ***Track him down and flush him away. You are in charge of office hygiene now, April. We are a clean machine. That is all. When you hear the IPCRESS noise you will forget all you have heard...***

KING

Sunny Adé

and his African Beats

Synchro System

The New 12" Single

Taken from the forthcoming Album
"Synchro System"

Produced by Martin Meissonnier
Mixed by Godwin Logie at The Fallout Shelter

12 IS 122

ISLAND

MORE TO LOSE — EVERYTHING TO GAIN

WHY SEONA'S DANCIN'

WHAT, YOU ask, do we need with yet another electro-duo, one more twinset of electro-syntho-percussive rubbish? The answer is that we certainly *do* need them if they are remotely capable of reviving the corpse of contemporary mainstream music.

There now, we've begged about a hundred questions, number one of which: who the hell is Seona? Why is she dancing? Does she enjoy it?

Seona (pronounced Shaw-na) Dancing comprise Ricky Gervaise and Bill Macrae; both present something of a paradox. Gervaise is garrulous but apparently relaxed, all eye-teeth and languid voice. Whereas the tall, thin Macrae is more subdued and yet more anxious — continually flashing rather unnerving smiles. Both are final-year students at University College London, where they met about ten months ago. Or, to be more precise Macrae, who plays just about everything on the single, *selected* Gervaise as a face and a voice to match his own talents. They practised for about half an hour (well, a few weeks), made the requisite demo tape and were promptly pounced upon by RCA, CBS and Decca *en masse,* who all fell over themselves to heap riches upon the pair.

Hmmm, it's not exactly the on-the-road graft and grind of rock mythology is it?

Gervaise: "I suppose not, but I don't think all that stuff is relevant any more, if it ever was. We've certainly been very lucky so far. No one, as yet, has criticized us at all." (I shouldn't worry about that Ricky, I'm sure it will come.)

As it happens, or happened, good old Decca were the lucky little multinational who landed Seona Dancing after offering them an unprecedentedly large percentage royalty for a new group. Both of the pair profess a vague sort of Socialism, and are uncomfortably aware of the potential hypocrisy of their situation.

To regress to the original question, what, if anything, makes Seona Dancing one iota different from all the other silicon siblings, clones, twins and duos?

Macrae: "We're better."

OK, fair enough, but what about the music? Does Seona jive, swing, waltz or what?

Macrae again: "I'd say we're trying to marry the rhythmic qualities of East Coast funk with the more melodic aspect of post-punk over here."

So that's that, although many would point accusingly at the group's evident commerciality. Are Seona Dancing just another hairstyle?

Gervaise: "We've never consciously written songs with the chart in mind, thinking that this song will get to number so-and-so, but if they do chart that's very pleasing — it means many people have heard your record." (And you've made lots more money.) "If 13-year-old girls want to buy the single because of our long eye-lashes then, great."

And by the way, all you *Smash Hitsters,* wacky Ricky Gervaise comes from Reading and likes zippy philosopher and libertarian John Stuart Mill!

If you've not heard 'More To Lose', Seona Dancing's first single, then I really do think you should go out and buy ten copies — just in case nine of them break — for it is a marvellous debut. Macrae creates a lush, cascading keyboard sound, wedded well with cataracts of percussion, *a la* Trevor Horn. Gervaise's lazy, languorous voice suitably sprawls over this verdant lawn of music, although his singing occasionally descends into mannerism. Anyway, hear it.

Put it thus: Seona Dancing have managed to avoid both inert melancholia and the tinkly-pop nursery tunes of the likes of Depeche Mode. Ignore their detractors, it makes no odds if they *do* make a zillion pounds and tell *My Guy* they like jam sandwiches — *Seona is Dancing.*

SEAN THOMAS

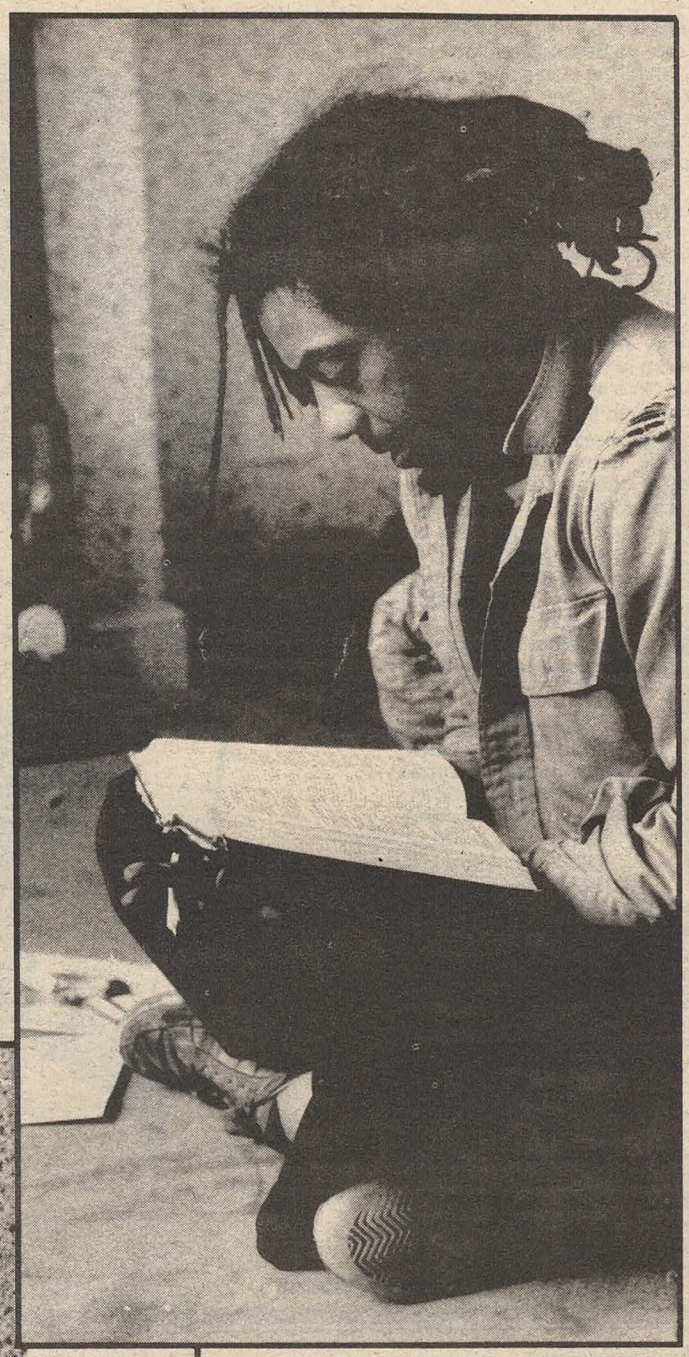
Seona twinset Ricky Gervaise and Bill Macrae

THE IMPOSTER
'PILLS & SOAP'
SPECIAL SINGLE IMP 001
AVAILABLE NOW
UNTIL JUNE 9TH

AVAILABLE FROM THE CARTEL AND IDS

IT'S IN THE MIX ● BAD BRAIN'S MAKE GOOD ●

GA GA ON



GANJA?

JUST AS it was inevitable punk would one day get religion, so it was predictable it would choose Jah. But the Bad Brains? Washington's most furious albeit black ultra hardcore group and Rastafarianism?

"There's no contradiction at all man," insists Darryl, bass, most volatile of four members. "People call what we play punk, so I'll consider it that. Take the two musics, reggae and punk, two revolutionary musics. We come to smash down one way and then come smash down from the other.

"You know you have some reggae music that comes on like punk. I'm not saying fast and furious da da da and all, but it has the same vibes. These are the two extremes in music, there's nothing in between. Two extremes of the musical revolution, no lies at all. It's just that we don't want nuthin' in between, like folk, pop.

"I know people seem to like it, pleasure, and that's good too, you know, but it gets spoilt once you become aware it's all part of Babylon."

Every road, it seems, leads to Babylon. The one route out is signposted by the Bible. One Bad Brain studies it cross legged throughout this short encounter. I recall the bilious fury of 'FVK (Fearless Vampire Killers)' and shed a tear for these found souls. Nothing they've done since they were converted to Rastafarianism, at a Bob Marley concert, has its brevity or wit. Taking its political cue from Joe Dallesandro in *Andy Warhol's Dracula,* vocalist H. R. garbles in a voice resembling a hoover on overdrive: *"The bourgeoisie/Had better watch out for me/All throughout this so called nation/ We don't want your filthy money"*

"Just our meditation on the evil wicked doers in the world," remarks Darryl. "And they know who they are. It's not meant in the literal sense of the words, it's like all the inequities, the rich feeding up by beating up on the poor."

The universal truths of the Bible are once more pumped for solutions to such inequities. Worse, the same book is cited as justification for their homophobias and persistence with 'women's place' myths. Fortunately, the Good Book hasn't totally permeated their records or live set. For the moment they alternate the razor edge of screeching punk with a sluggish reggae, while their recent single 'I And I Survive', produced — as is their other stuff — by The Cars' Ric Ocasek, follows a similar format.

"I and I just show that everybody is human," pleads Darryl. "I and I have to go to places where people might have a big red mohawk to do it. It's a chance for them to see that we embody what we believe. Black and white unite."

Punk as pulpit, anyone? New BB songs suggest they've gone ga-ga on ganja. It hasn't slowed them down any, but it has reduced their vocabulary to a sourmash of righteous Rasta biblicisms. Here's hoping the condition is not irreversible.

CHRIS BOHN

H.R. (above) studies the word of the Bible, Darryl makes his point (left) and Rasta fluteman listens. Pics Peter Anderson.

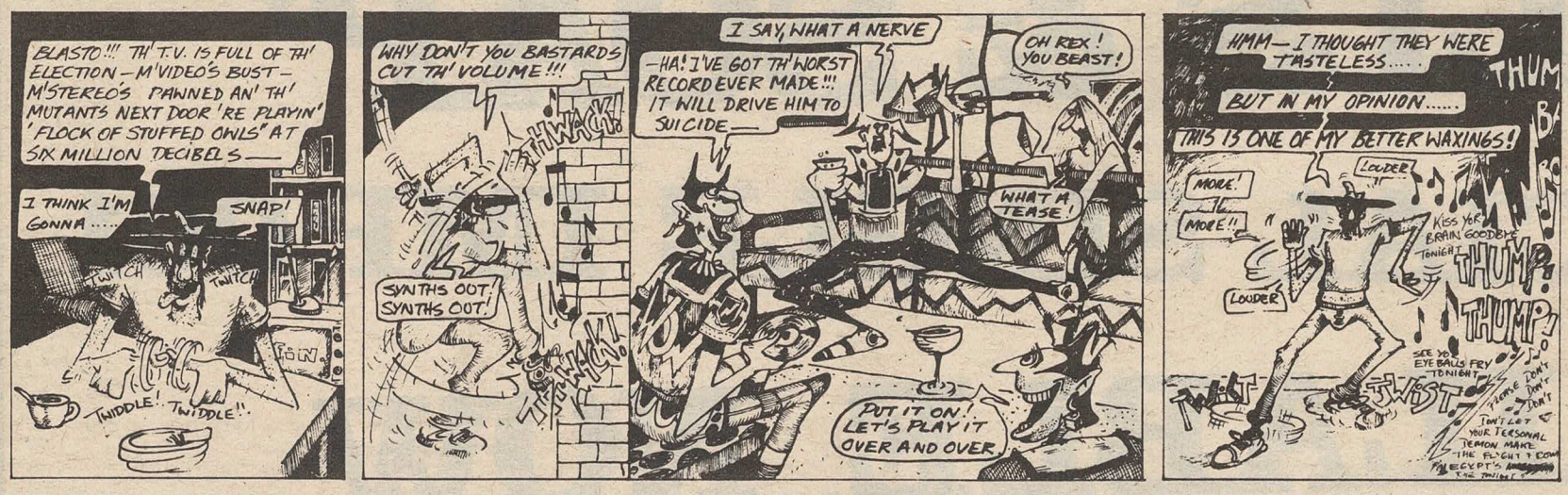
IN THE DOLLY MIX

Dolly Mixture were the first band picked up by Paul Weller for Respond — and the first to voluntarily leave that label, well before it became the Holy Grail of copy-seeking hacks. In *Dolly Mixtures*, a just-completed documentary of their history by BBC employee Simon West, the seemingly frail trio (who've already employed and dismissed two managers) spill the beans about walking out on Weller after two singles.

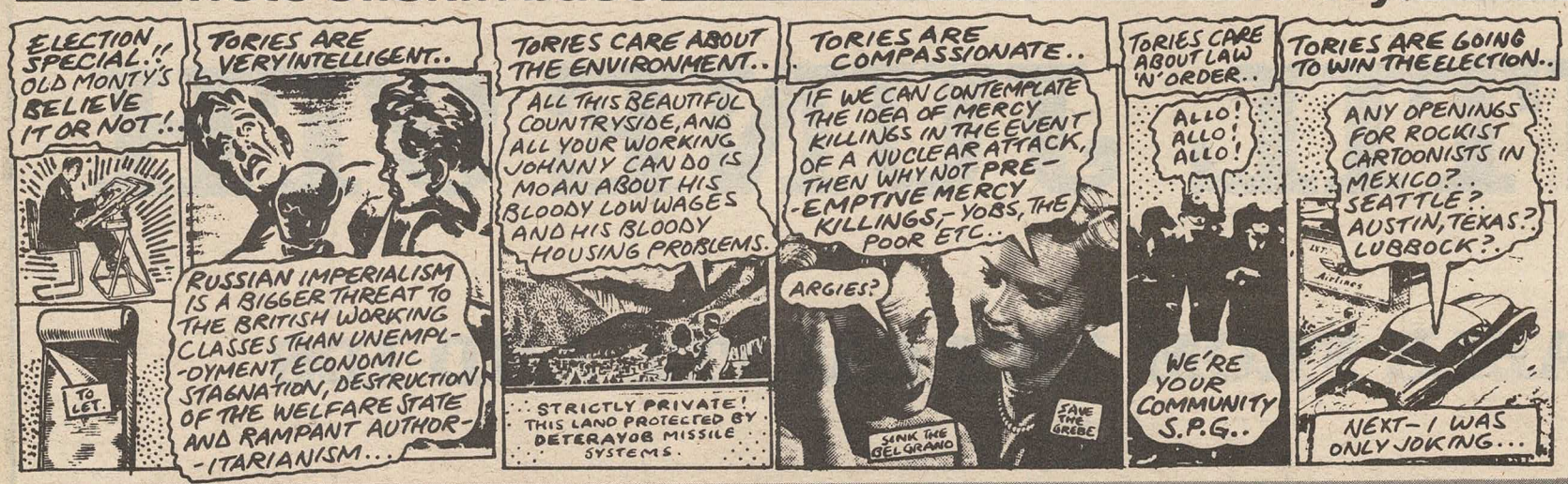
West — who is younger than any of the Dollies — began his opus back in '81 after a friend took him to a Dolly gig and he met the girls. His half-hour film contains live footage, interviews and rehearsal shots (not to mention an animation sequence by Dolly singer Hester's brother and shots of a May '81 interview with the band being run up at *NME*'s printers) and will be seen soon on Channel 4. The Dollies — along with sidekick Captain Sensible who makes several celluloid appearances — pronounced themselves pleased with their fan's slightly breathless homage.

But the real source of delight for them was last week's inking of a publishing agreement ("For *all* our stuff! quoth Hester) with RCA, which means there may even be a Dolly LP in the works before long.

the lone groover benyon


BLASTO!!! TH' T.V. IS FULL OF TH' ELECTION — M'VIDEO'S BUST — M'STEREO'S PANNED AN' TH' MUTANTS NEXT DOOR 'RE PLAYIN' 'FLOCK OF STUFFED OWLS' AT SIX MILLION DECIBELS —
I THINK I'M GONNA .....
SNAP!
TWITCH
TWITCH
TWIDDLE!
TWIDDLE!!
WHY DON'T YOU BASTARDS CUT TH' VOLUME!!!
THWACK!
SYNTHS OOT! SYNTHS OOT!
I SAY, WHAT A NERVE
—HA! I'VE GOT TH' WORST RECORD EVER MADE!!! IT WILL DRIVE HIM TO SUICIDE —
OH REX! YOU BEAST!
WHAT A TEASE!
PUT IT ON! LET'S PLAY IT OVER AND OVER
HMM — I THOUGHT THEY WERE TASTELESS.....
BUT IN MY OPINION.....
THIS IS ONE OF MY BETTER WAXINGS!
MORE!
MORE!!
LOUDER
LOUDER!!
KISS YOR BRAIN GOODBYE TONIGHT
THUMP!
THUMP!
SEE YO EYEBALLS FRY TONIGHT
TWIST
TWIST
DON'T LET YOUR TERSONAL DEMON MAKE THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT'S ANGUISH

note oilskin base lowry


ELECTION SPECIAL!! OLD MONTY'S BELIEVE IT OR NOT!..
TO LET
TORIES ARE VERY INTELLIGENT..
RUSSIAN IMPERIALISM IS A BIGGER THREAT TO THE BRITISH WORKING CLASSES THAN UNEMPL-OYMENT, ECONOMIC STAGNATION, DESTRUCTION OF THE WELFARE STATE AND RAMPANT AUTHOR-ITARIANISM...
TORIES CARE ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT..
ALL THIS BEAUTIFUL COUNTRYSIDE, AND ALL YOUR WORKING JOHNNY CAN DO IS MOAN ABOUT HIS BLOODY LOW WAGES AND HIS BLOODY HOUSING PROBLEMS.
STRICTLY PRIVATE! THIS LAND PROTECTED BY DETERAYOB MISSILE SYSTEMS.
TORIES ARE COMPASSIONATE..
IF WE CAN CONTEMPLATE THE IDEA OF MERCY KILLINGS IN THE EVENT OF A NUCLEAR ATTACK, THEN WHY NOT PRE-EMPTIVE MERCY KILLINGS — YOBS, THE POOR ETC..
ARGIES?
SINK THE BELGRANO
SAVE THE GREBE
TORIES CARE ABOUT LAW 'N' ORDER..
ALLO! ALLO! ALLO!
WE'RE YOUR COMMUNITY S.P.G..
TORIES ARE GOING TO WIN THE ELECTION..
ANY OPENINGS FOR ROCKIST CARTOONISTS IN MEXICO?.. SEATTLE?.. AUSTIN, TEXAS?.. LUBBOCK?..
INT. Airlines
NEXT — I WAS ONLY JOKING...

THE LADY IS ·A VAMPIRE·

BRITAIN UNDER THE HAMMER HORROR!

JULIE BURCHILL watches the TV election coverage and dreads to think Britain will get it in the neck for another four years of Tory misrule

IN THE '60s some families stayed up all night long for the big new Ali fight, but in my house we only stayed up for the Election.

My father was fiercely and abusively pro-Labour — for instance, up until the age of ten I thought that "Capitalist" was literally a swear word, so often had I heard it thrown with hellfire condemnation at the small screen — and I have always associated the General Election with *fun* — being able to stay up all night, name-calling and a ringside seat; a fair fight.

This moronic, ingrained reaction stayed on right up to the night Margaret Thatcher took power, the night democracy became a dirty word; I felt distinctly thrilled at the thought of *something extreme* — no more Mr Nice guy, no more Uncle Jim!

A lot of people obviously felt this way; it's a shame that the only extreme on offer came from the Right. People just couldn't stand being bored any more; now there is fear, and dread, and anguish as well as a terrible tedium, and plain boredom seems an enviable state to be in.

And it's different now; the Election approaching on June the 9th is the first Deadly Election this country has seen; if a mistake is made it will be the first fatal mistake.

The Mrs Thatcher who could be elected this time is not the Mrs Thatcher who won with promises of law and order and full employment (painting as such a picture of any Eastern European country, which was naturally appealing to the electorate), the Mrs Thatcher who quoted St Francis in triumph and picked stray threads off her Ministers' jackets in the House, the Mrs Thatcher held in check by a horde of *noblesse oblige* Old Guard.

This Mrs Thatcher is a different one — this one wants to take us back to the Cold War and suicidal threats of Russian nuclear roulette, back up the chimney for all who fail their 11-plus, back to the boom days of capitalism when a proud worker was a starving worker.

The first Mrs Thatcher never even mentioned any Russian threat — how could she when her puppet master Mr Reagan had not been elected? The first Mrs Thatcher never mentioned Victorian values and dark nostalgia — she said that Labour Isn't Working and promised something bigger and better and brighter. The first Mrs Thatcher promised to build something strong on the run-down foundations of British greatness; the second Mrs Thatcher has given up on that dream, and believes that the Britain we have now, and the workforce we have now, and the industry we have now, and the hope we have now is all worthless, false and finished and must be totally destroyed before the dream can commence. The first Mrs Thatcher was the persuader; the second Mrs Thatcher will be the destroyer; and the third Mrs Thatcher, if she gets a third term, will at last be the pheonix rising pure and purged from the ashes of Britain, ready at last to start work.

Nothing less than scorched earth is good enough for Mrs Thatcher — she missed her vocation when she went for the Prime Minister spot rather than President of EXIT. Engineering and assisting suicide really is her forte — after Myra Hindley and Jeane Kirkpatrick, she is probably the sickest woman ever to walk the earth.

Mrs Thatcher has changed from something undesirable into something unspeakable; the Thing inside her occasionally fights its way out of the carefully man-made, manicured shell and shows itself, screaming FRIT FRIT FRIT and other arcane curses. The Thing has not felt free to show itself until relatively recently — let's not forget that before the Falklands war and the poll popularity, Mrs Thatcher was the most unpopular Prime Minister ever recorded — but now it can be seen and the funny thing is, the People don't seem to mind it.

In Stephen King's *Salem's Lot* the townsfolk submit gladly to the vampire after a while, because they know that the draining will bring a certain peace that comes with the giving up of thinking, of protest, of struggle, of personal responsibility, and there can be no doubt by now that the townsfolk of Thatcher's Lot get a certain superstitious peasant kick out of giving in and wallowing in the quagmire of guilt and penance. Oh, we sinned in the '60s and had a good time! We sinned in the '70s and asked for higher wages! Kick us again, Mrs Thatcher, and then everything will be allright. And we wonder how a civilized people like the Germans became monsters; it starts with the allure of surrender.

● FRYING EGGHEADS

THE UNDEAD of Fleet Street have been doing their gory bit for their mentor's bid to stay put in the crypt at No 10. But, as *The Friday Alternative* (the best news programme *ever*) told us on the 13th, the laws that control TV and radio broadcasting during an election campaign insist that all reporting must show no bias; but the triumph in the Falklands can be shown again and again, with all the implication that Thatcher was responsible. This is patent nonsense; the Army won the war — Mrs Thatcher merely dropped them in it by making Britain appear for so long just a mindless island territory of America's which would do whatever America (Argentina's biggest friend and Big Daddy) wanted.

The point is that whenever footage of the Falklands war is shown during the campaign, the TV channels are not obliged to "balance" it with *Labour's* way of dealing with the Argentinians; that time under Callaghan when Britain saved the Falklands without a single death by simply sending out the massed forces of the Navy and lining up a dazzling array of ships along the Argentine horizon as far as the eye could see when the junta made narky noises.

On *News At Ten* Mrs Thatcher was talking about driving the spectre of Marxist Socialism from the land forever — when she says MARXISM she means PRIDE, like Reagan talking about Latin America. Then she said we should stick with America and Europe — how patriotic! Survival by submergal! She went on for a while about "Fulfilling the nation's destiny" — when a politician mentions destiny, reach for your revolver. Like A.J.P. said about Hitler, Mrs Thatcher has a profound belief in the rubbish that fills her head. Said Alistair Burnet with his usual tacky little twinkle; "Next week — and don't say we didn't warn you — there will be party political broadcasts." The BBC, contrarily, seemed gaga about it — to an epic tune a cross between *Ride Of The Valkyries* and *Exodus* a butch voice boasted election coverage practically from museli to Mogadon.

On *Newsnight* Thatcher was in Scotland, going through her usual lie that the nuclear bomb has kept the peace in Europe for almost 40 years — in that case, surely she would support spreading the good news around a little? Let's give the Bomb to the less fortunate, troubled spots of the world — let's give it to Iran and Iraq, Israel and Syria, Argentina and Chile, India and Pakistan — so we can *all* live in nuclear peace.

Michael Foot was in Caernarvon, quoting Idris Davies of all things, just like a malignant skit of Michael Foot. He *is* an intellectual, and has been constantly pilloried for this, as if it was in some way *manly* not to think — get yourself a cowboy as a leader, get yourself a scientist; what comes next, get a mass murderer? Get yourself a *hard man;* get your nation blown to smithereens. At least you won't be a *sissy*.

The only similarly thuggish Gumbie-press campaign I can recall against a party leader was the one against Stevenson when he ran against Eisenhower — when "egghead" became a term of popular American newspaper abuse. As if it was possible to be a real man without having a brain! But obviously having a brain is a dangerous activity, attractive only to Left-Wing agitators; the press likes its leaders as stupid as its readers, one big stupid squirming mass of lemmings, so easy to own and control.

Foot may be an intellectual, but he is also the only genuine party leader up for grabs, the only one who hasn't tampered with his appearance or voice or approach to win votes than might otherwise be unwinnable.

Mrs Thatcher's exhaustive overhauling is legend (though few know that her hair has been naturally white since 1976: Fleet Street often comments on Foot's white hair and how old he is — if we were to see Mrs Thatcher as nature made her, snowy white wash and set, varicose veins and all, it might be a sobering experience for the Tory papers who colour her Wonderwoman) but Roy Jenkins' deceit is less well known. When he was first elected to the House, two old Welsh MPs who had known his father were talking about him:

First MP: "I seen Jenkins' boy out there. He's a nice lad, look you — but lazy."

Second MP: "No, not lazy. No one who can change their voice that much that quickly is lazy."

Any talk of the SDP must lead directly to the door of Brian "Are The Wussians Weally As Wotten As Weagan Says?" Walden and *Weekend World*. Walden, an ex-Labour MP, is an SDP supporter, like all failure Labour MPs and most talking heads. On the programme of Sunday 15th Walden made the point that post-War Labour leaders had their attitudes formed in pre-War hard times (oh yes, the white hot technological revolution was a big talking point in Jarrow) and that because of this Socialism is old hat — totally ignoring that fact that today this country is as close as it has *ever* been to '30s Depression.

● NEUTERED ZOMBIES

ON TUESDAY there was the first Conservative Election Broadcast; panicky Bernard Hermann music, an attempt to evoke a pathetic playground victim fear of trades unions (that is, BAD Western trades unions — Eastern European trades unions are mysteriously and idiotically GOOD). Rubbish in the streets, picket lines, every strike the workers fault, every boss a cross between a good guy and a God. "Remember how things were before 1979?" I suppose it was asking too much to think we might get a "balanced" glimpse of how things were before trades unions; you know, children working down coalmines till they dropped, all that corny trash that actually HAPPENED.

The pathetic little ace up the Tories sleeve was the OWN YOUR OWN HOME spiel they peddle so mercilessly; it's very nice to own the place where you live, but the Tories are such Philistines they tout it as an antidote to everything. Don't worry about the rising crime rate and the ineffectual police force; triple-lock yourself IN YOUR OWN HOME. Don't worry about having no work to go to; put up shelves IN YOUR OWN HOME and when you've finished, well, just knock them down and put them up again. Nuclear war? Don't worry — sandbag yourself IN YOUR OWN HOME and watch the windows melt. Every numb little Tory citizen shut up in their little padded cell — sorry, THEIR OWN HOME.

This was the day the Tories lead halved in the MORI poll; on the BBC News *Campaign Report* directly after the Tory broadcast, Mrs Thatcher said that she would not be attending the Stuttgart conference because "a general does not leave the field of battle when he's coming up to a climax." I should say not!

The news itself might have been selected by some righteous little demon researcher, intent on carrying the "balance" ideal through for once; it couldn't have been more true or more anti-Tory. Yank soldiers training to work Cruise missiles based in Britain — the Conservative who protected Geoffrey Prime — a new terrible slump in industrial output — French farmers burning British food like trash in the streets while the French police just stood by and watched.

On Wednesday came the first Labour Broadcast; Neil Kinnock in fine fiery fettle standing in front of a demolition crew tearing down a building — "the only people in full employment." Peter Shore said we would need to borrow "£6 billion a year — but twice that much has been leaving the country for overseas investment under the Tories." THINK POSITIVE, ACT POSITIVE — VOTE LABOUR, said the slogan.

Next morning on *Good Morning Britain* Denis Healey was acting positive and laying one on Robert Kee for Labour. Healey, despite or most likely because of looking like the most florid navvy ever to wield a pickaxe, is feared and respected by opposition and talking heads alike; talking heads tend to be terrifically condescending to Left-Wing politicians, implying that because they are idealistic they know nothing of the ways of the big bad world — as though a talking head knows anything nasty, straight from university to hack school to TV studio! But Denis Healey is a thinker in thug's clothing, telegenic and jovial, seen as Father Christmas by Raymond Briggs or a popular uncle, a cross between Wilson and Callaghan.

Healey said, "Mrs Thatcher believes in one-sided disarmament. She robbed the Royal Navy of more ships than Galtieri sunk." Then he called her a liar — three times. Tebbit was wheeled out on the *News At One*. "He's hysterical — he should take a little sedative," snapped Normie. Norman "Gnasher" Normal himself, making pronouncements on tranquility! — it's like Cyril Smith writing a diet book.

Healey was back at six — "I sleep very well without a sedative, though I must admit I sometimes have nightmares and when I do Mr Tebbit features prominently in them." He was also getting off the train at Peterborough, shaking Jenkins hand and saying, "I hope it goes badly for your." Oh yes, and he called all the Prime Minister's men "neutered zombies."

Thursday was the day the election came alive; Michael Foot stopped acting like a wallflower and started acting like Diana Spencer on *her* walkabouts — shy but determined. Unemployment came into sharp focus as *the* issue of the election, just as it was in 1979, and one that Labour could easily prove the most popular in, and the Tories got scared and shrill. In Oxford Michael Foot accused Thatcher's ageing toy boy Hailsham of "licking Hitler's jackboots" — he did, too. It became a two-party fight.

It was a bad night for the SDP-Liberal Alliance Broadcast, but there it was — a big phallic jet, containing Dave and Roy looking dynamic and together and wet-eyed. Jenkins looked like a four-eyed slug with a mission and Steel looked like a drama student playing Buttons or Dandini at the end of some ramshackle pier panto. They talked about each other — Steel said Jenkins was "Ready, willing, able and available". He made him sound like a call girl.

● WORMS TURN

ROBIN DAY had been interviewing Shadow and Cabinet Ministers every morning after *Breakfast Time* since Monday, and on Friday the 20th he did the best one — Willie Whitelaw, who made the best show because he's the most stupid.

Day lost his bite when he gained his knighthood, but these question sessions were good because he just sat there while citizens asked questions on the phone. Dear me! Most of them were Tories — *very* appalled at the Government's record on law and order, which is literally the worst ever. When in 1979 a "free vote" on capital death was promised by the Tories, most people thought that meant a referendum and lots of Labour voters — of course it is working-class people who are murdered most, and therefore working-class people who approve of the death penalty most — voted for Thatcher purely on this issue — believe me, I listened to a lot of them, perfectly decent Labour people.

Of course it was the first of the Thatcher cons. Not only was there no referendum but there was Willie Whitelaw, the biggest murderer's groupie since Norman Mailer, as Home Secretary. Someone as rigid as Thatcher had to pick someone as spineless as Whitelaw — so liberal that he believes in letting criminals get away with murder *and* letting the police get away with murder — for Deputy to give the Team some spurious air of balance, but what a disaster the team has been! Murder at an all-time high, sentences at an all-time low, Britain coming nearer to anarchy than it ever has with *those* riots — which incredibly seem forgotten by all parties.

Labour really should make a grab for the law and order vote soon — they should remember that every Communist country in the world upholds the

CONTINUES PAGE 28

SINGLES

BY TONY PARSONS

MANCHESTER UNITED: Glory, Glory Man. United *(EMI).*
IRENE CARA: Flashdance...What A Feeling *(Casablanca).*
DAVID HENTSCHEL: Educating Rita *(Phonogram).*
CHARLOTTE CORNWELL as SHELLEY MAZE: Never Going Home *(CBS).* By-products of their time — the Final, two films and *No Excuses* — the TV series that blows the lid off the loon pants industry.

It's been quite a wait for the latest single out of Old Trafford — anybody holding their breath probably got buried about four years ago. I remember reviewing that last effort — when they got done at the death against the Arsenal — and saying that it was hearty marching music to carry the converted up Wembley Way and for the rest of us indispensable listening on a par with an album of train noises. I see no reason to tamper with perfection.

I've always liked Irene Cara since she landed that unexpected Number One last summer and was required to humiliate herself in the most ramshackle video of all time to keep those lovably exuberant ratings from *Fame* — she mimed bravely in a dowdy frock while the world passing by stared at the poor girl as if she was wacko.

Now, alas, I find myself lined up with the gawping masses, staring at Irene with bemused disdain. This is the theme from the forthcoming Paramount picture *Flashdance — Saturday Night Fever's* Tony Manero with a sex change — and it's Giorgio Moroder going through the motions, Donna Summer sleepwalking, the indelible stain on the white suit of your mind.

There ought to be a law against having cloying whimsy on the soundtrack of any film that boasts the great Julie Walters. The theme from *Educating Rita* is so sensitive that it will render you insensible — it *should* be the soundtrack for one of those filmic monstrosities about a middle class family falling apart — *Two Persons* or *Vangelis Versus Vangelis,* something like that. Nostalgic for the days when Slade would deflate the pomposity of a John Sebastian ballad by having Mr Holder step up to the microphone and belch? You will be. I scream for Noddy.

If Toyah and Penelope Keith had a baby, she would be Charlotte Cornwell — gobbing out her muesli, pulling the stuffing out of the Habitat sofa, effing and blinding but *never* dropping her aitches.

Charlotte was always the wallflower in the Little Ladies of *Rock follies* fictional fame and nothing's changed — Julie Covington's doing plays with the RSC and Rula Lenska's doing Dennis Waterman while, back at Barrie Keefe's exposé of the loon pants industry — why is every TV series about the music business irretrievably locked in the quasi-hippy, early '70s doldrums that went out with Ray Coleman's bathwater? — Charlotte Cornwell as Shelley Maze (heavy!) is doing a song that could have been written by Bruce Springsteen's social worker — *"Young people can't get a break/Only chance is to get away!"*

The tantrum-flinging youth culture has been pouting on for three or four generations now — middle-age in anybody's almanac — and soon there will be an entire strata of our society blowing their pensions on solvent abuse and *Smash Hits.* It makes you fear for the future.

MEATLOAF: If You Really Want To *(Epic).*
TOTO: I Won't Hold You Back/Hold The Line/99/Goodbye Elenore *(CBS)* American Monsters: both have made their mark and their millions in that part of the US that our media-orientated colonial cousins disparagingly refer to as The Flyover — which means everywhere in America apart from the seaside.

Of course, The Flyover is the only part of the US that matters to Meatloaf and Toto — after all, in Los Angeles and New York everybody who is anybody and a lot of people who are absolutely nobody get their records absolutely free.

Home on the range, Toto fans probably think Meatloaf fans are gross and Meatloaf fans probably think Toto fans are sissy, but they would be amazed at how similar they sound to the un-American ear. Meatloaf sounds like a Toto roadie dreaming of glory and Toto sound as like Meatloaf's backing men clockwatching — which means they both sound as numbingly bland as pigswill gets in this tax brackets.

MIKE OLDFIELD: Moonlight Shadow *(Virgin).* In the mid '70s there was a rotting Dickensian hulk of a building down by the Elephant & Castle — it looked derelict, like it housed nothing but dossers, rats and a demolition order. In fact it was the home of a computer centre of the TSB (the bank that likes to say yes). One of the young computer operators there was a dazed-looking hippy youth who answered — spasmodically — to the name of Steve. Like many an impressionable lad of the times Steve had been profoundly affected by the big film of the hour, a tale of green bile, eternal damnation and Linda Blair's revolving head called *The Exorcist.*

Whenever a snatch of 'Tubular Bells', Mike Oldfield's soundtrack to the film, came wafting over the radio, then Steve would run screaming from the rest room — the young computer operators there were a shiftless bunch and whiled away much of their time in the rest room — in a cold sweat, waving his arms and shouting, "OUT DEMONS, OUT!" The boy genuinely feared for his life and soul.

'Moonlight Shadow' is an innocuous little ditty, some humourless hey-nonny-no bint mournfully crooning a bedsit sensibility, but you'll understand me sprinkling the thing with garlic and trying to drive a stake through the hole in the middle...Steve was a friend of mine.

CRITIC & SON: The Parsons Tony and Robert Kennedy

MICHAEL JACKSON: Wanna Be Startin' Somethin' *(Epic).*

SHALAMAR: Dead Giveaway *(Solar).* And when they got there the 'Thriller' was bare — that album has been milked well and truly dry and here we have the dregs. 'Billie Jean' was sublime, 'Beat It' was the best welding of HM and disco since Ms Summer's 'Hot Stuff' and 'The Girl Is Mine' wasn't much at all but at least it was better than the song McCartney did with Stevie Wonder about black and white people living together in harmony on a piano.

'Wanna Be Startin' Somethin'' is shrill and aimless, a little self-loathing — with the room in his mansion full of showroom dummies (*"The friends I never had"*) and his cheetahs and his snakes and God knows what, Michael Jackson is well on the way to becoming the first black millionaire who is truly a 24 carat fruitcake in the rich American tradition of Hearst, Hughes etc. Not so much a milestone, more a millstone.

Like Odyssey before them, Shalamar have worked themsleves so hard they have worn themselves to a frazzle — artistic anorexia. I'd take 'Friends' to any desert island you care to mention, but I hardly recognize them now.

I'm not expecting them to sustain for a decade or more the way the Tops or Supremes or Smokey did — but even George Macrae lasted longer than *this.* 'Dead Giveaway' is monosodium glutomate masquerading as the sound of your soul — perhaps I'll change my mind when they show me the dance routine.

HANOI ROCKS: Malibu Beach *(Lick).*
ROD STEWART: Baby Jane *(WEA).* Painted popsies, past and present. Hanoi Rocks are from the Barbara Cartland school of makeup and play like they are about to be sick behind the speakers. Tremendous trollopes, these boys, and anyone who bought 'Too Much, Too Soon' and took it *seriously* will be shocked with love. Oh, you beautifull Dolls.

Me and my mate Ron really looked up to Rod Stewart around the time of 'Maggie May' — to French cropped proles in a world of Pre-Raphaelite wallies, 60 minute guitar solos and the joss stick burning endlessly on the tomb of the unknown hippy, his implied hooligan lights shone like the Aurora Borealis — I well remember being cautioned for setting fire to a police obelisk in a vain attempt to keep warm as we queued all night to see The Faces at the Oval.

Ron would turn in his Vespa now if he could see what Rod Stewart has become — staggering around the stage in sequins, being scarred and spunky, the tinted-haired survivor. Rod Stewart is the direct descendant of Judy Garland, Dorothy Squires, Bette Midler — to paraphrase Blue Oyster Cult, a career of fag bait. This really is abysmal, hoarse-throated and empty-headed, Bonnie Tyler driven insane by piles.

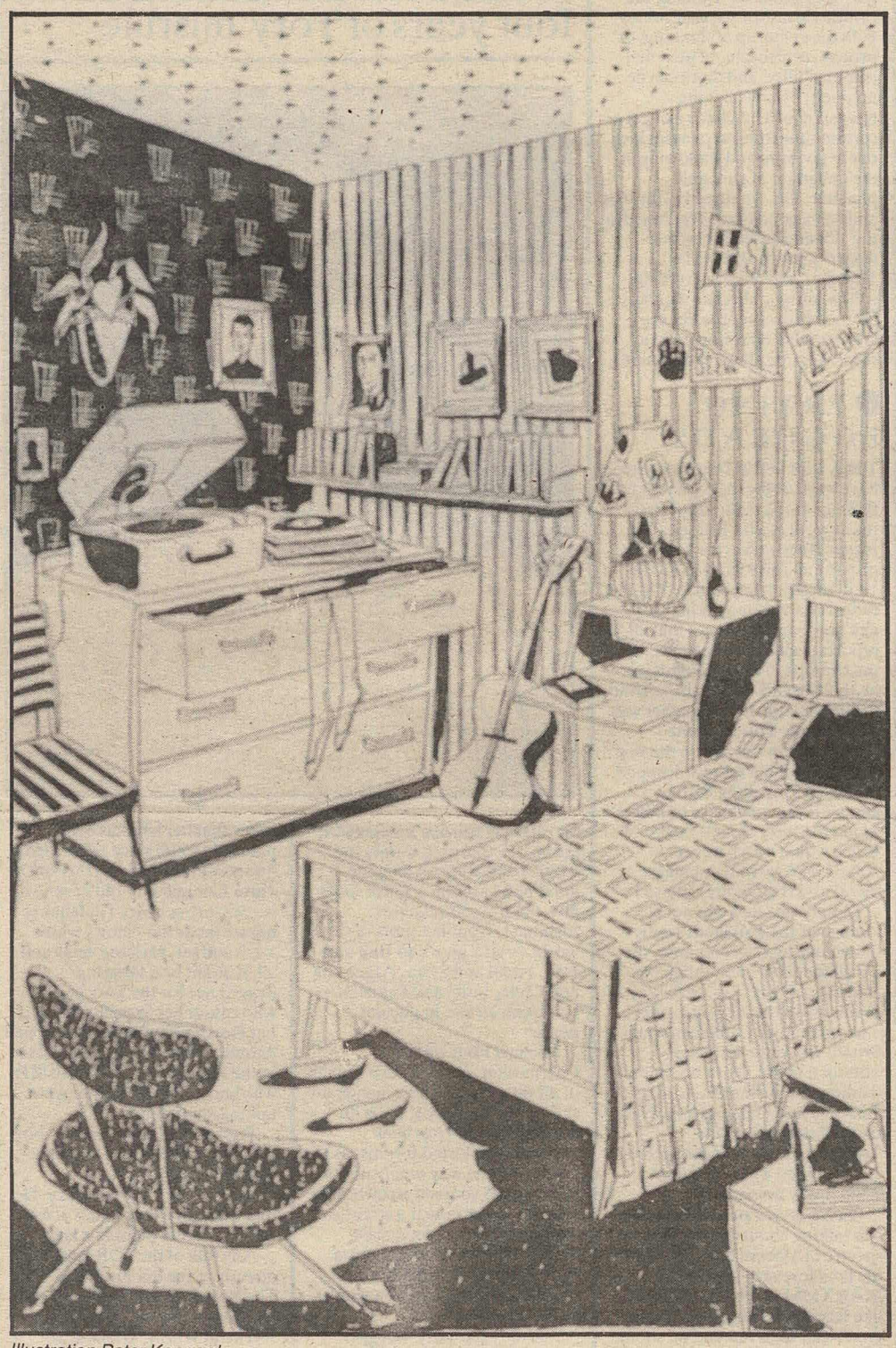


Illustration Peter Kennard

DAVID BOWIE: China Girl *(EMI).* Iggy Pop's 'China Girl' was a picture postcard from some suburban bedlam and to pull it off he had to be a majestic wreck, the kind of mess that myth is made of. Napoleon on five valium a day, that was Jimmy (as David and I call him).

On 'The Idiot' the song's beautiful, a bellow from the bottom of the barrel. Here it is...overdressed and unconvincing. It is a song of total failure, a grasping at straws song. What did Iggy ever have? Only a lost son and a habit and more reputation than money. Bowie has careers — a genuinely impressive actor and a performer who can take years off and knows that when he returns he will still be loved above all others — he has his son and his success and is just too *happy* to sing a song like this properly. With the horrible chopsticks and cheongsams elaborations for and aft it is also unfortunately very similar to Anneka's 'Japanese Boy' (ironic that Iggy, a Yank, who we rightly consider crass travellers — 14 European cities in two weeks, Marvin — had the good taste to refrain from any toytown circa South-East Asia embellishments).

It is still one of the best records about this week — 'Japanese Boy' wasn't *so* bad — and the only thing that will keep it from reaching Number One in the nation's charts and hearts is the immutable fact that 'Every Breath You Take' by The Police is the greatest white love song since 'Cinammon Girl'.

THE BLOOMSBURY SET: Hanging Around With The Big Boys *(RCA).* If any four Radio One DJs finally followed their hearts and formed a band they would be The Bloomsbury Set — winsome weeds singing hymns to the heroic hulking glory of Bogart, Stallone, Newman and Clint Eastwood (male, Caucasian), caricatured on the stunningly sweaty shrine that is the sleeve. Believe it: this record makes 'Glad To Be Gay' sound like Percy's 'When A Man Loves A Woman'.

SHAKATAK: Dark Is The Night *(Polydor).* The love that dare not speak its name: Shakatak are ageing white session men who play at playing jazzy supperclub funk, and I find them one part irritating, nine parts irresistible. This is just like the last one — but when you think what the last one was like, that's some compliment. The sound of scampi — scrumptious.

AGNETHA FALTSHOG: The Heat Is On *(Epic).*
GERRY COTT: Pioneers *(Epic).* Coming soon on this channel *Loners,* a series of moving stories about bold men and women who branched out when the entity that carved their niche eventually expired beneath them. Part One — Agnetha, having divorced the inanely grinning Benny — her ex-husband who inspired visions of Jimmy Carter auditioning for The Glitter Band — drops immediately back into the scuffling obscurity that she left 15 years ago with a crypto-calypso composition that makes Typically Tropical sound like Aretha Franklin. Agnetha's effort is given only a slightly warmer reception than a cat burglar selling double glazing. She consoles herself with the fabulous wealth that she accrued during the service she saw with Abba. The back garden of her Stockholm apartment is called Norway. Benny has custody of the platform boots. Agnetha is happy at last.

Part Two — Gerry Cott deserts a sinking Bob Gedolf — the Simon Dee of 'New Wave' — and his fellow Boomtown Rats just before the group vaporizes — oh, thou fickle record buying youth — only to journey to North America and throw his lot in with mawkish imagery of how the West was robbed, all brave little homesteaders and noble savages. It's a lot like the father in *The Diary of Adrian Mole Age 13¾* whose son comes home to find him watching *Playschool* and pretending to be an acorn turning into an oak tree — redundant.

CORINNE HERMES: Si La Vie Est Cadeau *(Polydor).*
Eurovision Song Contest winner: *un médecin, vite!*

SPARKS: Cool Places *(Atlantic).* If Sparks ruled the world every day would be the first day of rag week. Some people never grow up and end up crying in some bar — other people never leave Art School and get a career in the music business (are you there, Malcolm?). Sparks were the thinking pubescent's Tiny Tim — off the wall yet acceptable, credible freaks and intellectual spivs, one a plaster cast of every perfect flesh hunk that ever tossed his corkscrew curls for the camera (knock once for yes, Marc, twice for no, Jim) and the other an inflatable Herr Hitler doll that you could get Hugh Trevor-Roper to endorse as the real thing.

Their work was probably not the stuff you would mention when the angels ask you to recall the thrill of it all but with albums like 'Propaganda', 'Kimono My House' and 'Indiscreet' they were only bettered in the '70s by the work of white Londoners and black Americans. Sparks were always barbed, their tongue firmly in some stranger's cheek. There was a time when Mental Mael let his brother Adonis Mael in on the joke — not any more. Now Mental broods in der crumbling Sparks bunker, bitter and twisted and bearing a grudge! Now Mental gives his silent partner, his feather-brained fading beauty of a brother, words to sing that only mock the singer, turning his humiliation into a party piece. When Abba were going through their death pangs Bjorn did the same to Frieda and Benny did the same to Agnetha. That's what Sparks have become — Abba after analysis.

"I'd like to tell you you're looking real good/They'll let us in so I feel alright/I like to go where

● *continues page 28*

YELLO

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Luke Skywalker attends 'Helden' night at The Palace.

ARE YOU REDI TO JEDI?

Return Of The Jedi

DIRECTOR: Richard Marquand
STARRING: Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher, Billy Dee Wiliams (20th Century Fox)

IF GEORGE Lucas has his way — and there seems no likelihood of his being stopped, bar a total war on our own miserable star — his cosmic chronicle is going to be the central icon of post-*Gone With The Wind* Hollywood.

***Return Of The Jedi* at present has the appearance of the major commercial event in 1983's cinema but it is only one more milestone in a nine-part fable that will eventually come to depict an entire galactic history.**

Enormity. Lucas seems bedazzled by the size of his own project. Not its grandeur, its colour, its starry beauty, its technological sophistication, its shining moral valour — its size. He is the master of a cosmos, and he is perpetually amazed at the dimensions of his brainchild.

Although *Return Of The Jedi* has director Richard Marquand struggling to inject a few small-scale pleasures into this monolithic universe, one can imagine Lucas looking again at these pellucid artificial skies, the celestial bodies in glistening splendour, the spacefleets and star warriors and forces for good and evil duelling over worlds — *worlds* — and glowing in the knowledge of this giantism. The limitless scope of *Star Wars* is one man's private pleasure too.

***Return Of The Jedi* is a continuation of the myth that must surely please its devotees and divert the uncommitted for a fair portion of its 2¼ hours. It's so secure in its audience's familiarity that after a non-credits sequence offering the briefest of resumés it pitches directly into the action without a further word of explanation. Han Solo is still stuck in carbonate, Luke Skywalker has sent his ubiquitous robots to mediate with Solo's captor Jabba The Hutt and Princess Leia is...**

Hold it! I'm already giving too much away. The spirit of *The Perils Of Pauline* is, after all, one of the key forebears of this saga. Suffice to say that a consummately staged escape (the best derring-do in the whole picture) is executed by the team from the clutches of the disgusting Jabba, a creation of revolting ingenuity by the FX men. From there the serious business of tackling the Emperor and Darth Vader on their incomplete but virtually invincible battle star gets under way.

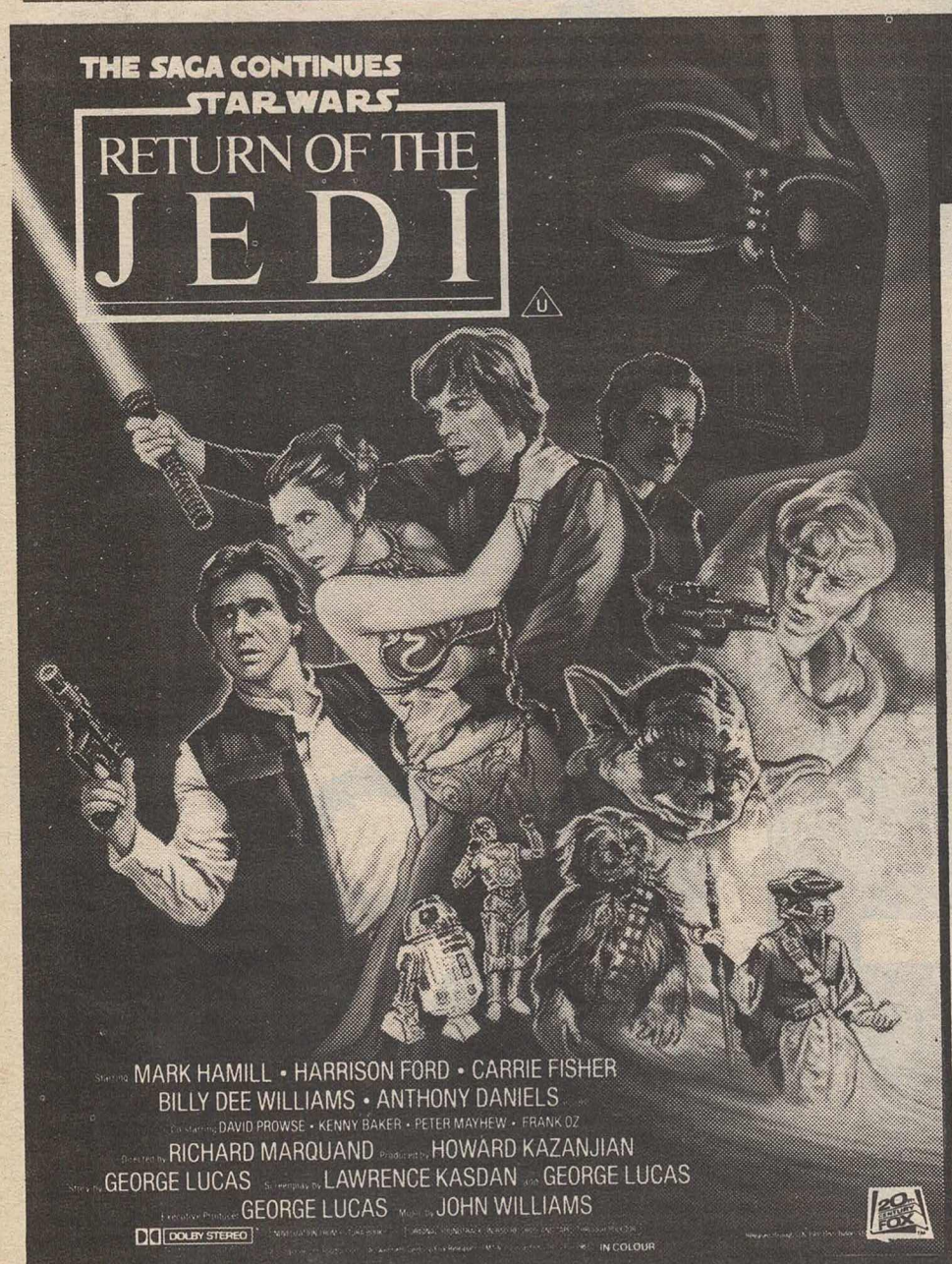
It's also at this stage that Lucas and Marquand attempt to humanise the cowboy element of the film a little more carefully — and it's a less than resounding success. While Harrison Ford is not required to overtax Solo's individuality, Luke is very much the man of destiny in *Jedi*. As an apprentice Jedi knight he almost has his spurs, yet he must properly confront Vader; and its on such a grand encounter that this episode pivots. The script leaves Solo and Leia to commit the carthorse heroics on the planet's surface — where the protector shields of the enemy are located — and concentrates on Skywalker's rendezvous with the dark masters.

If it doesn't entirely come unstuck, this is where the film falters. Marquand shows an unexpected flair in his cutting, flashing away from one area of action the instant before it palls, but his treatment of the grown-up interest factor is hamfisted. Mark Hamill is an actor of slight talent and his ingenuous portrayal, usually uplifted by the buddy-buddy rivalry with Ford, is almost sunk by this enforced, glum nobility. By splitting the heroes so far apart, Lucas and Lawrence Kasdan have gambled on a transcendent orchestration of matinee emotions by Marquand, and I can't see that he's really pulled it off.

Instead, all the most entertaining energy and humour is directed towards the shenanigans on the ground, where Solo is assisted by an army of creatures that resemble boisterous teddy bears. Of course, the designers, effects, crew and photographic experts are the real heroes of *Jedi:* the unholy beings that infest Jabba's lair, the stupefying aircycle chases, the dizzying colours of the stardestroyers' manoeuvres... as a visual whirligig, *Star Wars* inevitably gets better with every episode. *Jedi* is amazingly alive on the screen, and if the critic in me reads the 'maturing' intentions of the director as unfulfilled, the kid says it's pretty fair. It *is* a really good time at the movies.

Any questions? Is there a happy ending? Artoo-Detoo?

Richard Cook



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ABERDEEN Odeon	**NEWQUAY** Camelot
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BRIGHTON Odeon	**PLYMOUTH** Drake
BRISTOL Odeon	**PORTSMOUTH** Odeon
BUDE Picturehouse	**RAMSGATE** Classic
CARDIFF Odeon	**REDRUTH** Regal
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HERNE BAY Classic	**WEYMOUTH** Classic
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LANCASTER Studio	**THURS 9th JUNE**
LEEDS Odeon	**BOGNOR** Picturedrome
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MANCHESTER Odeon	**BRADFORD** Odeon
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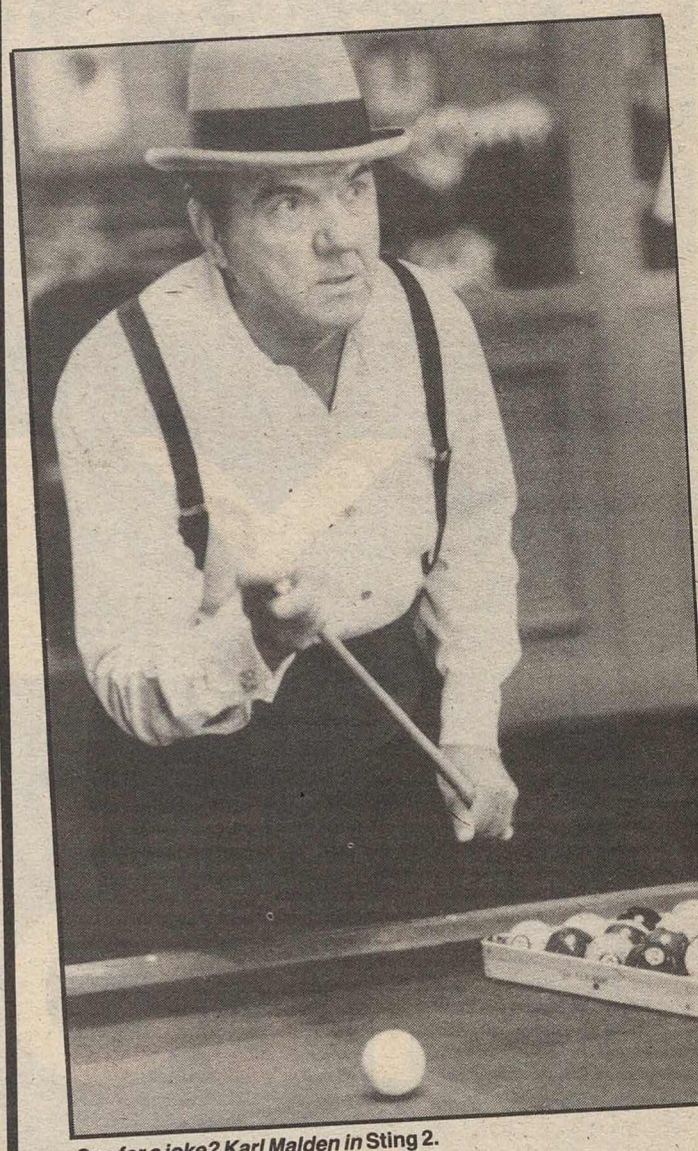

Cue for a joke? Karl Malden in **Sting 2.**

David Bowie grilles Catherine Deneuve about her part in The Hunger.

PANGS'N'FANGS

The Hunger

DIRECTOR: Tony Scott
STARRING: Catherine Deneuve, David Bowie, Susan Sarandon (UIP)

PRAY TELL me, who are these ambitious yet bloodless vampires who, suddenly discontent with the transient anonymity of advertising, are currently seeking immortality in the world of feature film? Do we really need their influx of shallow production values, of costume, make up, special effects, set designers and hairdressers as stars, stars wastefully cast as clothes horses?

Of course not! If this be all there is to film then we could all save ourselves time and leave after Pearl and Dean. Overriding style for the duration of a Gordon's Gin or even the despicably enthralling tobacco mega productions is fine, but over the distance of a feature style alone wears perilously thin.

In other words, don't sell me this movie, Tony, sell me an idea. Or at least tell me a story. The vampire movie as metaphor for the ailing filmworld's leechlike relationship with Saachi and Saachi? Sorry, it don't wash.

Tony Scott, like his brother Ridley and Allan Parker before him, crossed over from commercials and boy do their films make sure you don't forget it!

The Hunger — his first feature — is "a mood, a look, an ambience created by Tony Scott, the director," claims the press release-as-*Face* article. "It is the lighting of Stephen Goldblatt, it is the production design of Brian Morris, it is the clothes created by Milena Canonero." Deneuve, Bowie and Sarandon also ran. Actors paid, I assume, to endorse the product.

"Their talents combine to move the actors through a landscape of alien emotion to act out a story remote from their own experience concerning a creature, not of this world, whose existence, while opposed to the human condition, is akin to man's ultimate desire...eternal life," the press release continues. If only the script were this good!

As it is, it's little more than the best dressed horror movie in town. It would dearly love to run alongside Schrader's *Cat People*, but it is more likely to end up on a thematic double bill with the Ursula Andress immortality vehicle *She*.

Here, though, it is Catherine Deneuve who plays the haughty, sorrowful Goddess Miriam condemned to eternal life. Afraid of being lonely she has — since her origins in ancient Egypt — promised her lovers immortality in exchange for a vampiric kiss. Only she shortchanges them all with a couple of centuries apiece.

David Bowie is John Blaylock, the companion she picked up in 18th century Britain. We pick up on the couple at a flashy NY nightclub (London's Heaven, actually) on the prowl for a pick-me-up to put some blood back into their pallid cheeks. (They score to a soundtrack of Bauhaus, the disco's live attraction, who are archly playing 'Bela Lugosi's Dead'.)

It transpires that John is no longer feeling himself. His hair is falling out and he's losing his vitality. So he visits a research clinic where Dr Roberts (Sarandon) is checking out the possibilities of eternal life. When she refuses him the time of day he desperately searches out another victim to delay his ageing.

Increasingly showing signs of his 200 year old age he's too ugly to seduce and too feeble to overpower anyone but the child who turns out to be his last victim. By this time feeling guilty for giving sweet old man John the bum's rush, Dr Roberts pays a house call. Finding Miriam at home she is entranced into becoming John's substitute. Lesbian scenes are, of course, obligatory.

Like everything else in *The Hunger* this last theme is spuriously introduced to confirm its status as a thoroughly modern movie. The more touch-sensitive among you might like to take issue with its conclusion to firm up an equation of sex and amorality, beauty and decadence. But really it's not worth getting drawn.

Meanwhile the rest of us can ponder why Scott hired such a fine cast, only to have them serve his designers and not vice versa. Bowie has the one part with any emotional undertow, insofar as ageing concerns us all, and he's very good in it — until the weight of Dick Smith's excellent make-up job demands he totters around theatrically like a doddery Clive Dunn grandad.

As to Sarandon and Deneuve (the latter apparently hired for whatever mystery her French accent might bring to the film), they suffer most from the likes of *Dorian Gray* and *Blood For Dracula*. Then, words are only the final accessories, unwanted necessities to complete Scott's fashion spread of a picture.

Fashion spreads, advertising — call it what you will — belong to fine art. Filmmaking is total art. *The Hunger* stinks not so much because Scott blurs the distinction, but because he throws it into soft focus. Maybe he should branch out into pop video.

Chris Bohn

STINGS'N'FINGS

The Sting II

DIRECTOR: Jeremy Paul Kagan
STARRING: Jackie Gleason, Mac Davis, Teri Garr, Karl Malden, Oliver Reed. (Universal)

TEN YEARS after George Roy Hill scooped the pool commercially and Oscar-wise with *The Sting*, the world is deemed ready for more of the same. And like most sequels to great originals, *The Sting II* falls flat because it fails to match the expectations raised by its predecessor. But even without those high expectations, this movie is still no more than a mildly diverting way to spend a wet Tuesday afternoon.

The roles of Fargo Gondorff and Jake Hooker, as played in 1973 by Paul Newman and Robert Redford, are now taken by Jackie Gleason and Mac Davis. Newman and Redford were a great double-act, striking sparks off each other and animating their buddy/master-pupil relationship with a wealth of detail and smart timing. Their successors lack that rapport.

Gleason especially seems miscast and unsure, whilst David is too clean-cut and passive to be a convincing hot-shot grifter. The trio of personable con-artists is completed by Teri Garr, who also provides the obligatory love interest. Her droll performance here and in *Tootsie* suggest her star is one to watch.

In the black-hat corner, Oliver Reed takes over from the late, great Robert Shaw in the role of Doyle Lonnegan. Now interpreted as an epicene, Shekespeare-quoting smoothie, Reed's Lonnegan qualifies as one of the most innocuous villains in screen history. The fall-guy in the equation, the rich racketeer Macalinski, is played by Karl Malden with his customary bear-with-a-sore-head charm. Nothing to be scared of, but of course it all accords with the movie's toothless and ultimately bland tone.

These lovable rogues execute a minuet of bluff, double-bluff and playful treachery around a plot concerning a huge con which hinges on the result of a boxing match (the producers had an eye on the bankable *Rocky* trilogy?). The mechanics of the con are far simpler than in *Sting I*, and revealed through period-pretty (autumnal 1940) but ponderous direction by Jeremy Paul Kagan. Responsible for last year's earnest *The Chosen*, Kagan has none of the deftness of touch and timing required for a cracking comedy-thriller, and hence hamstrings a witty screenplay by David S. Ward, who also wrote the original.

So, burdened by miscasting and listless direction, this movie sadly never takes off. It stings like a butterfly and floats like a lead balloon.

Mat Snow

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BIG BANG THEORY

Handgun

DIRECTOR: Tony Garnett
STARRING: Clayton Day, Karen Young, Larry Corwin (EMI)

AFTER THE UK's infatuation with *Dallas*, there had to be a backlash. But the predictable siting of *Handgun* — perhaps the first exploitation movie to parade liberal sentiments — tips an already didactic mixture into disaster.

Writer/Director Tony Garnett of *Cathy Come Home* fame sets self-righteously about Big D, determined to discredit the seductions of the 'Metroplex' through its Achilles heel: the gun control controversy.

Only in this film it's no controversy; Garnett's out to prove that, whatever the Ewings' pastimes might have led you to believe, Texans do not waste time thinking about power, money, status, business or couture. Nope — they're intent on guns, guns, guns. All the time! They caress 'em, collect 'em, sell 'em, stock up on 'em (yes, there *is* a Survivalist in the script) and generally tout 'em as the solution to every problem.

Or so Karen Young discovers in her role as Kathleen, a gentle, tentative teacher from Boston transplanted into the fear and loathing of life as a single Dallasite. Kathleen takes up with a Cracker attorney who gabbles incessantly about guns and ammo; as she munches and tipples on his expense acconut or dances pelvis-to-pelvis in a local disco, the audience is left free to ponder why on earth she doesn't just note his sentiments about Samuel Colt and wave goodbye.

By the time she drops round his place for a boozy weekend meal, one's attention is focussed less on the inevitable sexual battle than on the rather grubby enjoyment this director derives from aspects like the victim's struggles or the nasty aftermath she faces at the hospital. It's only *after* her rape, in fact, that anything of Kathleen's character is allowed to emerge.

That's when she shears off those little-girl locks, enrolls in the same Riflery Club as her attacker, and shells out five hundred big ones for a handgun of her own.

The star of the show

Not only does Garnett fail to turn the exploitation format into anything remotely subversive — he *even* manages to lose its traditional liveliness. The stumbling dialogue is obviously improvised and the film's chockablock with corn (Kathleen's gun-totin' shadow falls across her copy of 'Double Fantasy'; when the attorney informs her that he likes John Wayne — "a real man, not like those faggots they have onscreen these days" — she merely counters with a demure preference for Alan Ladd, who "has nice eyes").

Handgun exploits its plot exigencies with all the gusto of any shocker. So much so that it *could* even pave the way for a whole new era of right-wing social comment within the exploi-shocker genre. Will AIDS, herpes, PMT and other important social considerations be the next topics taken up by similar directors, eager to leave the kitchen sink to wash itself while they draw big at the drive-in? One shudders to think.

Cynthia Rose

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ON THE BOX

THURSDAY JUNE 2

Some People (Directed by Clive Donner 1962). Early British teensploitation flick, dealing (as ever) with the issues that matter: three teenagers ar banned from riding their motorbikes and rejected by the local youth club. Calamity Help arrives, however, in the shape of Kenneth More as Mr Smith the organist (it says here). Some us can even remember the theme song, sung by Carol Deene: *"Some People think that kids today have gone astray/Well they should know, 'cos they're all mixed up too."* Social comment has rarely been that pithy or to-the-point since. **(BBC1)**
Norman Mailer At Sixty. "Frank Delaney don't talk no jives, he'll take that Mailer dude in five!" **BBC2)**
The Young Ones. Interesting. That's the title. **(BBC2)**
The Dick Van Dyke Show. Interesting. That's not the title. **(C4)**
Soap. Still sudsy after all these years. **(C4)**
Living Apart Together (Charles Gormley 1983). A "comedy film with rock 'n' roll music" starring Barbara Kellerman and the ever exposed BA Robertson as a couple who feel more together when they're apart than when they're together. Recipe for a barrel of lafs, yes? The "rock 'n' roll' contest's down to Robertson; hardly surprising, as his wordy pop vehicles are the kind of "rock" theatricals love. Must remind them of *West Side Story* or something. **(C4)**
Minder. Possibly the most consistent British comedy drama series ever, with above-average ad breaks, too, thanks to the breweries. **(ITV)**
The new Avengers. 'House of Cards'. Not to be confused with the infinitely superior 'Joker' episode of the original *Avengers*. How the mighty are fallen. **(ITV)**

FRIDAY JUNE 3

Switch. With Imagination (the group, not the concept) and Main-T-Possee. **(C4)**
Kim (Victor Saville 1938). *Jungle Book* with humans, starring Errol Flynn as a "colourful Afgham horse-dealer". I had to read that twice, too. **(BBC2)**
Cheers. Okay, I was wrong. *Cheers* is one of the funniest half-hours on the box, with an especially nice line in invective: the epithets "pond scum" and "seepage" could have danced daintily off the silver tongue of Louie De Palma. Talking of whom, when is *Taxi* coming back? **(C4)**
The Face At The Window (George King 1939). An early precursor of *Evil Dead*, this horror meller features an over/the-top performance from one Tod Slaughter. With a name like that, sublety don't come easy. **(C4)**

Tod Slaughter as ham.

SATURDAY JUNE 4

Destination Moon (Irving Pichel 1950). Venerable SF hokum masterminded by George Pal, a puppeteer/animation whizz who grew into rockets after starting with Ovaltine ads. Tinpot stuff when you have a *Jedi* before your eyes but enjoyably silly without total trash appeal. **(BBC1)**
I Was Monty's Double. Splendid title masks routine derring-do by British Intelligence. When can we see Gordon Douglas' crazed exercise in paranoia called *I Was A Communist For The FBI*? **(BBC2)**
The Great Waltz (Julien Duvivier 1938). A heavyweight MGM of Johann Strauss. One to watch with the sound down, but it does have one of my great Hollywood swoons — Luise Rainer. **(C4)**
Convoy (Sam Peckinpah 1978). Devilish of Peckinpah to follow his gruelling *Cross Of Iron* with this featherweight and extremely enjoyable piece of fluff. Kris Kristofferson rubber ducks his way out of custody with his usual clumsiness and Ali McGraw is (deliberately?) wasted as a puny love interest; otherwise the director unexpectedly milks all the cornball humour from a truckers' anecdote and attacks the destructive possibilities with his usual flair. You can make do with the closing credits, which reruns the entire movie inside five minutes! **(BBC2)**
Closely Observed Trains (Jiri Menzel 1966). One of the few Czech films with an international reputation. A kind of *Here We Go Round The Mulberry Bush* with locomotives and soot, except it's a bit more sourly watched. **(BBC2)**

SUNDAY JUNE 5

The Barefoot Contessa (Joseph L. Mankiewicz 1954). Irresistible — Bogart as Svengaliesque mentor to upcoming star Ava Gardner, both caught in the jaws of an all-devouring Hollywood. Bitter as a lemon squeeze even if the slightly sentimental edge to Bogie's late persona dilutes matters a little. **(BBC1)**
A Song Is Born (Howard Hawks 1948). Hawks' remake of his own *Ball Of Fire* is a bit too sappy to sustain the crackle of the original. Danny Kaye was well into his befuddled scholar bit by then and it becomes not much more than another vehicle for him as the musicologist who assists Virginia Mayo with her gangster-boyfriend trouble. **(C4)**

Robert Duvall as Ike.

MONDAY JUNE 6

Ike. Three-part TV epic (today and Tues/Wed) on Eisenhower looks like a *Book Club* long haul, although the great Robert Duvall stars as Ike. **(C4)**
Mr Ricco (Paul Bogart 1978). After bombing out as Matt Helm, Dean Martin tries another straight role as hardbitten criminal lawyer, although it seems doubtful that our favourite soak has much more luck here. **(BBC1)**
The Silencers (Phil Karlson 1966). It must be Dean Martin day, though this woeful spy caper flick is about as stylish as the pubs in Mile End. **(Thames)**
City Of The Dead (John Moxey 1963). Preposterous and terrific claptrap about witches, blood sacrifices etc. Starts with Christopher Lee stabbing a canary and winds up with a guy who's just come out of a car wreck and has a hatchet in his back blundering through a graveyard with a crucifix. Hotcha! **(IBA)**

TUESDAY JUNE 7

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Funniest slot of the week. **(C4)**
Shane (George Stevens 1953). The great western trotted out again. Alan Ladd in his best role as the rawhide outlaw helping out threatened honest homesteaders. Don't forget to get in some sody-pop. **(BBC2)**

WEDNESDAY JUNE 8

The Munsters. Herman is picked up by a Russian trawler and interrogated in the Kremlin. A cold war classic! **(C4)**
The Kid (Charles Chaplin 1921). The recent programmes made up of previously unknown Chaplin footage doubled my respect for him as a film-*maker* — the peculiar mix of inspiration and exhaustive work that went into his comedies seems to have no clear parallel, even in Keaton or Tati — but that same mawkishness which has stained his reputation lingers all too obviously around this early feature, which has the Tramp bringing up a diminutive Jackie Coogan. A lot of ingenious routines have a balletic symmetry that kills their funny side as it inspires your admiration. **(BBC2)**
Visions. The tough cinema that's growing up in Hong Kong gets profiled in this improving cinema magazine. **(C4)**

Richard Cook

LOST IN SPACE

Starflight One

DIRECTOR: Jerry Jameson
STARRING: Lee Majors, Hal Linden and Lauren Hutton (Rank)

A TYPICAL disaster movie — men of might and mettle with the lives of lesser beings in their hands in a battle against time and technology — *Starflight One* follows a predictable plot and is possessed of the same vacuity as turkeys like *Towering Inferno* and *Airport*.

Casting Lee Majors as the pilot hardly helps. I wouldn't trust him to carry home the groceries, let alone deliver the world's first hypersonic plane — which has inadvertently overshot into orbit — back to dry land. The guy has H-A-M written all over him and as such he's quite at home with the totally crass script.

At times the movie veers on a spoof but it never goes the whole hog and ends up playing all the pratfalls highlighted in *Airplane 1* and *Airplane 2* for real. As designer Josh Gilliam, Hal Linden (the cool calculated comedy actor who plays lead in *Barney Miller)* gets some of the corniest lines.

"It's no good," he despairs to his wife at one point, "we'd need a bus to get them out of there." "Well get them one," she retorts.

His face lights up with realisation and, sure enough, we're soon treated to the spectacle of 40 odd people in outer space climbing from one craft to another via a large tube.

The film is filled with similarly stupid Sci-Fi ideas and the much vaunted special effects are rather tame, certainly devoid of sufficient cinematic scope and power to compensate for the shallow 'drama' being enacted inside the plane. Every time director Jameson tries to build up a scene that will leave us gripped with tension it inevitably falls apart into ridiculous bathos and we end up groaning at the sheer banality of it all.

But the biggest groan must be reserved for the end when 'Starflight *One*' arrives back on the runway and you wonder if producer Henry Winkler is planning... surely not.

Gavin Martin

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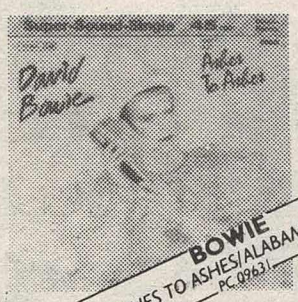

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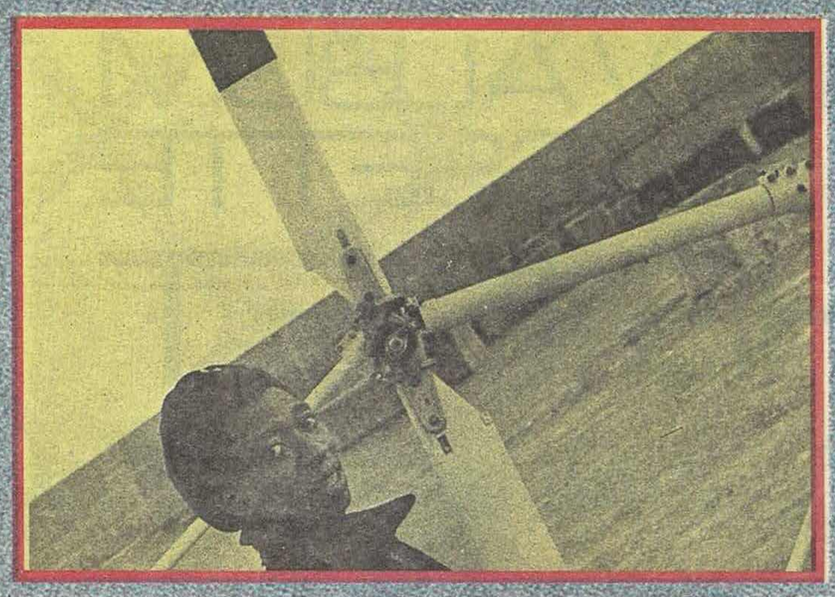


Above: Ray, Billy looms large, and then gets himself next to Jamie; far right, Ian keeps himself to himself.

THERE IS always time for the past's phantoms, especially when they belong to someone other than yourself.

Thus the nature of dreams, of gossip, of history, has never been totally pure. Who ever thought about asking the man who owned the closet that contained the bones about his yesterdays? Or the woman with the blemish on her soul and the blood on her palms about the past?

No one to be precise. No one ever bothers, basically because it's a lot easier to circumscribe the truth.

To be blunt, it's easier to lie.

So, here we sit, five regally attired young men on a rough-hewn pebble beach in Brighton discussing our paths and others' dreams. The sound is The Clash of 'Hate And War' and 'Career Opportunities' against the shingle and surf. The talk is all cabbages and Kings; fools and Death Cults. And the dreams? They belonged to a handful of scribes and a legion of young souls...

Ian Lindsay has also shared those dreams, dreams that were built *around* a young band, dreams that suffocated a young band, dreams that killed the Cult. Today is his 21st birthday and he is more mature than most; he has weathered worse storms. From today he will start to tackle the truth.

Would I lie? Moreover, would he lie? Do you lie Ian? "I think we did in Southern Death Cult. I haven't lied to myself for quite a while... I feel really good. I've been pretty honest with myself. I don't think... I know... I am. That's why I feel so good, cos I can't believe it. It's like being honest to myself and I'm getting a lot out of it. I don't want to get on a soapbox and say, Hey! We're honest! Come and see us — we're honest!... Like The Sex Pistols were honest."

As I said, he's tackling the truth. And I'm sitting on a cold, stone shoreline.

THIS TIME last year Ian was the lead singer of Southern Death Cult; he didn't drink, he was moody, he had a strange fascination with Amerindian values. In short, he was a mystery.

Meanwhile the Cult continued to shy away from the press and slowly, surely an image emerged of this youth that was half hero,

BRAVE TALES FROM BR

BRIGHTON ROCK

First there was Southern Death Cult, a group of brave punks from the North, but now they are no more. Instead it's DEATH CULT, another band — with only singer Ian living through both. DAVID DORRELL comes to terms with a new kind of cult. Photography PETER ANDERSON.

ON THE beach in Brighton I'm asking the man about the skeletons in his closet. I enter only so far before I am accused by Ray of propagating the myth, of turning Ian into some 'spiritual leader'. The truth, I explain is that to cure cancer you must confront or prevent. With this, I intend to do both.

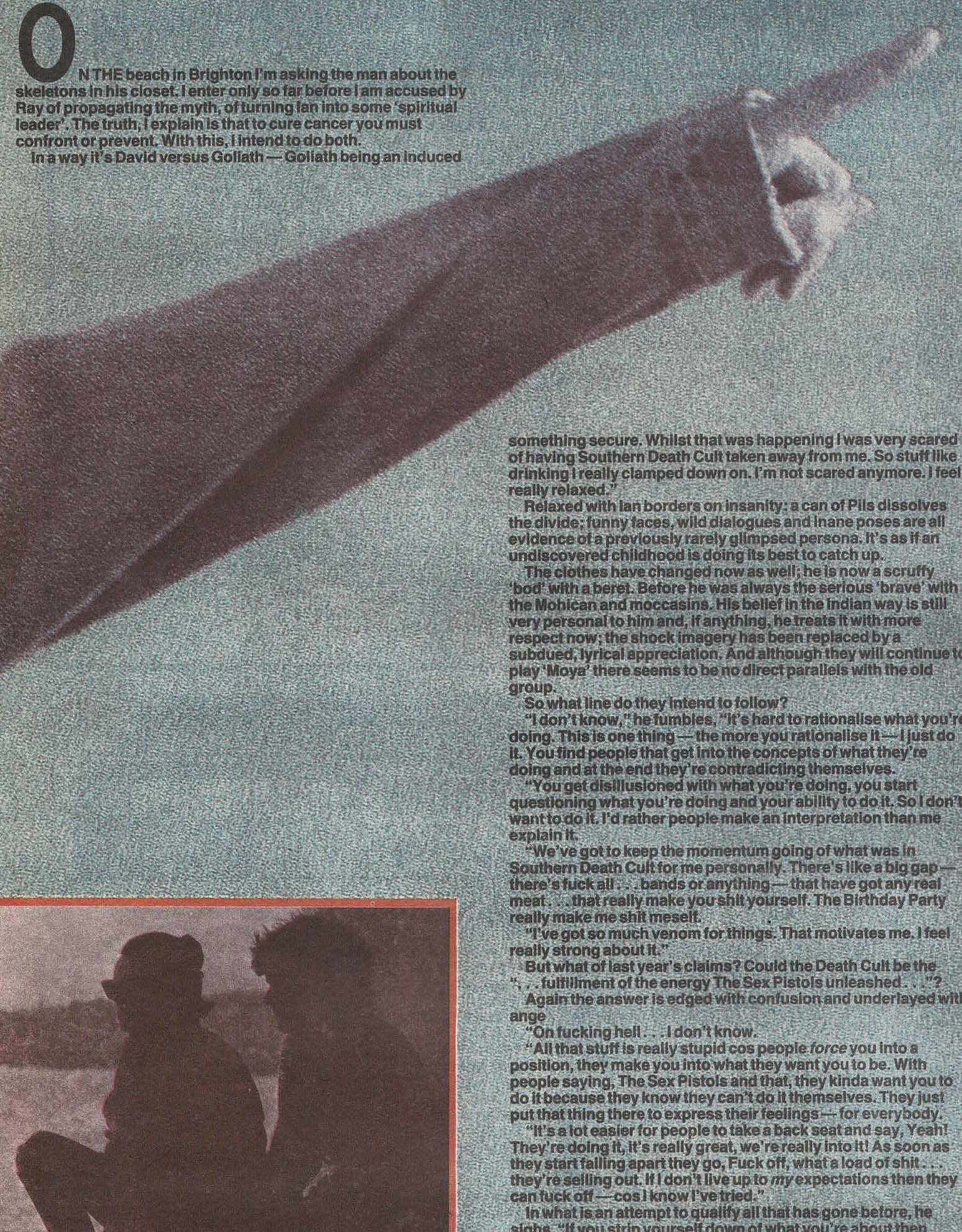
In a way it's David versus Goliath — Goliath being an induced half myth. Inexorably the press forced the creation of their 'enigma', its birth-pangs became its deaththroes. Thus Southern Death Cult came to an untimely end sometime in March.

Now it is June, and Ian has emerged with a new confidence and a fresh band, whilst Aky, Barry and Buzz stand in some Northern wing waiting for their chance. The vampiric press, as always, lurches sluggishly behind, seemingly content with the flat field, the fantasy and the pre-fabrication.

If they are Death Cult by name, they are quick by nature.

Co-founded by 22-year old Billy Duffy — guitarist, ex-actor with Theatre Of Hate and Mancunian wag — and now augmented by Jamie Stewart, 19, bassist, ex-guitarist with Ritual, and Ray 'The Reverend', 21, also from Ritual and now Cult drummer, they are waging an intense war with time and inspiration. In two months they have written ten songs, four of which — 'Horse Nation, 'Ghost Dance', 'Christians' and 'Brothers Grim' — are due to be released as an EP. This time around all the urgency is coming from within.

Back in the flat field, the Goths and Vandals of punk's dark aegis continue to sack the graves of a thousand dead ideals; the decay marches on. If they should be afraid of anything then it should be of the apocalypse that these four horsemen herald. This time the Death Cult comes not as a vanguard, but as a solitary soldier — alone. And primed.



myth and David being slightly pompous, often foolhardy but fairly true.

As they say, the truth will out, so why did Southern Death Cult split?

"We split basically because we were working against each other," Ian announces wearily. "When the band started off we didn't know it was gonna go anywhere. As it was progressing we just kept the momentum going . . . but we never questioned it. When we started questioning what we were doing I felt I didn't really want to be part of it.

"I think we were working against each other. We were too individual to be in one group. We had to pursue our own thing."

Will the same spirit live on?

"I don't know. I can speak for myself and say yeah, it will do on our part. I think I'll be a lot stronger with what I'm doing now because I've got a better idea. I think I'm a bit more grown up . . . and I've got a better attitude towards doing things now.

"I want to take Death Cult as far as we can take it . . . *and* still keep it in intact."

When I first met Ian I bought him oranges from the supermarket. Now he sucks on lager from the off-licence. Is the South sucking you in?

"No, no that's not true. Before I went to the band I just went through a really shit period. I didn't have anywhere to live, I was really pissed off and I was very ill. When I went to Bradford I was just paranoid . . . I was shit scared of everything . . . I wanted something secure. Whilst that was happening I was very scared of having Southern Death Cult taken away from me. So stuff like drinking I really clamped down on. I'm not scared anymore. I feel really relaxed."

Relaxed with Ian borders on insanity: a can of Pils dissolves the divide; funny faces, wild dialogues and inane poses are all evidence of a previously rarely glimpsed persona. It's as if an undiscovered childhood is doing its best to catch up.

The clothes have changed now as well; he is now a scruffy 'bod' with a beret. Before he was always the serious 'brave' with the Mohican and moccasins. His belief in the Indian way is still very personal to him and, if anything, he treats it with more respect now; the shock imagery has been replaced by a subdued, lyrical appreciation. And although they will continue to play 'Moya' there seems to be no direct parallels with the old group.

So what line do they intend to follow?

"I don't know," he fumbles, "it's hard to rationalise what you're doing. This is one thing — the more you rationalise it — I just do it. You find people that get into the concepts of what they're doing and at the end they're contradicting themselves.

"You get disillusioned with what you're doing, you start questioning what you're doing and your ability to do it. So I don't want to do it. I'd rather people make an interpretation than me explain it.

"We've got to keep the momentum going of what was in Southern Death Cult for me personally. There's like a big gap — there's fuck all . . . bands or anything — that have got any real meat . . . that really make you shit yourself. The Birthday Party really make me shit meself.

"I've got so much venom for things. That motivates me. I feel really strong about it."

But what of last year's claims? Could the Death Cult be the ". . . fulfillment of the energy The Sex Pistols unleashed . . ."?

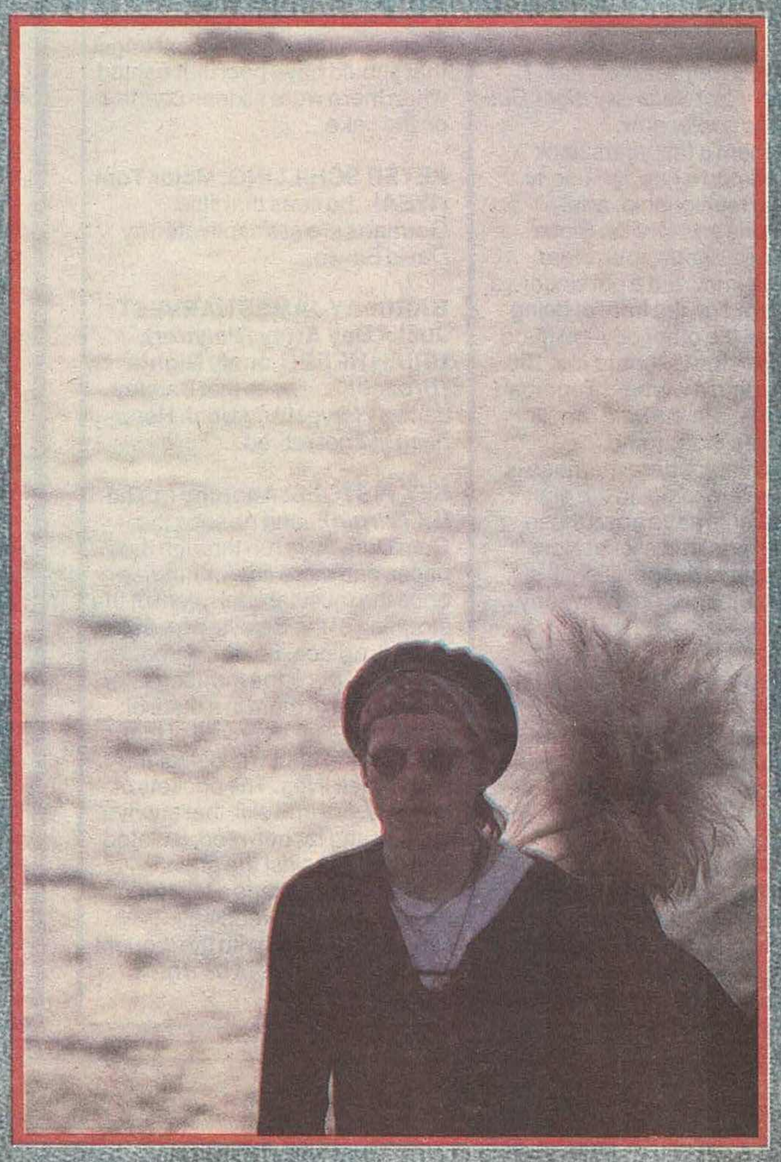
Again the answer is edged with confusion and underlayed with ange

"On fucking hell . . . I don't know.

"All that stuff is really stupid cos people *force* you into a position, they make you into what they want you to be. With people saying, The Sex Pistols and that, they kinda want you to do it because they know they can't do it themselves. They just put that thing there to express their feelings — for everybody.

"It's a lot easier for people to take a back seat and say, Yeah! They're doing it, it's really great, we're really into it! As soon as they start falling apart they go, Fuck off, what a load of shit . . . they're selling out. If I don't live up to *my* expectations then they can fuck off — cos I know I've tried."

In what is an attempt to qualify all that has gone before, he sighs, "If you strip yourself down of what you're about then there's not much point in continuing really."



IT WOULD be rash to try and strip away this man's pride; rash and greedy. And yet the last year has seen the press and the fans constantly peeling away his skin in an attempt to discover his motivation.

He is intensely private, attacking purely out of necessity — protecting all that he owns: himself.

Disturbed, he continues: "Now we're starting to get into a conversation where I'm actually rationalising what I'm doing . . . it's like a mind fuck really. It's when you start getting into the nitty gritty and you can see what it's about . . . it's like in the '60s you could get away with so much because your bottom line was, hey Baby! Now your bottom line is, what's fucking happening in Nicaragua?

"It gets right down to politics, subversion and whether they're going to send some fucking guy with electrodes for your head, cos you're saying the same thing. That's the sort of thing you shy away from.

"When I start thinking about them and about 'The Scheme' of things . . . I feel shit. I think that it's better to block that part out and do something positive."

Then where has the confrontation gone?

Ian: "There was a rumour going round that the band split because I couldn't handle large stages. That was shit! It wasn't so much the large stages I couldn't handle, it was being pressured into the foreground by people around me. I couldn't handle people wanting me to be their standard bearer when they couldn't be bothered to *move* with me.

"They were all standing back and letting me go off on my own . . . like letting a soldier walk through a minefield whilst the NCOs stand back and go, Fuckin hell, he's blowing up! We'd better not take that path. That's what happens — you always get the pioneers . . . and you always get the dickheads who come out afterwards."

The sentient soul of the fight is still intact though. He is adamant that the band are out "on the edge", whilst others (including The Clash and The Jam) are "Establishment rebellion bands".

The sentiment is all important; as he says, "I just don't want to hear the words 'cop-out' in my head."

Thankfully, the cores of Ian's lyrics are still riddled with the need to incite; the need to inspire others. How then does he inspire himself?

"One of the only emotions I can get off on is hate," he replies with a twist of that selfsame spirit. "It's like something that people try to cover up all the time. Sex has gone out of the window, you can't write about that . . . it's all artificial now. All experiences seem to be becoming artificial now . . . with more TV films and videos . . . it's all progressing, like you don't even have to sense anything for yourself. The only one left is hate cos people feel that they've got to hit out from the corner they've been put in. What I write about . . . it's a reflection."

Are you still proud?

"This is it, I've never felt so proud, so confident. I don't feel arrogant . . . I just feel really strong."

It is, as Billy Duffy states so appositely, like embarking on an adventure".

Or more delicately: "It's like the Holy Grail or something," adds Ian. "There's got to be an element of romance in there . . . like making everybody part of the adventure. Why watch a film when you can experience it for real life?

"Maybe yourself and other journalists don't realise that there is another group of 14, 15, 16 year-olds that haven't got a fucking clue about anything. Really. We've been through a period of music that has made us what we are now; where we listened to Thin Lizzy and Queen, they're getting Kajagoogoo and Pow Wow Wow . . . that's what they're into. That's something that has been forced upon them.

"What we're doing is something that you go out and discover and it's that much more exciting, cos you *can* go out and discover.

"People are being pessimistic saying, Yeah, there's a void because Theatre Of Hate have gone and Killing Joke have moved on. But fucking hell! For the kids! There's no void for them cos they haven't gone on their little discovery trip yet . . . and they certainly will . . ."

And then? Death Cult?

"Yeah!"

SINGLES

● from page 20

sometimes they refuse/Yeah, I remember last Saturday night/But I'm feeling cooler now."

I met them a few years back and it seemed a happy if poorly balanced relationship, a little like Keith Harris and Orville. Since then it has all gone sour. Here they have imported a girl singer so they can put on the front of being just like all the other boy-girl duos featuring in the Billboard Hot 100 — a man and a woman! Together! Big business in the land of milk and herpes, honey and homosexuals, where marriage is only a waiting room. In the past Sparks would have aped these cultural signals as a joke. Now they act out of desperation. It's still a joke, it's just not funny any more.

DAVE EDMUNDS: Information *(Artista).* Every so often town crier Dave Edmunds ventures out to see that rock's rich tapestry is ticking over and nothing's changed — oyez, oyez, 1983 and all's well...

SUDETEN CRECHE: Kindergarten *(Illuminated)*...the curator of the lost cause sees that even those with the most ludicrously modern names can only xerox the voice of a singer who died in his bath more than ten years ago and parrot sentiments of small minded adolescent angst that should have been left behind when there were sixteen candles on the cake...

PETER SCHILLING: Major Tom *(WEA)*...he sees that little Germans are *still* captivated by David Bowie...

BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST: Just A Day Away *(Polydor).* URIAH HEEP: Lonely Nights *(Brozne)*...he sees that Barclay James Harvest and Uriah Heep have *still* not retired...

SEX PISTOLS: Anarchy In The UK *(Virgin)*...and ne sees the Dum Dum boys run through their paces one more time, what was once the musical equivalent of the storming of the Bastille now a museum piece. For the prime movers of punk the morning after found most of them in a state of paralysis — for nearly all of them the morning after will last for the rest of their lives. The pockets of integrity, fire and skill that survive are few and far between, isolated and going against the grain.

The curator sheds a tear for rock's last white wedding, consoling himself with the thought that there will always be a next time.

TORY BLOODSUCKERS

● from page 19

death penalty and that there is nothing particularly Right-wing about it; Socialism is about ridding the working people of the oppressor, and who is an oppressor if a murderer is not?

Heady stuff, head-on-the-block stuff; down to earth with the *Campaign Report* which had the Alliance proving that inflation wasn't *really* down by doing the old shopping bag trick — Steel intoning the rising prices, Williams taking things from him wordlessly, like a glum magician's assistant. For an avowedly and loudly feminist party this was some sight.

On Sunday I awoke to Michael Parkinson and Adam Raphael discussing the SDP — or rather David Owen and his many charms. "He's breathtakingly attractive," said Parky. "He is," Raphael agreed breathlessly in that awful, whispery, eager to please voice he's adopted recently — the Aimi MacDonald of Holland Park.

There seems to be a concensus amongst talking heads and talking hacks that the SDP are peachy, PEOPLE LIKE US. They are people like Parky, who come from the working class or who found it fash to be Labour in the '60s — but as they got older and sleeker they got scared that the Commies would steal their granny bonds from under their Habitat mattresses, and they turned, the worms. Just like Real Men Don't Eat Quiche, Real People Don't Vote SDP.

On Monday's *Panorama* Jenkins did his usual brilliant impersonation of someone who doesn't give a damn about anything but his own career. He said, "I would prefer to talk about a major country, such as the Federal Republic of Germany" when Robin Day pointed out that proportional representation has made the Irish Republic change government rather frequently. Calling the Auld Country *minor,* Roy — bang goes *your* Irish vote.

By now it was clear that the Alliance was all fagged out; the parallels between them and the TV-AM crew were painfully obvious. Just a bunch of greedy phonies who see themselves as a collective cross between Clark Gable and Winston Churchill, incredibly glam and charismatic and able to carry *anything,* be it a show or a manifesto, on the strength of their perfect personalities. Labour faces with Tory policies — nothing new. Just a chronic case of showing off.

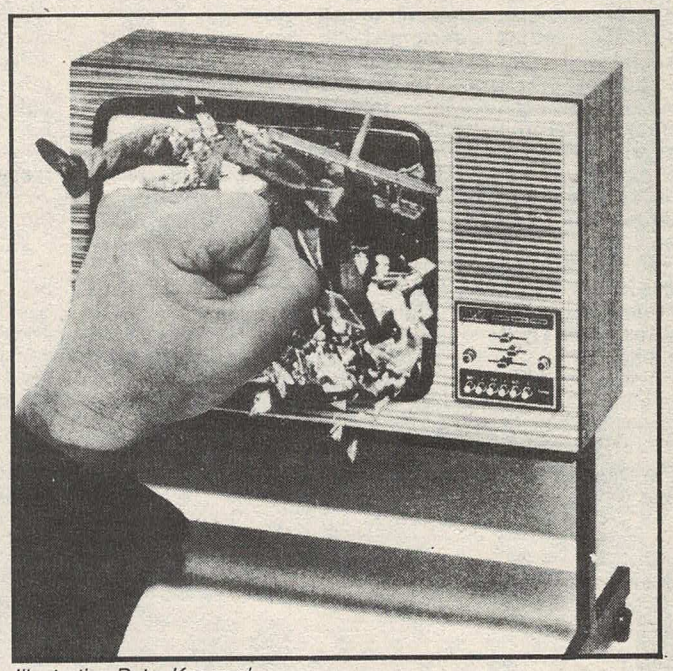


Illustration Peter Kennard

● TOTS TANTRUMS

THE LABOUR Broadcast that night — *Bulldozer Revisited* — contained an inspired line — "Are you going to vote for retirement at 16?" Well, the polls say yes, but I don't — I *CAN'T* believe them, because if I did all of a sudden the British people would be total foreigners to me.

I thought they were brave, and I cannot believe they could be such cowards as to vote for Thatcher, who tells them constantly that without America controlling us militarily and Europe controlling us financially Britain is NOTHING. Who cares if the Europeans hate us, ponce off us and burn our food imports like garbage in the streets? SUBMIT, SUBMIT. Who cares if the idiot Americans see our country as nothing more than an arms dump, a banana republic minus bananas? SUBMIT, SUBMIT.

Only Labour believes in the British people; what are these people, that they don't prefer Labour's plain sense to Thatcher's flagellatory mysticism; "This medicine tastes vile so it must be good for you. Take it!" People seem to have regressed under this Government, back to tots who take orders and throw tantrums (riot) but ultimately have no power and no organization. For the first time, I hope I'm wrong.

Margaret Thatcher is not a Churchill — she is a Chamberlain; Commie-baiter, friend of Fascists, cuckolder of her country. She feeds this land the rhetoric of domination while rubbing its nose in the reality of submission. The fact is that nothing can hurt us if we belong to ourselves, and on June the 9th we will get what may be our last chance to choose between waking up and endless sleep.

Don't you think there must be more to life than suicide? Give Britain back to the British — vote Labour.

This summer, two out of every three school leavers will find it impossible to get a job.

They'll join more than a million other young people who are under 25 and unemployed.

And under the Tories, there is little hope of their prospects improving.

Over the past two years, long-term unemployment among Britain's young has increased threefold.

Are you going to vote for another five years of this waste?

Or are you going to think positive and vote Labour on June 9th?

Only Labour has the policies and the experience to get Britain working again.

The moment you bring Labour back, we will start an emergency programme of investment in industry, housing, transport and new technology.

It's a tried and tested method of building new jobs and reducing the dole bill. (Currently a crippling £17 billion.)

With jobs again, people can spend money again. To produce what they buy, industry hires more people still.

We will also encourage spending by increasing pensions, child benefits, NHS and education funding.

We will especially spend more on training the young jobless to get jobs.

But what of the Tories' claim that Britain cannot afford all this?

It's simply a matter of priorities.

Where the Tories waste Britain's savings and oil wealth abroad, Labour will invest them in Britain.

To help us build a healthier society, vote Labour on June 9th.

And retire the Tories before they retire you. Or your children.

THINK POSITIVE. ACT POSITIVE. VOTE LABOUR.

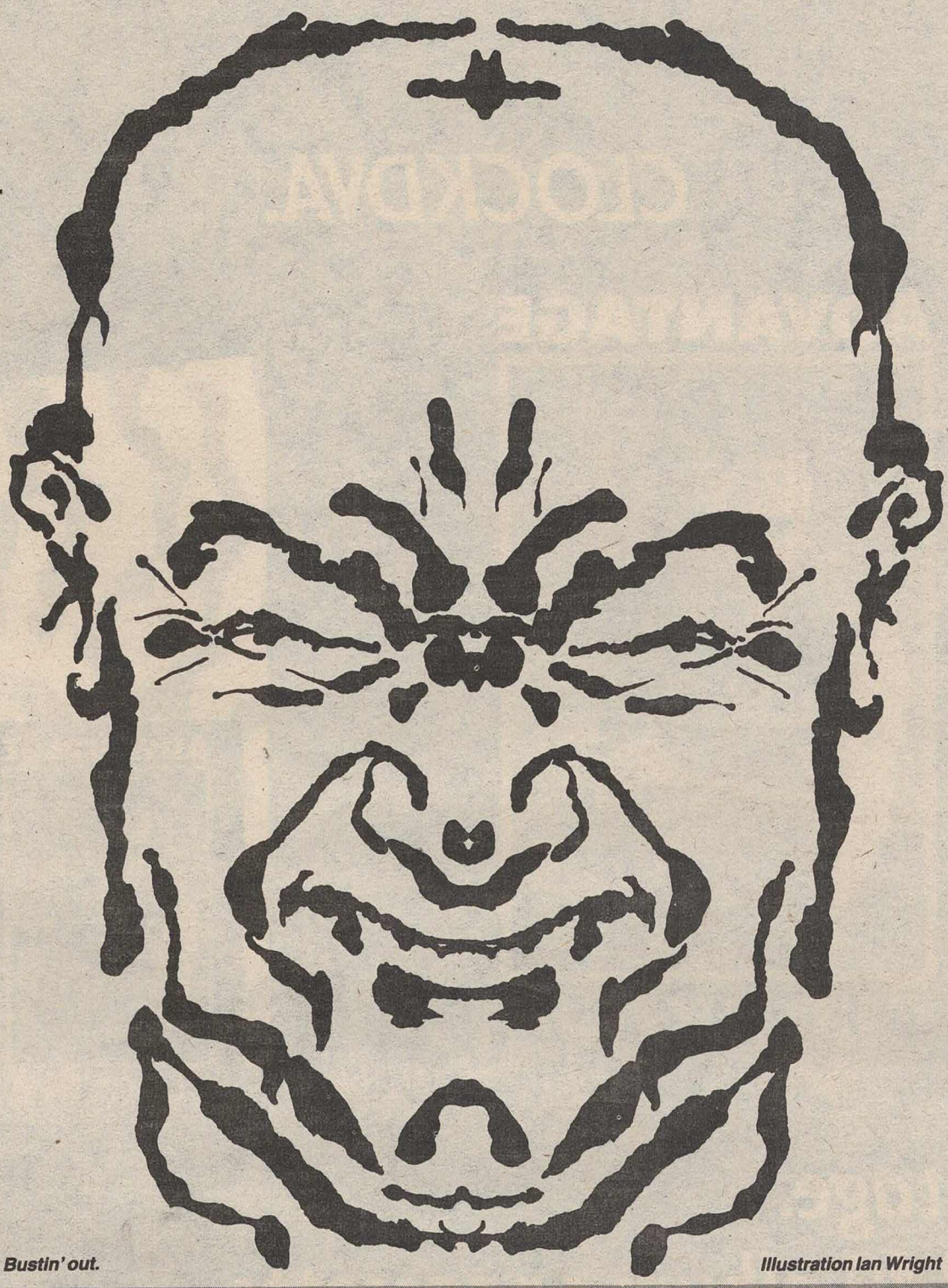
The Labour Party, 150 Walworth Road, London SE17 1JT

MOTHER of Hermes! and still youthful Maia!... the second of the Junjo live sessions recorded at Chisholm Avenue in Jamaica is newly released by Greensleeves. Entitled 'Junjo Presents Two Big Sound', the LP features sounds Lees Unlimited and Peoples Choice and DJ contributions from Ringo riding 'Johnny Dollar' and a previously unheard John Holt rhythm on the theme 'Police In Helicopter', Toyan reiterating his 'Creamy Corner', newcomer Beenie Man who states "*everything me chat have fe end with o*", Fathead, Little Harry, Early B, Michael Irie, U Brown and Dillinger...**may I sing to thee as thou wast hymned on the shores of Baiæ?**...issued on Mobiliser is the latest album from the popular lovers crooner Ruddy Thomas claiming 'The Very Best Of...' Produced by Tapper Zukie and arranged by Willie Lindo, the set features a duet with Barry Biggs on Marmalade's 'Reflections' and versions of John Holt's 'Stranger In Love' and Horace Andy's 'Strange Things'...**or may I woo thee in earlier Sicilian?**...following his big reggae hit with 'Love Is Top', skabeana Alton Ellis has an LP for the same label Body Music issued next week. Cut at Channel One and voiced with Blackstones harmonising in London, the title is 'It's A New Day'...**or thy smiles seek as they once were sought, in Grecian isles**...the future of Jamaican toast duo Michigan and Smiley is uncertain following a car crash in which Michigan's wife died and Mr Smiley was reportedly badly injured...**by bards who died content on pleasant sward**...meanwhile, albino DJ Yellowman, who underwent surgery in New York for the removal of a lump from his neck a few weeks ago, is booked to play dates in London's Pickett's Lock centre in early July...**leaving great verse unto a little clan?**...this Thursday at the Electric Ballroom in Camden Town live onstage 1983 reggae singing star Winston Reedy. Rocking the dancefloor is Danny Casanova sound...**o give me their old vigour!**...on Saturday night Bev and Lee invite you to the Podium, 1 Nine Elms Lane, Vauxhall, SW8 — 8pm to 3am — featuring live onstage Mighty Zagada...**and unheard save of the quiet primrose, and the span of heaven**...also on Saturday is a presentation dance at Acton Town Hall featuring Hawkeye sounds...**and few ears, rounded by thee**...late Saturday at Club Harmony, 167 Childers Street, Deptford, SE8 in tune to Saxon International and Unity...**my song should die away content as theirs**...and into the early hours as well is a late night boat trip along the Thames on Saturday with music by Seven Warriors sound. Tickets from Laker: 01-805 8808...**rich in the simple worship of a day**...finally, paintings by Alan Bond are exhibited at the Africa Centre in Covent Garden from Monday (6) until July 1. Daily 10am to 5.30pm...**One Love**...

LPs

LONG PLAYERS

MANNERS MAKETH MERRY



Bustin' out.

Illustration Ian Wright

CLOCK DVA

Advantage *(Polydor)*

SO CLOCK DVA have discovered a resolution to their identity crises in a darker mode of *noir*.

After a couple of bemusingly god-awful singles of dance cliches (they might have started something come to think of it, eh David?) and desperate superficiality, they plunge back out of the spotlights and into deeper, more sleazy depths than before. 'Advantage' is a powerful album — perhaps too powerful.

'Thirst' was an LP of desperate searching, outlined in remarkably airy terms. Here DVA have plumped for the simpler pulse of constrained sexuality. On the cover the only remaining member of the old DVA, singer Adi Newton, flexes narcissistically against a constraining rope, while inside the band strain against the self imposed bond of a throbbing, insistent beat. The sleeve backdrop is a close up of a leather jacket, echoing the sleaze fascination contained within.

Where 'Thirst' plucked a mystery from the air, 'Advantage' plays with the images of mastery, lying closer to the earth in its fantasies. The film *noir* imagery that lined 'Thirst's imaginative mutation is here interpreted with a more literal projection with Newton sounding *"Like some detective in a cheap paperback novel"*, as he confesses in 'Dark Encounter'.

Sometimes it's corny in the extreme, misfired melodrama; sometimes its overblown scenarios remain irresistible. 'Eternity In Paris', for example, is a fog-thick exercise in atmosphere that forms the spiritual sequel to the mighty 'Four Hours'.

Eventually, it's the musical inflexibility that undermines this album. On occasions it has the moving undertow of Simple Minds or mid-period Associates, now and again its fascination with shame grips with the paradoxical delights of Soft Cell or The Birthday Party. What creates the gulf between 'Advantage' and the comparisons it provokes, though, is the atmosphere of solid confidence which surrounds it. Despite the European imagery and the, presumably deliberate, reference to the first Roxy album on the inner sleeve ("is this 1958 or is it 85"), this LP sounds too *smug* to stretch to the limits of pleasure and pain.

All too often you get the impression that DVA are running on empty, playing with a formula, which surrounds the increasingly self-important pronouncements of Adi. On 'Breakdown' he finally relents and begins to sing, but elsewhere it's a case of the old overblown recitation style.

DVA have always walked a fine line between pomposity and genius. There are moments here, but all too frequently 'Advantage' topples on the wrong side.

Don Watson

BAD MANNERS

The Height Of Bad Manners (*Telstar*)

ME, I'D be the last to trade excuses with you but, make a mental, it takes time to review a Bad Manners album — not a few days extra to scrape up a sociological State Of The Art analysis to hang on this Greatest Hits package, but several weeks to floor-test this record in its element at parties, and *then* scrape up a sociological State Of The Art analysis to hang thereon.

Last party I tested this out at was back in York, when I came home to find my mum throwing a pre-Election knees-up. A sort of 'Labour Paaaaarty', with all the ingredients for sound rave-up — two thirds of the General Management Committee, a couple of councillors and a few entryists keeping their heads down in the corner.

Only problem was the Branch Secretary was caught short for records ('Andy Williams Sings The Red Flag' permitting) and, sheer chance, I had this album, the perfect complement to a front room full of bopping reformists. And what a complement! More popular than King Arthur, Buster went down a storm. Our Tony put his back out of joint dancing to the 'Can Can', Shirl got ribbed for 'My Girl Lollipop' and 'Buona Sera' got Ray singing "*Tain't no sin to throw off your skin and dance around in your bones*"...Hit me with those naughty-type radical lyrics!

Bad Manners' Greatest Hits means an album of party favourites, and can Buster and the boys party! Some people would give their philosophy degree for the ability to make really party music; some people only have to grin and flaunt it, and who better to get teenies *and* grannies grinning hopelessly than Fatty Buster hisself.

You remember Buster — the only pop star from '79's ska explosion who looked like he'd been poured into his Sta-Prest and forgotten to say "When!". Bad Manners took themselves a slice of 2-Tone's essential party spirit and built a whole group around Buster's tongue — Manners live were chaos incorporated, Buster looning while the rest of the band went on groove manoeuvres, rough(ly) R&B and neat ska steals set off by Winston Bazoomies' harp.

'The Height Of Bad Manners' is everything you've already heard, all the chartbreakers plus extras like 'Inner London Violence' and 'Elizabethan Reggae'. But if 'Lip Up Fatty' sounds dead similar to Clancy Eccles and 'Buona Sera' sounds nothing like Toto Puente, who gives a monkey's gone midnight?

With upful music in a downtrodden state, Bad Manners still grin and flaunt it in spite of the times — and, tearsferfears, what times! These days angst isn't an adolescent condition, it's a friggin' movement. Sure thang, whining's back in fashion.

The message in *this* glorious moozic is don't whine too loudly, angst-ridden ones. Better must come. Remember, even people have ears.

X Moore

D TRAIN

Music *(Prelude)*

YOU WANNA ride the D Train? Step right up, step right up...

If anything, D Train are yet more positive proof that, apart from The Gifted Ones, there are few capable of sustaining themselves over a whole LP. The usual scenario reads something like: a couple of good/great songs padded out with tunes born more out of contractural obligations than contracts of the heart.

Thus, with this, their second LP, the form continues although in the Train's case the ratio is encouragingly higher, four songs, good ones at that, balanced against three dire efforts.

The Fabulous Four in question, 'Keep Giving Me Love', 'Are You Ready For Me', 'Music' and 'Don't You Wanna Ride (The D Train?)' are all buoyant, occasionally funny, exciting songs that all derive from D Train's penchant for tough backings aligned to infectious, electronic keyboard lines.

Like their classic 'You're The One For Me', this music thrives on a direct hardness, some superb arranging (there's a bit in 'Music', just towards the end, that is pure genius) and an understanding that you need *feel* as much as intelligence to make great dance music. It's the space between James Brown and Grace Jones.

When they're not milking this vein, when they're not creating this epic sound, D Train suddenly become an embarrassment. They either copy Stevie Wonder — 'The Shadow Of Your Smile' — or write cringe filled anthems to 'The Children Of The World' or the 'World Of Wonder', where, for some unfathomable reason, their sensibilities are shelved for mawkish, mind wandering music.

Such erraticism is quite prevalent these days, (99% of all albums will be made in such a manner!) rendering D Train's 'Music' LP, a brilliant EP and a typically 1983 LP. Keep turning it on.

Paolo Hewitt

ON THE BACK BEAT

THE BEAT

What Is Beat? (*Go-Feet*)

THE SUCCESS of The Beat's 'Can't Get Used To Losing You' is surely one of the sweetest ironies thrown up by the shifting sands of the singles chart in ages. Just when the music business has apparently decreed Handsworth's rockers no longer a bankable proposition — with Arista passing up an option on their contract — a cover version cut three years ago as a filler for their debut album has given the band their biggest hit to date, and The Beat can look for their new record deal with renewed optimism.

The release of this 'best of' compilation, while giving Arista one last chance to recoup something from their Go-Feet connection, should also do the band no harm in their search for a lable. A selective scan of their singles career from the concertina skank of their 'Tears Of A Clown' debut to the more dour, dubwise excursions of their later days, 'What Is Beat?' could be placed alongside 'Complete Madness' and the forthcoming 2-Tone chartbusters LP to provide a definitive guide to the British ska-pop phenomenon that flourished at the turn of the decade.

Of course, there are omissions, notably 'Jackpot', 'Hit It' and 'All Out To Get You', and a couple of dull moments in 'Drowning' and 'I Confess', but in the main this album adequately answers the question posed by its title: *This* is Beat!

There are so many memorable moments that it is hard to know where to start...the marimba on 'Hands Off', Saxa's sublime sax on 'Too Nice To Talk To', Roger's nursery-rhyme toast on 'Stand Down Margaret', the carnival calypso of 'Ackee 1-2-3' or those delightful chiming, tuneful guitars?

The Beat's best songs were always imbued by a sense of irony, a wryness that perhaps worked against them commercially. The first few singles aside, they never enjoyed the massive pop success of Madness and The Specials. Perhaps they lacked the common touch, perhaps they were too clever or maybe it was just their social concern that led the one-time torrent of hits to dwindle to a mere trickle by last year.

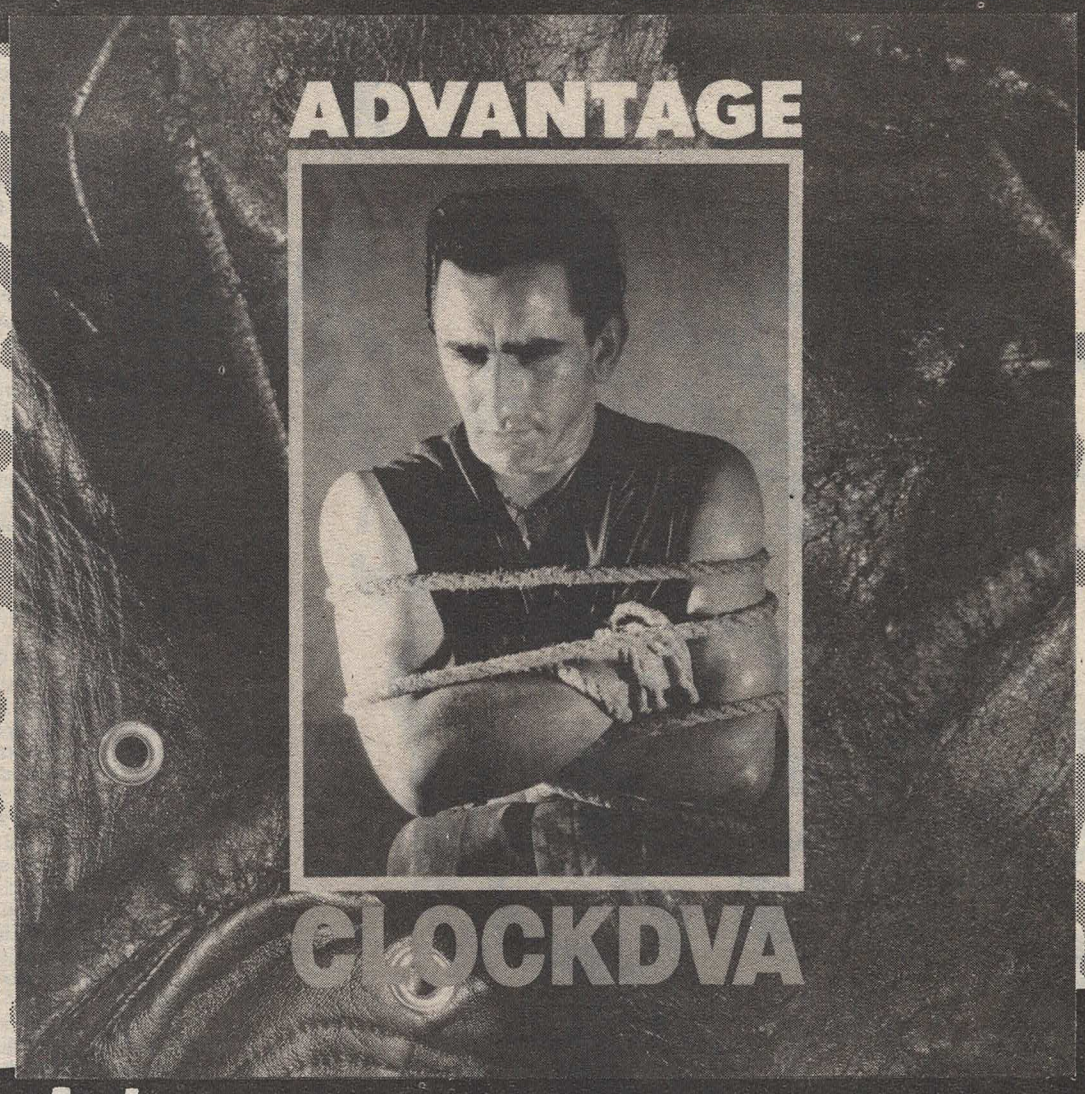
But it is to The Beat's credit that they maintained their intelligence and insight in the face of a rising ride of non-interventionist pop and a minor miracle that they retained their optimism despite their latter-day lack of success ('Ackee 1-2-3' sounds just as bright as 'Tears'); in their refusal to compromise and patronise their audience, The Beat never stooped to pop's currently-fashionable common denominators.

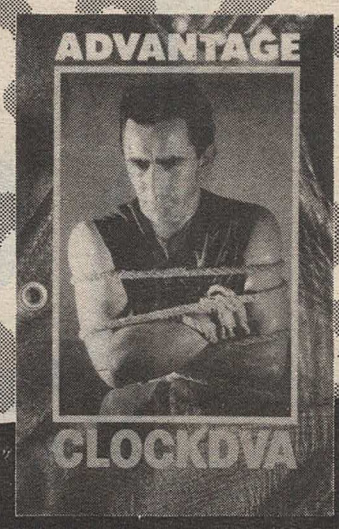
Now the can follow it up with a rush re-release of 'Stand Down Margaret'.

Adrian Thrills

Hats off to The Beat. Pic Anton Corbijn

CLOCKDVA.





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BILL NELSON

Chimera *(Mercury)*

THIS SIX track mini album is definitely one to own. While not staking out great claims, 'Chimera' is a rather good way of spending half an hour.

The album you can eat between meals; it's deliberately (I think) lacking in the occasional melodrama of some of Nelson's work, but it also avoids the three-days-with-a-chord book feeling of the rest of aforesaid career.

Mixed so that no no instrument dominates the sound for long, made with a lot of instruments but just avoiding a cluttered sound, all six tracks shake and glide with a good deal of musical unity. Stretched out over a full-length record, this would be dull, but a half-hour of 'Chimera' is fine.

Remixed, some of these tracks would make good singles. Peter Powell seems to like the Robert Palmerish 'Acceleration', but also worthy of note is the album's closer, 'Another Day, Another Ray Of Hope'.

Nelson's current style, while melodically all his own, seems to borrow quite cheerfully from a few sources. The bass is distinctly fretless (and on one occasion is played by Mr. Fretless Bass himself, Mick Karn). The drums, subdued as they are by a clattering synth beat, still maintain Bowie and Eno's "crash" beat, and even Nelson's guitar work sounds a teensy bit Adrian Belew at times.

Still, all these ingredients are used inventively and not to excess, and the album works. Buy it.

David Quantick

WASTED YOUTH

The Beginning Of The End *(Bridge House)*

SOMEWHERE ALONG punk's barbed path from conformism to rebellion and back, someone decided to tart it up and sell it as new glam rock. Admittedly, there always has been and will be room in pop's spectrum for image as an extension of the music's escapism, but it'd take nothing short of a miracle to create a band from a pile of greasepaint alone.

Unfortunately, it's always been easier to produce a pretty pout than a good record, and since the former does more for teeny hearts, there'll always be multitudes of coiffeured crooners who'll go platinum just by flapping their mascara camerawards.

The two extremes of the scale seem eons apart. The Kajagoogoos and Durans on the pulp end advocate wholesome living to a nauseating degree, forever flashing pearly gnashers and skipping blithely on sun-drenched beaches. The Wasted Youths of the world suffer from the opposite ailments, refusing to venture from squat or seance until suitably anorexic and anaemic.

Strange then, how the only difference between their adoring fans is an age gap of ten years and a heart full of straining world weariness.

'The Beginning Of The End', a collection of rare and previously unreleased snippets from Wasted Youth's short career, is a typically unremarkable example of the lipstick brigade. Sure, it's good rock 'n' roll, I just wish they didn't sound like they thought it was something more. There's lots of heavy bass and drum thrashing to get the adrenalin pumping, lots of very catchy tunes, lots of cracked Bruce Springsteen vocals, and the lyrical equivalent of a dodgy party in some basement bedsit: *"I've smoked so many cigarettes I'm breathing nicotine...I'm lying in the gutter and crying to the world"*.

At least Bauhaus manage to make a theatrical event of pomp! The Wasted Youth version is like a primary school panto!

***"The lipsick on my pillow — it never fades"*, moans Rocco. Sadly, with tart rock, it's the only thing that doesn't.**

Leyla Sanai

RIDING WITH THE PAUNCH

JAMES BROWN

Bring It On *(Churchill/Augusta Records)*

AMERICA'S DEEP south in the '50s didn't offer much choice for a poor black kid like James Brown. He could either be a delinquent, an athlete or a singer. Thrown in jail, downtrodden by white supremacists James tried the first two options and decided he would have to be a singer. But, no ordinary singer — drawing on gospel conviction and the directness of early R&B he would summon up the power of supreme exhortation and determination, he would literally *will* himself and his audience out of their drudgery to a place were pride and strength asserted itself. No one, even the white supremacists, would be able to ignore him or push him around again.

For 30 years now James Brown's beacon of dynamic force and inspiration has blazed bright. He is a continuing testament to the values on which he founded himself and his drilled-to-military precision outfits, and a well spring of musical tenacity and influence. Last heard of in the Bahamas recording with every crit's fave rave "ace rhythm section" Sly'n'Robbie, the man with the hardest working ego in showbiz stormed out and left the session after a while declaring, "Those guys, huh! They can't even keep a beat". Perfect James, perfect.

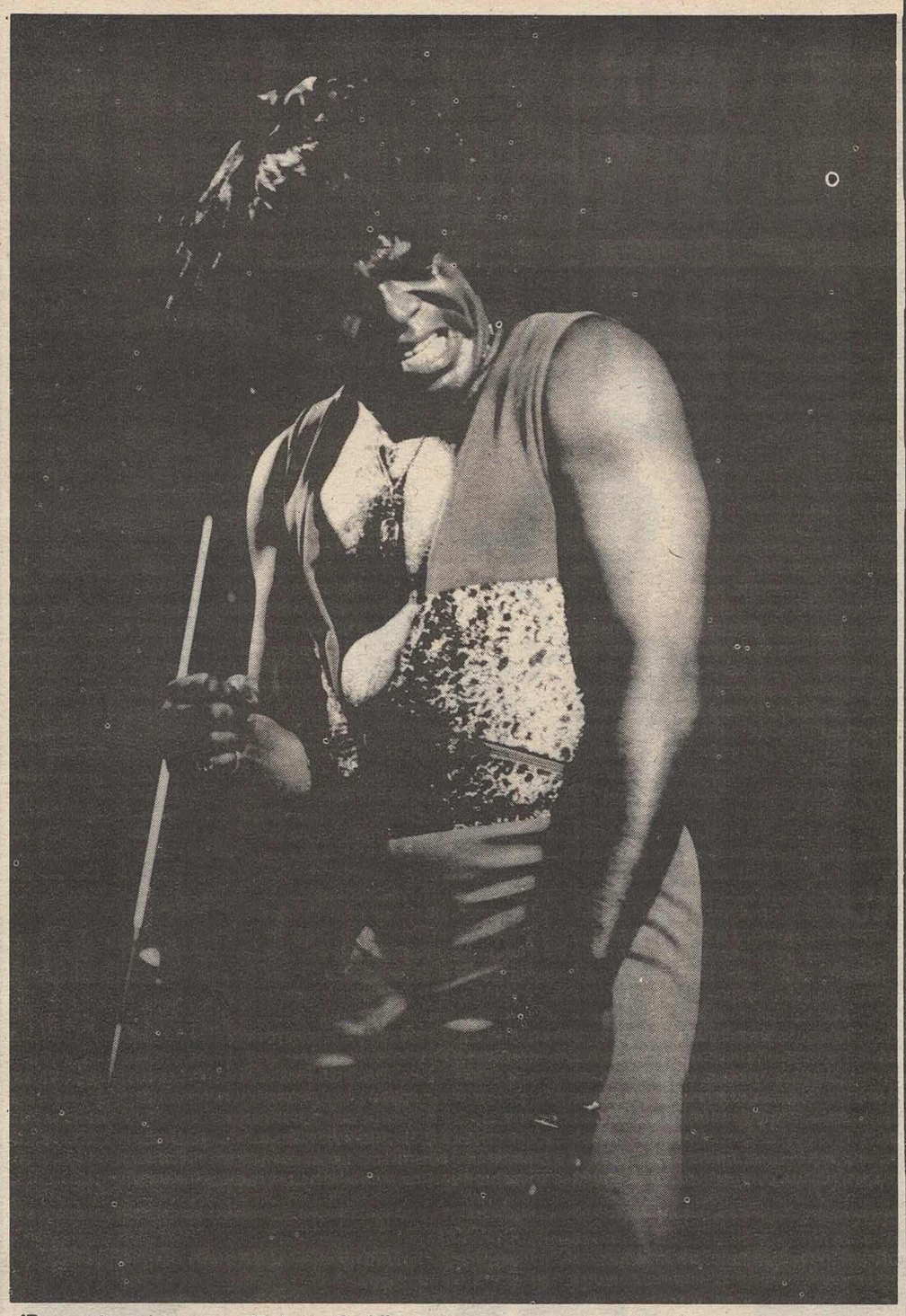
Now, just after his 50th birthday, Brown returns with an album on a small country independent based in Tulsa. 'Bring It On', the title track and single, is one of the most compulsive records you'll hear all year. It seethes with all the old knuckle-dusting might and muscle, the sheer intensity of its scrupulously new fashioned sound must be heard, must be felt — guitars snap and crack, horns blurt and spit and the drums gallop like stallions.

Brown drives his crew far above the mediocre trifles and electro overkill that masquerades as presently 'crucial' black dance music. The supergroove is pared down to the bone and played harder, faster cleaner and sharper than all the competition and the spirit is frentic, alive, defiant to the end.

For four minutes then, the LP is 24 carat classic Brown, but for the rest of the album (if you can call a further 25 minutes an album) very little comes close. 'You Can't Keep A Good Man Down' is a fair enough brag piece, though hardly lives up to the blood-curdling, heartstopping screaming exorcism that opens the song. Elsewhere he plays keyboards on the plastic lounge room musak instrumental of 'Today' and on side two luxuriates with his middle-aged audience in mundane nostalgia with passable covers of 'The Tennessee Waltz', 'The Right Time' and 'For Your Precious Love'. He sings well enough but he's not grappling with anything like the same challenge he sets himself on 'Bring It On'.

With a track like that every few years James Brown vindicates himself. It is as 'important', as 'vital' as music can hope to get — rooted in much stronger ground, in much more permanent values than the rubbish raved about in these pages every week. So?...So buy the bloody single.

Gavin Martin



JB: sweat, soul and slop. Pic Anton Corbijn.

LUST IS THE DRUG

The feminine viewpoint?

MARY JANE GIRLS

Mary Jane Girls *(Motown)*

"EVERY WOMAN grows to be like her mother, and that is her tragedy: no man does, and that is his." (Oscar Wilde)

The Mary Jane Girls are said to "express the feminine viewpoint" in their songs. Now that sounds a bit too much like hard work to me: (I mean, what self-respecting woman wants to be bothered with a *viewpoint* in dance music?) even if you could be bothered to think about it, would you know a 'feminine viewpoint' if you met one on a dark night? (Answers on a postcard please — not more than ten words 'I think a feminine viewpoint is...')

The next stumbling block to the 'feminine viewpoint' is Rick James (producer, songwriter and — would you believe it? — creator of the Mary Jane Girls). If he was more like his mother he'd know better than to name his girls Candi, Cheri, Bojo and Maxi. There are two sorts of women in the world, the sort that men marry and the sort that men don't, and every mother rears the first sort. To christen grown women with names that belong in the second lot is asking for trouble. And, as sure as fate's fate, trouble brews.

No sorority of Man-Trappers is going to forgive the Mary Jane Girls for spilling trade secrets, like *"If you really want me in your lap/You've got to give me some money sap"* all over the songs. Love 'em and leave 'em, that's what I say, and forget about this new breed of woman who's honest with her sugar-daddy, and sticks with him, through thick and thin. Stuff the herpes scares, and the serious, smoochy, true-love-is-monogamous side to the record, I'd prefer to get down and boogie.

Still, this album is selling like hot cakes to those in the In Crowd, and so it should. I'm not one to hold a few quibbles about the 'feminine point of view' against anyone who can produce good dance music, and especially not if it's produced by Motown (the name speaks for itself), and packaged in delightfully shocking pink (every record collection should have at least one item in this colour). Lightweight, bubbly, exuberant and innovative, this music is recommended to cunning partygoers and their bait everywhere.

Amanda Root

RETURN OF THE RUNAWAY

DEL SHANNON

Drop Down And Get Me *(Demon)*

OF ALL Del Shannon's lives the one most secret to him — the desolate hours spent dreaming in those shadows cast by the mountainous, often invisible loves which walk unrequited — he has always blurted out.

As Charles Westover, he was the black sheep of a small hometown and initially took up singing "to show those people I could be somebody". Too insecure to start as a frontman, he hired "popular guys" to render his first compositions, performing solo in lower-lit dives with a friend called Max Crook who had invented the 'Musitron': a semi-synth device employed when they cut 'Runaway'. An immediate hit, it was released under the alias Westover used for club dates — Del (from the Cadillac Coupe de Ville) Shannon (the name of a Michigan wrestler).

Its author was whisked up to Brooklyn to play on a bill with Jackie Wilson, and stuck in a dressing-room with Dion — who mocked the black sharkskin suit in which Westover had just sunk eighty bucks. *"And* I stepped on his foot," recalls Del. "I had the No. One song in the nation and I still felt like an outcast."

Rarely in the history of rock, however, has an outcast either struck such strong and long-lived chords of empathy or enjoyed such influence. Shannon's '65 tribute LP to Hank Williams well predated the country-is-cool renaissance; his mid-period hits are audible as an influence in folks from Springsteen to Elton John (check 'Crocodile Rock' against 'Cry Myself To Sleep'; and Crook's little machine pre-dated syntho-sound by over a decade.

Yet Shannon is in all respects inimitable, synthesizing influences of his own from C&W, rockabilly, Four Seasons falsetto and Orbison operatics into something all his own, as 'Drop Down And Get Me' reaffirms. It's the LP sponsored and produced by Tom Petty over three years ('78-'81) of complex contractual and logistical complications. Now at last available in the UK (one Shannon-produced track, a ringing rocker with sparkling bass lines called 'Cheap Love', has been added), it's also a CLASSIC.

Its 43-year-old author, who conquered a longtime drinking problem before beginning the project, has lived every nuance of these grooves and the impact behind the phraseology of his rich, hounded voice is in a class of its own. To call David Bowie the "finest white pop performer alive" when there are originals writing and performing like this — there are seven Shannon-penned tracks, of which 'Never Stop Cryin', 'Sucker For Your Love' and 'Life Without You' are overpowering — is like claiming Rick James can cut a James Brown encore, even with Brown in his mid-50's.

Del and Tom, the heartbreak boys.

Shannon says the confidence of this comeback is greatly due to Tom Petty, whose Heartbreakers have never sounded more impressive or at home handling their hero's new *ouevre* and trio of covers (Don Everly's 'Maybe Tomorrow'; a Byrdsy 'Out Of Time' with Petty's warm vocals seconding Del's bone-honest compassion; and a rendering of 'Sea of Love' that cuts Phil Phillips' '59 original by half). Only the rocker 'Midnight Train' is less than something special.

Discretion and an intelligent respect are the mark of Petty's low profile production; according to Del, the duo agreed on most things. After all, Shannon says he got his thing from Hank Williams and a love of those ringing, beautiful guitars on "old Buck Owens stuff"; Petty inherited the same sound via the Byrds.

Enough hype, however — any real romantic must go GET this album on which the beautiful cashier's face of love rises again and again as the ultimate challenge to Man. It's a challenge Shannon tackles over and over with no cynicism or loss of hope — but with an honesty and a voice which will make you bleed, almost *shock* you.

Cynthia Rose

THEY SAY HE'S A PUNK WE SAY HE'S BRITISH.

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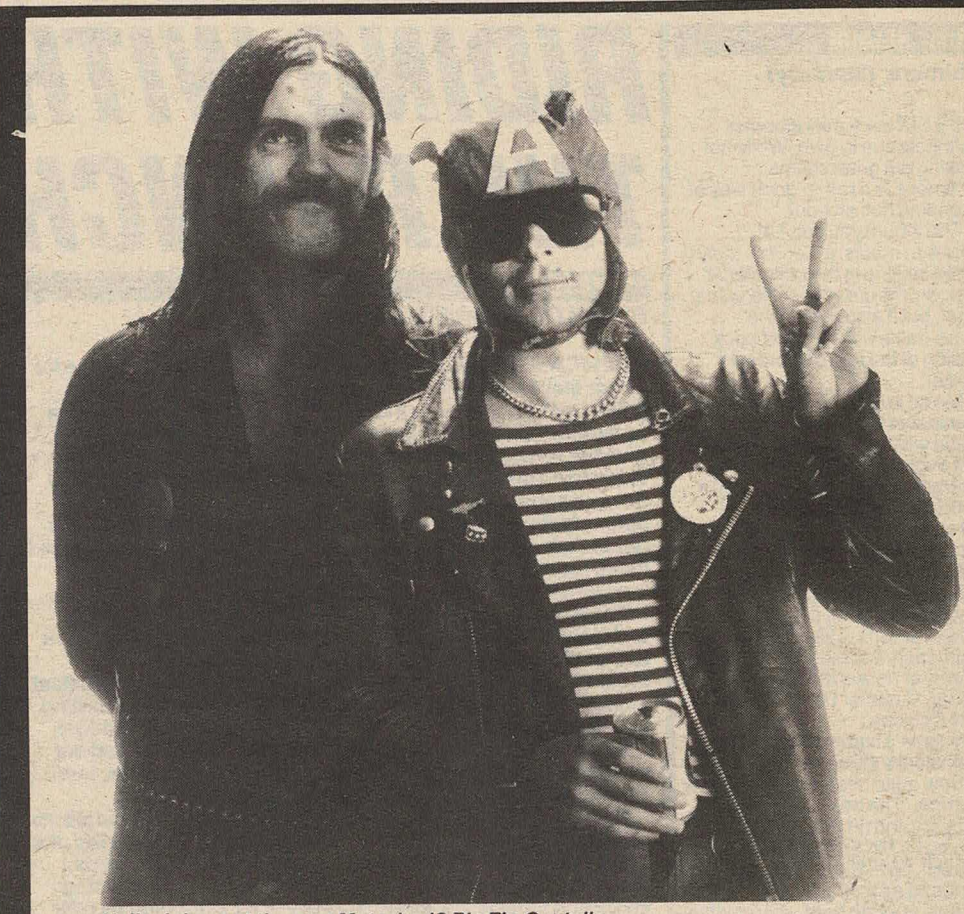

Hello John, got the new Motorhed? Pic Fin Costello.

MARCH OF THE LEMMYINGS

MOTORHEAD

Another Perfect Day ***(Bronze)***

THE SPIRIT of this group was probably born in a flop single made Screaming Lord Sutch in 1964. It was called 'Jack The Ripper' and it was about the celebrated maniac as played by Sutch, creeping after young girls with something unpleasant on his mind. Joe Meek, the warped genius of '60s production, recorded it with every ounce of tasteless kitsch he could muster (it begins with footsteps in the fog and bobs merrily along with a girl chorus chanting *"Jack The Ripper, Jack The Ripper"* on cue). Only Motorhead would try and make a record like that today.

Very differently, of course. 'Another Perfect Day' is as reprehensible and outrageous as it's designed when reduced to component level, but put together it does the usual Motorhead thing and blurs into a gurgling blow-out of excess which renders all that inoffensive. What Lemmy is singing about in 'Dancing On Your Grave' and the winsome 'Die You Bastard' is as ripe as sexism, misogyny, fetishistic violence and irresonsible sadism is going to get in rock music. Except it is all but incomprehensible.

Similarly, Brian Robertson's guitar parts — which resemble the dynamiting of a gunpowder factory — unload every tedious metal cliché this veteran campaigner can remember, and it is all quite in order because there is no call for anything different. Anything different *would be the same anyway.* What a glorious stasis! How they mix these records is beyond my simple understanding, although those 'three primary colours' of rock 'n' roll probably simplify matters. I doubt if Lemmy's ever heard of a keyboard.

But to the criticism. Is there anything other than blackout to red-out to the eternal void here? In fact, as 'Shine', 'Dancing On Your Grave' and 'I Got Mine' appear superior to the other songs, Motorhead do posses a graspable aesthetic. Perhaps Robertson's arrival has galvanised Lemmy out of the stupor 'No Sleep 'Til Hammersmith' — properly, the last ever live rock album — must have induced.

'Shine' is a compressed, genuinely furious, shrewdly thought-through piece of work, and it has an ecstasy of riffing about it that makes goofy frauds like Twisted Sister look like the pipsqueaks they are. 'Dancing On Your Grave' is nearly as good if you can suffer the homocidal lyric stance, and 'I Got Mine' could almost be described as complex. It includes the admission *"It's only me, babe, it's only me/Refuse disposal refugee"* and goes on to gather momentum of mythic dimensions.

It could be, nevertheless, that this grope towards subtlety is a calumny of what Motorhead are all about. Purists may argue that their original deafening grunge called 'Motorhed' was the start and finish of the group. I don't want to contribute to the snob value slumming intellectuals tend to place on Lemmy's ensemble. I can only report my own reaction: a record that does its stuff, gets up with it, doesn't make promises it can't keep and tells me something about myself. A pretty creditable throw.

I admit I had to struggle through two whole sides, but then some people have that trouble with Cecil Taylor (a man who seldom gets namechecks in Motorhead reviews). See, we're one big family of music lovers. Altogether now: *"Jack The Ripper, Jack The Ripper . . ."*

Richard Cook

HANOI-ING

HANOI ROCKS

Back To Mystery City ***(IDS)***

HEREWITH a new set of pretenders to the laurels of the New York Dolls — oops, make that laundry, not laurels. These five candidates have been fielded by former Mott The Hoople bassist and drummer Pete Watts and Dale Griffin, who produced the LP, cited by friends of the band as some new landmark in Light Heavyweight metallurgy.

In the event, this melange of thin vocals straggling out across an encyclopaedia of tired metaphors constitutes not a lot more than proof that there's life left yet in the Rod Stewart school of frontpersonship.

Side one's smorgasbord of satin-suit baaaaaadness is almost digested before its one reasonble clean and acute number ('Until I Get You') surfaces. Side Two kicks off more auspiciously, with the soppy 'Sailing Down The Tears' grinding its gears and kicking in its heels nicely in the early Van Halen mould (plus more tune but then minus Eddie van H). There's a breathy lady vocalist tagging along, and there's even the odd echo of 'Transformer' amidst the glam'n'grab histrionics.

The same chugga-chugga-jerk beat informs 'Lick Summer Love', a tale with a sting in its tail and lyrics that follow on from *"Ah cahn see by the way yew walk you've nevar been with a ma-yan befo"*.

'Ice Cream Summer' is another orgy of rock reductionism, sporting genre-style lyrics like *"the winter will be cold without you"*. And the LP finishes with its title cut, a *shake 'em-shake 'em-or we'll come and take 'em* raveup whose tone is brought down by Mike Monroe's erstwhile vocal tricks — the same insinuating, lookit-I'm-stoned vowel twistings which make the earlier 'Mental Beat' and 'Tooting Bec Wreck' as welcome as a drunk blocking your door after a long day.

The whole package is ushered out with the same indiscriminate assortment of oddball effects (birds, bells, clocks) which kept its first two tracks from going anywhere. At best, you've got a Cheap Trick with younger chops here; at worst, music to practice weight-lifting — or maybe just dancing like a sissy — by.

Cynthia Rose

NEWS tour

Grant scraps gigs in Election week

— BUT SETS SECOND TOUR

EDDY GRANT has postponed the first three concerts in his UK tour, scheduled to open next Wednesday, because of the clash with the General Election. His London spokesman explained that the singer had "generously called off the shows in order to give Maggie Thatcher, Michael Foot and Roy Jenkins a clear field in the great election circus".

In the past, it has not been uncommon for major concerts to be re-scheduled when they clashed with an election — but, to *NME's* knowledge, this is the first time that political mania has prompted the scrapping of shows on either side of Polling Day.

The good news is that Grant will now be paying a second visit to the UK in October, when he'll be playing another ten concerts, including the three dates re-arranged from next week. These have already been re-set for Newcastle City Hall (October 2), Manchester Apollo (3) and Birmingham Odeon (5). Details of the other seven will be announced later.

The remainder of his British shows this month, from Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (June 11) to London Drury Lane Theatre Royal (19), go ahead as planned. Grant tours America from July 26 through August, and is on the European circuit in September — then, after his October UK dates, he tours US, Japan and Australia.

Poll night party

AN ELECTION night party will be held at London Brixton Ritzy Cinema on June 9 (11.30pm until dawn), when the TV results service will be interspersed by peformances from The Republic, Avant Gardeners, Hermine, Frank Chickens, Nocturnal Emission and many others — all tickets £3.50. This is the opening night of the Magenta Club, to be staged at the Ritzy every Thursday until late August, though subsequent gigs will not be all-nighters and admission will be £2 (advance) and £2.50 (doors) — among acts booked are Test Department, 23 Skidoo, Match Me Sidney and Biting Tongues.

● Screaming Lord Sutch plays London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (upstairs) this Sunday, June 5, to raise funds for his Raving Loony Party — and The Meteors are also likely to appear. As David Sutch, he is standing for his party in the London Finchley constituency — against Margaret Thatcher.

Benson nixes Brum date

GEORGE BENSON has been forced to cancel the first of his two shows at Birmingham National Exhibition Centre on July 1, due to a logistics problem — it seems that his concerts in Paris and Amsterdam had to be re-scheduled to June 29 and 30, and this left insufficient time for all his equipment to be transported to Birmingham for a performance the next day. Ticket holders for the July 1 show may either exchange their tickets (at the point of purchase) for Benson's concert at the same venue on July 2, or obtain a cash refund.

EIGHT BY EURYTHMICS

EURYTHMICS are playing eight shows later this month, and these are basically warm-up dates in preparation for a major Belgian festival appearance in early July, when they'll be performing to an audience of 60,000. And the warm-up is necessary because Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart have put together a completely new line-up of musicians for the band, which now needs to be worked in — the line-up comprises Vic Martin (keyboards), Pete Phipps (drums), Dean Garcia (bass) and Jill O'Donovan, Maggie Ryder and Susie O'Lift (backing vocals).

The new-look Eurythmics make their debut at Southend Cliffs Pavilion (June 18), Great Yarmouth Tiffany's (19), Scarborough Futurist (21), Southport Theatre (22), Margate Winter Gardens (24), Poole Arts Centre (25), St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum (26) and Southampton Gaumont (28). If this now develops into a permanent format, as seems likely, we can expect a more extensive tour later in the year.

Lyceum nights

ANTI-NOWHERE LEAGUE headline at London Strand Lyceum Ballroom on Sunday, June 12, supported by True Life Confessions and The Milkshakes — and tickets are on sale now, priced £3.50. The League, newly returned from a string of concerts in Yugoslavia, will also be playing a couple of warm-up dates in Nottingham and Sheffield — details to be announced locally.

PUNK AND DISORDERLY is the title of a compilation album newly released by Anagram Records, and — to celebrate the occasion, also to promote the LP — the artists featured on it are getting together in a concert billed under the same title. They are UK Subs, The Vibrators, One Way System, Action Pact, Abrasive Wheels and The Newtown Neurotics. It's at London Lyceum this Sunday, June 5 (stating 5.30pm), and tickets £3.50.

HANOI ROCKS, currently undertaking their first full UK tour, have now confirmed the major London show which will climax their schedule — at the Lyceum on Sunday, July 3, and here again tickets are £3.50. With their 'Back To Mystery City' album currently on release, the band have a new single issued this weekend on Lick Records (through IDS) — it is 'Malibu Beach'/'Rebels On The Run', and there's also a 12-inch format with an extra track 'Beer & A Cigarette'.

JOHN'S JOURNEY

DR. JOHN will be playing a series of dates around the country following his appearance at Glastonbury on June 17, the first day of the festival. So far confirmed are Leeds Fforde Green Hotel (18), Manchester Band On The Wall (20 and 21), London Brixton The Ace (22), London Deptford Albany Empire (23), Newcastle Dingwalls (24) and Hull Dingwalls (25).

FUN BOY THREE have set up a date in Manchester at the Hacienda Club on June 16. This is strictly a one-off, and is in the nature of a warm-up for their appearance at the Glastonbury CND Festival the following weekend.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

IAN GILLAN

READING FESTIVAL

Sabbath confirm

BLACK SABBATH are now officially confirmed as one of the headliners of this year's Reading Festival, as previously forecast by *NME* — they will be topping the bill on the Saturday night of the three-day event (August 27), and it will not only be their first UK appearance this year, but it will also mark Ian Gillan's debut as their new vocalist. *NME* expects to be able to announce the rest of the bill, as well as booking arrangements, next week.

STONEHENGE FESTIVAL

Summer Solstice line-up

STONEHENGE Free Festival celebrates its tenth anniversary this year, and expects its most impressive line-up of bands so far. First arrivals will be arriving on site this weekend, and many will be in occupation for virtually the whole month, but the main stage activity is concentrated into the Summer Solstice period of June 17-22.

Among acts who've already agreed to appear are Hawkwind, Carol Grimes Band, Here & Now, The Mob, The Impossible Dreamers, Poison Girls, Top Secret, The Barracudas, Tony McPhee Band, Sam Mitchell Band, Omega Tribe, Action Pact, A Popular History Of Signs, Kevin Hewick, Orchestra Of Animals and Tennessee rock outfit The Nuclear Regulatory Commission.

More names are still being confirmed, including several big attractions. And it's understood that several acts appearing in the star-studded Glastonbury CND Festival (June 17-19) will subsequently be making the short journey to Stonehenge, though it's unlikely that their names will be announced in advance.

● An on-site radio station will be operating at Stonehenge, providing an urgent message service — lost children, trouble at home, etc. This is because the on-stage P.A. system covers only a small area of the site. It will broadcast on the VHF/FM band, and the frequency will be displayed by on-site notices. When not broadcasting messages, it will offer non-stop album tracks.

BLENHEIM PALACE

Manilow at stately home

BARRY MANILOW's UK open-air concert this summer, plans for which were revealed exclusively by *NME* on March 5, now seems almost certain to be staged in the grounds of Blenheim Palace at Woodstock in Oxfordshire — and full details are expected to be announced within the next week or so. It's understood that Manilow has already agreed, and all that remains is for site negotiations to be finalised. *NME's* report 13 weeks ago said that Manilow would be arriving in Britain during the first week of Augst, and that his concert was being geared to accommodate between 120,000 and 150,000 people.

● Manilow's new single 'Some Kind Of Friend'/'Oh Julie', issued by Arista this week, carries a limited edition guaranteed offer for purchasers to obtain tickets for his summer show.

CAMBRIDGE FOLK EVENT

Strawbs reunion, Korner

CAMBRIDGE Folk Festival, now in its 19th year, takes place over the weekend of July 29-31 at its usual Cherry Hinton Hall site. The strong line-up includes America's Maria Muldaur, reunion of The Strawbs, zydeco supremo Queen Ida, Alexis Korner and Richard Digance.

Also confirmed are Stephane Grappelli, John Fahey, The Fureys & David Arthur, Alistair Anderson, Fred Wedlock, Roaring Jelly, Shep Woolley, Cosmotheka, Roger McGough, Brian Patten, John Hammond, Tex Logan and many more.

Weekend tickets are £15, plus 75p per person for camping, and they are available from Cambridge City Box Office, Lion Yard, Cambridge — make cheques and POs payable to "Cambridge City Council" and enclose SAE. Day tickets are £8 each for Saturday or Sunday. Enquiries to Cambridge 358977, extension 342.

CRYSTAL PALACE F.C.

Thompsons with Gabriel

THE THOMPSON TWINS and THE UNDERTONES have been named as special guests in Peter Gabriel's open-air concert at London's Selhurst Park, the home of Crystal Palace Football Club, on Saturday, July 9 — and, as reported elsewhere in this issue, it will be The Undertones' last UK gig before they disband.

As already announced, all proceeds from the show will go to anti-Apartheid organisation The Lincoln Trust. Tickets are available by post at £8.30 from NJF/Marquee (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 4SQ, London W1A 4SQ, enclosing SAE — or over the counter at Premier Box-Office.

MILTON KEYNES

The Beat support Bowie

DAVID BOWIE has announced that The Beat will be his special guests in his three open-air shows at the Milton Keynes Concert Bowl on July 1, 2 and 3 — and they'll be joining Australian group Icehouse, whose appearance has already been reported. These bookings apply only to Milton Keynes, and the guests for Bowie's show at Edinburgh Murrayfield Stadium will be announced next week.

As anticipated by *NME*, there will be no guests for the indoor shows at Wembley and Birmingham, which will feature just Bowie and his current band — comprising Carlos Alomar and Earl Slick (guitars), Tony Thompson (drums), David Le Bolt (keyboards), Carmine Rojas (bass), Stan Harrison and Lenny Pickett (horns), Steve Elson (sax) and Frank Simms and George Simms (backing vocals).

CASTLE DONINGTON

ZZ Top, Twisted Sister added — and Dio debut

CASTLE DONINGTON's 'Monsters Of Rock' line-up for this year's event on August 20 is now complete. It's already been announced that Whitesnake will headline the bill, with Meatloaf as special guest — and the remaining acts confirmed this week are Texan Boogie band ZZ Top, New York shock-rock outfit Twisted Sister, Ronnie Dio's new group Dio making their live debut, and British rockers Diamond Head.

A huge attraction in the States for the past 14 years, ZZ Top are currently enjoying one of their most successful spells in this country with the chart success of their album 'Eliminator', and this will be their only UK festival appearance this year. Twisted Sister have been faring even better in Britain in recent months — with a sell-out tour, plus a hit album and single to their credit — and their latest single 'The Kids Are Back' also looks destined for the charts.

Ronnie James Dio is the former Rainbow and Black Sabbath vocalist, and joining him in his new Dio band — whose debut album 'Holy Diver' is released by Vertigo this weekend — are drummer Vinnie Appice (ex-Sabbath), bassist Jimmy Bain (ex-Wild Horses) and guitarist Vivian Campbell (ex-Sweet Savage). And Diamond Head, playing their first live UK date of the year, will have their new MCA album 'Knight Of The Swords' issued to coincide.

With Tommy Vance compering, it promises to be one of the strongest Donington bills to date. Advance tickets at £10.50 are on sale now at major outlets — or by post from Wooltare Ltd. (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 123, Walsall, West Midlands, enclosing SAE. Tickets will be available on the day priced £12.

TWISTED SISTER

STEVE HARLEY makes a rare London appearance on Friday, June 10, at Victoria The Venue — and the following week sees the release of his first single for two years, 'Ballerina (Prima Donna)' on Stiletto Records. During the past 18 months, he's been hosting the first-ever video chat show — including interviews with many top stars — and this series will be on sale shortly. He's also busy completing a film scenario.

BAD BRAINS — the bizarre black rastafarian punk group, who recently completed a UK tour — are paying a quick return visit in support of their single 'I And I Survive' on Food For Thought Records. Gigs so far set are Bristol Dingwalls (tomorrow, Friday), Hull Dingwalls (Saturday), Swindon Solitaire (June 8), Aberdeen Venue (10), Glasgow Strathclyde University (11) and London Camden Dingwalls (13), with more being finalised.

GEORGE MELLY, together with John Chilton's Fetwarmers, continues gigging throughout this month at Loughborough Charnwood Theatre (tomorrow, Friday), Liverpool Philharmonic Hall (Saturday), Peterborough Key Theatre (Sunday), Glasgow Theatre Royal (7), Clacton Princes Theatre (10), London Greenwich Park Bandstand (11), Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre (12), Cambridge Trinity College (13), Gt. Yarmouth St. George's Art Centre (14), Felixstowe Spa Pavilion (15), Milford Haven Torch Theatre (18), London Kensington Roof Gardens Club (21), Oxford Queens College (24) and London Putney Half Moon (25).

TANIA MARIA, the leading Brazilian jazz artist, plays London Tottenham-Court Rd. Dominion on July 17 as part of London's Festival of Brazil. She's bringing her own group of American musicians, and tickets are £5.50, £5 and £4.50. Her LP 'Come With Me' has been the top selling jazz import album for several months. Promoters are Asgard.

BAD MANNERS have been added to this weekend's Riverside Festival at the Regatta Meadow in St. Neot's, Cambridgeshire. As previously reported, Girlschool headline tomorrow (Friday), and Manners are now set for Saturday — tickets on the door are £3.50 nightly. On Sunday, there's the Dave Lee Travis Road Show, door tickets £2.50.

MEN AT WORK have added a second night at Birmingham Odeon to their UK tour schedule next month, due to heavy demand — it's on July 13, the day before their originally announced date at that venue. Tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4.50 and £4.

THE REPUBLIC, the nine-piece reggae band, have a string of London gigs at Deptford Albany (June 8), Brixton Ritzy (9), Kennington Cricketers (10 and July 2), Stoke Newington Pegasus (June 12, 19 and 26), Wood Green Brabant Rd. Centre (24), Putney Half Moon (July 7) and the Pimlico Festival and London University Union (both 9). They also visit Canterbury Art College on June 23. Their 12-inch EP 'Three Songs From The Republic' is newly released on Oval Records (through Pinnacle).

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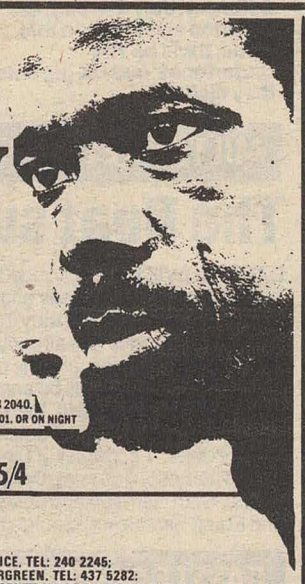

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record NEWS

PARTY TIME FOR MARILLION

MARILLION release their new single 'Garden Party' on EMI next Monday (6) — it's taken from their hit album 'Script For A Jester's Tear', though the B-side 'Margaret' is previously unissued. The seven-inch features edited versions of both songs, while the 12-inch contains the full-length A-side coupled with a 13-minute live version of 'Margaret' (recorded at Edinburgh Odeon). In the summer, they'll be releasing an hour-long live video filmed at their recent Hammersmith concerts. Drummer Mick Pointer has now left the band, and has been replaced by Andy Ward, a founder member of Camel.

● Three-piece outfit **Beggar & Co** have signed to Polydor, and have already been working in the studio with Culture Club producer Steve Levine. The initial outcome is a single titled 'Anybody See My Trial', to be issued on June 24 in both 7" and 12" formats.

● **Stampede,** who support Magnum at the Hammersmith Odeon next Tuesday (7), have their new album 'Hurricane Town' released by Polydor on June 10. It features nine tracks, including their current single 'The Other Side'.

● **Lee Kosmin,** whose now-defunct band had a large following on the club circuit a few years ago, releases his first single for WEA International on June 10 — titled 'What's It To You'.

● **Tranzista** are a Cambridgeshire four-piece who recently signed to Atlantic, and that label releases their debut single 'Heaven With Her' on June 10. All the songs, including the extra track on the 12-inch format, were written by guitarist and singer Gary Butcher.

● **Larry Carlton,** ex-Crusaders guitarist and now an in-demand session player, releases his new album 'Friends' on Warners this weekend. The nine-track self-produced set includes a guest appearance by blues giant B.B. King.

● Two live albums recorded at last year's Montreux Jazz Festival are 'Lessons In Living' by **Mose Allison** and 'Smokin' by **Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie,** both released by Elektra Musician on June 10. Other albums out on the same day and label include the self-named debut set from **Steps Ahead,** 'Latin Jazz Collection' by **David Amram** and the double-LP 'In Concert' by the 17-piece **Young Lions** recorded at New York's Carnegie Hall.

● **Dean Martin,** who opens a ten-day London season at the Victoria Apollo on June 9, has his album 'The Nashville Sessions' issued by Warners this weekend. There are guest appearances by country stars Merle Haggard and Conway Twitty, and Jimmy Bowen produced.

● The new **Roman Holliday** single is 'Don't Try To Stop It'/'Beat My Time', issued by Jive Records on June 10. The 12-inch format features three alternative versions of the A-side (club mix, dub and acapella), plus 'Beat My Time'.

● **Gardening By Moonlight** — the duo comprising John Johnson (drums and vocals) and Duncan Bridgeman (synthesisers) — release their second single 'Diction And Fiction'/'Green Light' this weekend on Interdisc in both 7" and 12".

● **Dead Man's Shadow** follow their recent album 'The 4P's' with a brand new single, issued by Expulsion Records on June 13. It's a double A-sider coupling 'Toleration Street' and 'In My Dreams', and the band will be gigging from June 18 onwards to promote it.

● **Midnite,** the five-piece British band fronted by Carla McLaine, release the follow-up to their 'Paradise Drive' which climbed high in the disco charts. The new single is called 'Never Gonna Stop', and it's out this week on the new Tivoli Records label in both 7" and 12" formats.

● Dagenham band **The Ejected,** who have so far released two EPs, now come up with their debut album. Titled 'A Touch Of Class', it's on the Bristol-based Riot City Records label.

EMI issue Sievey's computerised disc

CHRIS SIEVEY — who, as reported by *NME* last month, has pioneered the world's first computer-game pop recording — has had his single 'Camouflage' picked up by EMI Records, who release it this week. There are a series of bleeps on the B-side, which have to be played into a ZX81, so that the programme will be loaded into the computer's memory — and when this is done, the A-side can be played and the lyrics to 'Camouflage' will be displayed on the TV screen in sync with the song, along with various graphics. The B-side also contains two versions of a video game called Flying Train — and all this for the price of a normal single. It's cheap at the price — providing you've got a £40 ZX81 computer.

RICKIE LEE JONES releases a ten-inch album of her favourite songs through Warners on June 10, titled 'Girl At Her Volcano'. Two of the nine tracks are live, and all are self-produced. All the songs regularly form part of her stage act.

INDEEP, whose single 'Last Night A D.J. Saved My Life' recently made the Top Ten, have their debut album rushed out this weekend by PRT on the licensed Sound Of New York label — and it bears the same title as their chart hit.

THE TRUTH's new single 'Confusion'/'Me And My Girl', issued this weekend by Formation Records (through WEA), comes as double pack with a limited edition free live single — 'Love A Go-Go'/'From The Heart', both tracks recorded at London Marquee in March.

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH releases his first album this weekend on Upright Records (distributed by Rough Trade). Titled 'Rasta', it features some of his best poems set to reggae music. He plays bass and percussion, and he's joined by a host of guest musicians.

MARSHALL CRENSHAW, the Detroit singer-writer-guitarist, has his latest album 'Field Day' issued by Warners on June 10 — it was produced in New York by Steve Lillywhite. One of the ten tracks 'Whenever You're On My Mind' is released as a single — the B-side is a revival of Hank Mizell's 'Jungle Rock', and the bonus track on the 12-incher is 'Somebody Like You'.

HIGH CALIBRE

CALIBRE RECORDS (through PRT) are releasing two compilation albums this month. The first is a 14-track set called 'Love Is A Game', containing classic back catalogue material by the likes of Sylvia Robinson, Melba Moore, Imagination and Gladys Knight & The Pips (issued this weekend). The second is a double-LP package titled 'Bumper 2 Bumper Vol.2' featuring some of the best disco tracks currently available, culled from such specialist labels as Philly World and Sugarhill, and having a suggested retail price of £4.99 — among artists included are Imagination, Kadenza, Sinnamon, Feel and State Of Grace (out on June 10).

FREEEZ, who had a smash hit two years ago with 'Southern Freeez', have their new single 'I.O.U.' released by Beggars Banquet on June 10. It was produced by Arthur Baker of 'Candy Girl' fame, and it's being issued simultaneously in the States — with every chance of chart success in both countries.

JOHN FOXX releases his first single of 1983 on Virgin on June 10, and it's a four-track double pack. The main title is a remixed re-recording of 'Endlessly', and the other three are new songs — 'Dance With Me', 'Ghosts On Water' and 'A Kind Of Wave'. His third album will be released in August to coincide with his first-ever UK concert tour — he hasn't played live since leaving Ultravox.

I LEVEL release their third single for Virgin next week, 'Teacher'/'All My Love', also available in 12-inch form featuring extended dance mixes. Their debut album will follow shortly.

DEVO release their new single 'Theme From Dr. Detroit' on the Backstreet label (through MCA) on June 10, and the B-side features James Brown singing 'King Of Soul'. Both songs are included on the soundtrack album from the upcoming film *Dr. Detroit,* plus another track apiece from each artist. The 12-inch single has a six-minute dance mix of the Devo number, plus another Devo track 'Luv-Luv'.

THE BEAT will have a collection of all their singles issued as an Arista compilation album tomorrow (Friday) — and it includes their very first single 'Tears Of A Clown', licensed from Chrysalis. This much has already been reported by *NME*, but newly announced is the fact that (for a limited period) it will contain a free 12-inch single featuring extended mixes and remixes of some of the hits — and the cassette version contains these extra tracks on the reverse side.

GEOFF DEANE, former lead singer of The Leyton Buzzards and Modern Romance, was recently signed by WEA Records in a major deal — and now comes the news that they have already parted company! Although short, it seems that the relationship was a particularly stormy one, with Deane and the WEA hierarchy crossing swords on several occasions. He is at present completing work on the musical *Utopia,* and hopes to announce a new record deal shortly.

SLADE are making available their full-length feature movie *Slade In Flame* on video cassette from this weekend. And to coincide with its release, Action Play Records are reissuing the album soundtrack.

NICO has a new single out on Aura Records this week — it's her version of the David Bowie classic 'Heroes', coupled with her own composition 'One More Chance'. Both tracks are taken from her recently released album 'Drama Of Exile'.

JONA LEWIE releases a new single on Stiff this weekend, 'Love Detonator'/'The Baby, She's On The Street'. It's his first since January last year, since when he's been busy building a recording studio in his new house, and this is the first material to emerge from it.

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS have their latest single issued by Jive Records on June 10, 'Transfer Affection' coupled with a live version of 'I Ran'. The 12-inch format features a different arrangement of the A-side, and it includes a bonus track called 'Quick Sand'. The group will shortly be appearing with David Bowie in the 300,000-capacity US Festival in San Francisco.

YAZOO are releasing a special 12-inch version of their current hit single 'Nobody's Diary' in a limited and numbered edition. The A-side is the same as the seven-inch, but the flip contains a new version of the much-requested 'Situation'.

SMOKEY ROBINSON's latest single is his self-penned title track from his new album 'Touch The Sky', and it's issued by Motown next week. The label also has another ten releases in its Motown Gold Singles series, featuring classic past hits by Eddie Kendricks, Diana Ross & The Supremes, Isley Brothers, Jackson 5, Smokey Robinson & The Miracles (2), Diana Ross & Lionel Richie, Edwin Starr, Martha & The Vandellas and Jr Walker & The All Stars.

● Magnum Force Records have changed their name to the Magnum Music Group, in order to cope with their continuing expansion, which has already generated several subsidiary labels. The latest new label to be launched is Sundown Records, whose first release in July will be the album 'Queens Of Country' by **Dolly Parton & Donna Fargo.**

● Last year's **Placebo** album 'England's Trance' was highly acclaimed by the majority of critics, and now comes their follow-up LP 'Shells', again featuring the voice and writing of Michelle Wild. It's out this week on Aura Records.

● Ace Records and Big Beat are introducing a mid-price album series retailing at £4. First release on Ace is 'Live At The Dublin Castle' by **Red Beans & Rice,** out next month. It's followed in July by 'Moving Staircases' by **The Escalators** and 'Dinosaurs' by **The Sting-Rays,** both on Big Beat.

● **Sheila Walsh** is one of the country's leading gospel artists, and she has just signed a long-term worldwide deal with DJM Records. Her debut album for the label, called 'Drifting', is being released on June 24 — and the title track from the LP, on which she duets with **Cliff Richard,** is issued this week as a single.

● **Music For Pleasure** have their new single released by Polydor this weekend, coupling 'Dark Crash' and 'Urban Poison'. There's also a 12-inch format which contains an extra track, titled 'Black Festival'.

● **Abrasive Wheels,** who were formerly with Riot City Records, have signed with the Midlands-based Clay Records label. Their first single via this outlet is their interpretation of the Elvis Presley classic 'Jailhouse Rock', issued tomorrow (Friday).

● 'Street Sounds — Edition 4' is the latest in the series of albums featuring full-length versions of selected disco tracks. Among artists featured are **Gladys Knight, Sunfire, D Train, Mtume, C.O.D., First Light, Class Action** and **Lenny White.** It's issued this weekend at budget price via PRT Records.

● **Brilliant** have delayed release of their single 'Colours', originally due out in late May, for several weeks due to sleeve problems. When it does eventually emerge, it will be in 12-inch form only, and on their own Risk label (through Rough Trade).

Gabriel's double

PETER GABRIEL precedes his open-air concert at London's Crystal Palace Football Ground (July 9) with the release of his fifth solo album — in fact, it's a live double set recorded during his 1982 American tour, and you won't be surprised to learn that it's called 'Peter Gabriel Plays Live'. It features his usual backing band, and it includes one song 'I Go Swimming' which has not appeared on any previous Gabriel album. It's issued by Charisma on June 10 (also in cassette), and the full track listing is:

The Rhythm Of The Heat, I Have The Touch, Not One Of Us, Family Snapshot, San Jacinto, Solsbury Hill, No Self Control, I Don't Remember, D.I.Y., The Family And The Fishing Net, Intruder, I Go Swimming, Shock The Monkey, Humdrum, On The Air, Biko.

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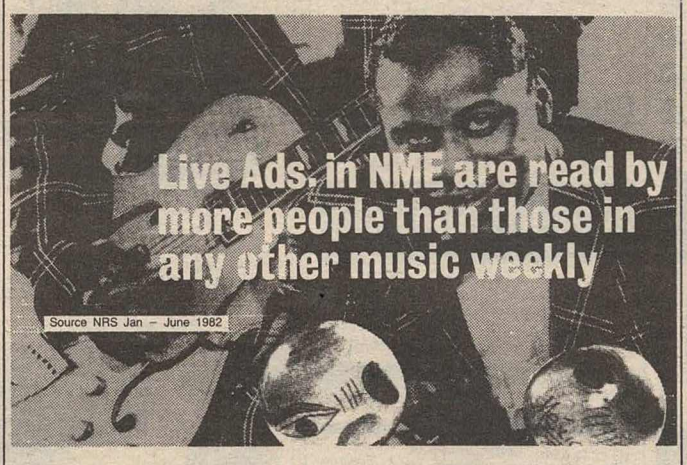

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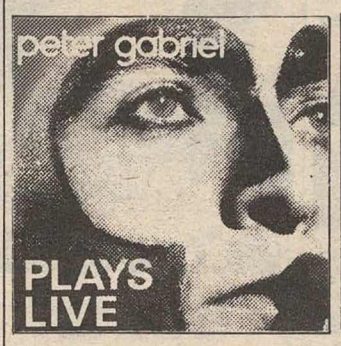

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SOUTHSIDE SOUNDS present:

The Boomtown Rats

Supported by:- THE CLIMB
At the:- TOP RANK SUITE — BRIGHTON
On:- Friday June 10th :- 8.00p.m.
Tickets:- £8.50 FROM:- TOP RANK Tel.(0273) 732627
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Over 18s only

HAMMERSMITH ODEON

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents

New Album THIS CHERISH HOUR OUT NOW on JET RECORDS

MAGNUM

PLUS THE SANTERS
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS **Stampede**

TUESDAY 7th JUNE 7.30pm

Tickets £4.00 £3.50
FROM BOX OFFICE 01-748 4081 & USUAL AGENTS

The Rockgarden entertainment

Strong, lyrical, classy pop
the High Fives
Thu Jun 2
"Positive, very 80's pop played with controlled power ...A live set where every song is a potential hit," predicted NME.

Joyous, dynamic, Afro-dance rhythms from:
Farenji Warriors
Fri Jun 3 Multi-intrumental jazz/ reggae/ soul band with ex-Amazulu lady sharing vocals with a large and larger than life male singer. Supported Gil Scott Heron. Highly recommended.

Two-tone Records soul/funk orchestra!
APOLLINAIRES
Sat Jun 4 Large horn section, percussionists and guitarists cover the stage and pump up a steaming soul sound. Guaranteed to shake a tailfeather.

Sun Jun 5: Shadow Boys + Salidae

Mon Jun 6: Compulsion + Dance In A Trance

Tues Jun 7: Red Lorry/Yellow Lorry + Good Night Forever

Sound of the Thirties from:
Bouncing Czechs
Wed Jun 8
Small, ecoustic group modelled on a 1930's cruise liner quartet who deliver a spiffy set of harmony songs and dive-bar r & b.

Own-wave pop from:
HiGh ZeRRA
Thu Jun 9 Guns For Hire & DepartmentS with different casting-under-rehearsed and refreshingly out of sync with today.

music venue:- IS OPEN 8-00P.M. till about 2-00A.M. MON. THRU. THURSDAY • 8-00P.M. till 3-00A.M. FRIDAY & SATURDAY AND 7.30P.M. till 12.MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY. SET TIMES ARE USUALLY 10P.M. & 11P.M. - WEEKENDS IT'S 30mins. LATER • IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO PHONE BEFORE SETTING OUT TO CONFIRM THE ABOVE. INFO! THERE'S A BAR. COCKTAILS. RECORDS. VIDEOS AND DANCING YOU HAVE TO BE 18 OR OVER • **restaurant:-** OPENS 12-00 MIDDAY till 2-00A.M. MON to WEDNESDAY • TILL 3-30A.M. ON THURSDAY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY AND UNTILL MIDNIGHT ON SUNDAY **note:-** YOU GET UP TO **60% off** ADMISSION TO DOWN-STAIRS IF YOU EAT FIRST IN OUR RESTAURANT • WE'RE ON THE CORNER OF KING AND JAMES STs. OLD COVENT GARDEN. WC2.
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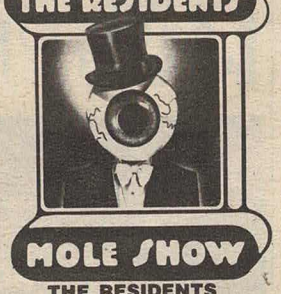
Wednesday 1st June	£1.00
BASILS BALLS UP BAND	
Thursday 2nd June	£1.50
JOHNNY G	
Friday 3rd June	£1.50
THE 45's	
Saturday 4th June	£1.50
THE EXCITERS	
Sunday 5th June	£1.50
SABRE	
Monday 6th June	£1.00
THE CHASERS	
Tuesday 7th June	£1.00
THE EXCEPTIONS	
+ Sensible Jerseys	

THE RESIDENTS



MOLE SHOW
THE RESIDENTS MOLESHOW
Monday 27th June at The Town Hall, Birmingham
All Tickets £4.00 available by post from **NITELIFE, 2 HARRISONS PLECK, MOSELEY, BIRMINGHAM, B13 8BD**
Cheques & P.O.'s only crossed and made payable to **NITELIFE.**
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CROCS

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Saturday 4th June — Adm £3.00
THE BATCAVE
8—2.00am + D.J.

Thursday 9th June — Adm £2.50
LIVING IN TEXAS
8—1.00am + D.J.

Saturday 18th June — Adm £3.00
THE GYMSLIPS
8—2.00am + D.J.

Thursday 23rd June — Adm £2.50
NAKED LUNCH
8—1.00am + D.J.

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Harvey Goldsmith in Association with Capital Radio

CAPITAL MUSIC FESTIVAL '83

presents an evening with

CROSBY, STILLS & NASH

at **Wembley Arena**

Mon 11th, Tues 12th, Wed 13th July 8.00pm.

Tickets by post, £8.80 and £7.80 (including 30p booking fee) from CSN Box Office, R.S. Tickets, P.O. Box 4RS. Cheques/PO's payable to Harvey Goldsmith Ents. Ltd. Enclose SAE.
Personal applications to Wembley Box Office, Keith Prowse, Premier and L.T.B.
New Crosby Stills & Nash album ALLIES out soon on WEA.

WILF A. WALKER FOR BLACK PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS

Curtis Mayfield

FRI/SAT 24/25 JUNE 7.30
COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE / HIGH ST. KEN
+ DBC
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TICKETS £5.00 FROM: ADVANCE BOX OFFICE (229 7483/602 3063/603 4535 Ex228) / LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (439 3371) / PREMIER BOX OFFICE (240 2245) / KEITH PROWSE (836 2184) / ROUGH TRADE RECORDS / RYTHMN RECORDS / DUB VENDOR

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The Embassy

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JUNE 6th.
MONDAY
PARK

FOLK CONCERT

Mean Fiddler

Thursday 9th June 9pm—2am
DE DANNAN
+ RAYMOND ROLAND'S QUARTET

Sunday 12th June 8pm—Midnight
DE DANNAN
+ TARBOLTON

Tickets £3 in advance from Box Office, £3.50 on door

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RIVERSIDE EXHIBITIONS LTD

present
In The Supertents at
REGATTA MEADOW, ST. NEOTS, CAMBRIDGE

GIRLSCHOOL

+ PICTURE

Friday 3rd June — Tickets: In advance £3, at the door £3.50, Doors open 7.30p.m. — Friday 3rd June

BAD MANNERS

+ THE GREATEST SHOW ON LEGS

Saturday 4th June — Tickets in advance £3, at the door £3.50, Doors open 7.30p.m. — Saturday 4th June

DAVE LEE JONES

With the DLT Roadshow featuring
JOHN DEAN

Sunday 5th June — Tickets in advance £2, at the door £2.50, Doors open 7.30p.m. — Sunday 5th June

Advance tickets from: Andy's Record Shops, Cambridge, Bedford & Peterborough, R. H. Hills. Record Shop, St Neots, J & K Records, St Neots.

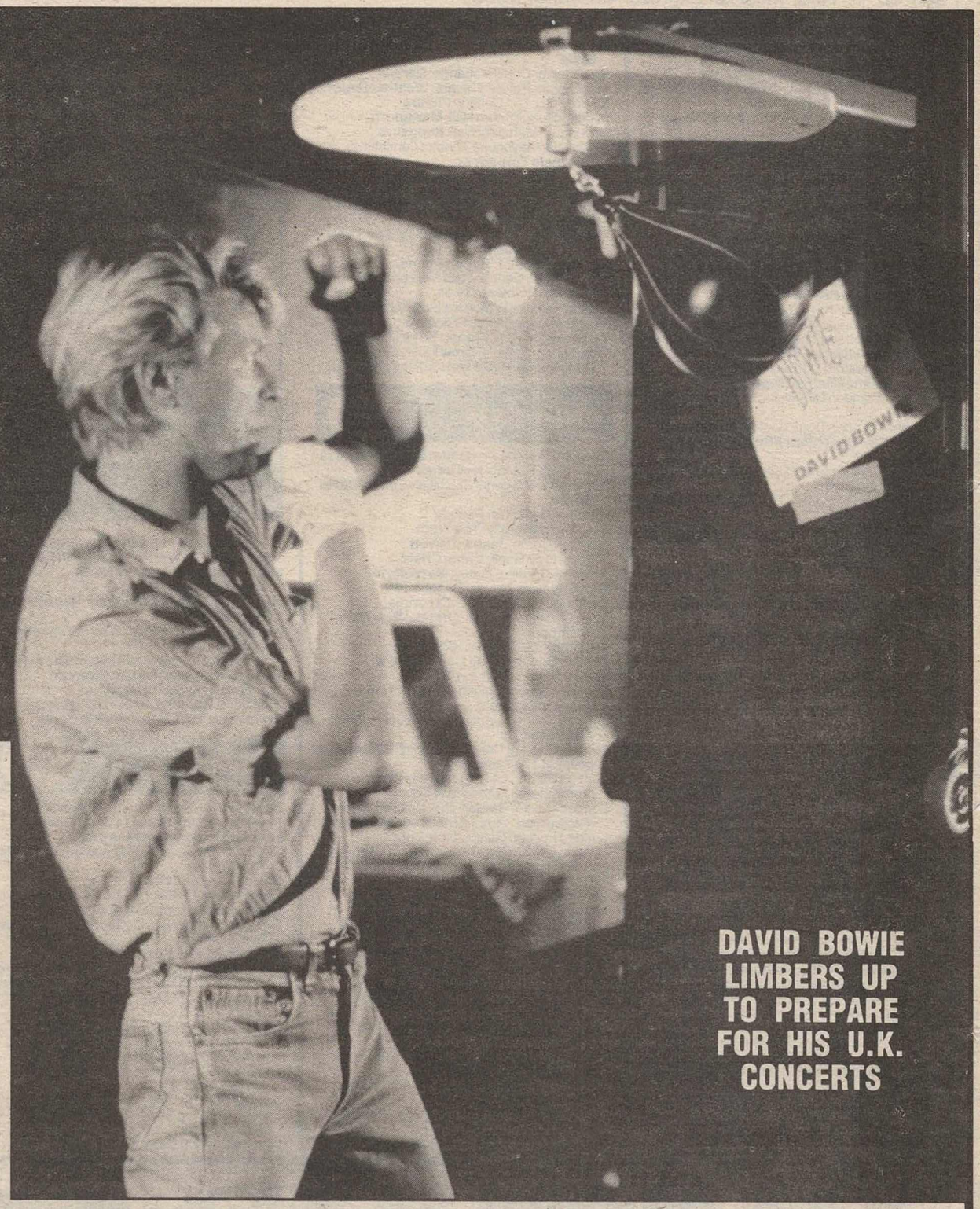
THE BOWIE bandwagon arrives in Britain this week, for what many people regard as the major music event of 1983. The bonanza gets under way with five indoor concerts — at Wembley Arena (Thursday to Saturday) and Birmingham NEC (Sunday and Monday) — then it's back to Europe, before returning here in a few weeks time to play four open-air shows. It goes without saying that, if you haven't already got a ticket, you haven't a hope in hell of getting one now — unless you're prepared to pay upwards of £60 on the black market.

nationwide GIG GUIDE

Three other tours are on the road from Thursday — reggae star SUGAR MINOTT (starting in Glasgow), the re-formed MAN (Hitchin) and the re-shaped DR FEELGOOD (Sheffield). Saturday sees the re-emergence of THE BOOMTOWN RATS in Bristol, though the bulk of their tour dates will be cropping up in next week's *Gig Guide*. Wednesday marks the debut of Richard Jobson's new group THE ARMOURY SHOW in Edinburgh — but the EDDY GRANT tour, which was due to start on the same day, has been slightly delayed (see news pages).

WEATHER REPORT are back for concerts in London (Thursday and Friday) and Manchester (Sunday) — while elsewhere in the capital, SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET play Dingwalls on Thursday and Friday, a rare JIM CAPALDI gig on Friday is the highlight of the latest batch of Marquee 25th birthday attractions, and Brazilian star GILBERTO GIL is at Drury Lane on Sunday as the outstanding event in London's Festival of Brazil.

Out of doors, there's a GLC-organised free festival at Crystal Palace Concert Bowl in South London, to welcome the People's March For Jobs — with EASTWOOD & SAINT, AMAZULU, PAULINE BLACK's new 20-piece gospel band and many, many more . . . and the quiet little village of Cricket St. Thomas, near Chard in Somerset, will be reverberating to the sounds of HAWKWIND.



DAVID BOWIE LIMBERS UP TO PREPARE FOR HIS U.K. CONCERTS

thursday 2nd

Armadale Masonic Arms: **Two Words**
Basildon Raquels: **Matt Fretton**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Exposure**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Bradford Palm Cove: **Major Accident**
Brighton Art College Basement: **Tales From The Tube**
Brighton New Regent: **Hanoi Rocks**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Martha & The Vandellas**
Canterbury Art College: **Emotional Play**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Camouflage Explosion**
Chesterfield Star Club: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jumping Jeannie & The 4½ Garden Gnomes**
Dartford Flicks: **Peacock Dance/Taming The Outback**
Dundee Barracuda: **Kissing The Pink**
Fakenham Kestral Club: **The Nashville Teens**
Fareham Collingwood Club: **The Drifters**
Galashiels Three J's: **Dagaband**
Glasgow Caledonian Club: **Trux**
Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **Sugar Minott**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Patrik Fitzgerald/Kevin Hewick/U.V. Pop**
Glasgow Uddingston Grammar School: **Wendy & The Week Of Wonders/Ex-Kallors/The Attraction Is Obvious**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Saigon**
Guildford Wooden Bridge: **Larry Miller**
Hitchin The Regal: **Man**
Hull Dingwalls: **John Cooper Clarke**
Leeds Brannigans: **UK Subs**
Leeds Warehouse: **Music For Pleasure**
Liverpool Royal Court Theatre: **Magnum**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Chuck Farley**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Swinging Laurels/Journey Through**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sir Douglas Quintet**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Winston Reedy**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Liquidiser**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The High Fives**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Paul Milns & Quartet (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sad Among Strangers/It's A Tightrope**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **The Mob/Youth In Asia/Hega The Womb**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Downbeats/Dogs D'Amour**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Weather Report**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **John Otway**
London Marquee Club: **The Glitter Band**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London Putney Half Moon: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **John Parry/Alan Elsdon Band**
London Shepherds Bush The Bush Hotel: **Wild Women Of Wongo/Pat Condell/People's Show/Shorty Sight & The Popticians**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The Eggsperts**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Strand Dixiestrand Cafe: **Max Collie Rhythm Aces**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Robert Palmer**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Wembley Arena: **David Bowie**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Diz & The Doormen**
Londonderry Orchard Gallery: **Neil Innes**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **The Specimen present The Batcave**
Manchester University Union: **Alex Webb Jazz Express**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Girlschool**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline/Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Vetos**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Plymouth Phoenix: **Glass Ties**
Portsmouth Rock Gardens: **Rapids**
Preston Clouds: **Passion Polka**
Reading Target Club: **Twelfth Night**
Redruth Park Vean Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Dr. Feelgood**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents/The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Here & Now**
Sheffield University: **JoBoxers**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **China Crisis**
Southend Queens Hotel: **The Truth**
Southport Diamonds: **The Artex Wall**
Stockport Smugglers: **Suicide Beat**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Grey Wolf**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Picture**
Wokingham Angie's: **Magic Mushroom Band**
Wolverhampton The Woodhayes: **Sub Zero**
Worcester Waterside Club: **Schell Shock**

friday 3rd

Alloa Cochrane Hall: **Chasar**
Ayr Darlington Hotel: **Hey! Elastica**
Belfast Crescent Arts Centre: **Neil Innes**
Birmingham Carlton Ballroom: **Sugar Minott**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **And Also The Trees**
Birmingham Odeon: **Magnum**
Bournemouth Midnight Express: **Matt Fretton**
Bradford Palm Cove Club: **The Skeletal Family**
Bradford University: **The Alarm**
Brighton Top Rank: **Robert Palmer**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Bad Brains**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Mike Harries**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Wild Willy Barrett**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Virago**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Twelfth Night**
Edinburgh Transport Hall: **So You Think You're A Cowboy/Boogie Disease**
Fort William Milton Hotel: **Kissing The Pink**
Gateshead Honeysuckle: **Jaywalkers**
Greenock Victorian Carriage: **Dagaband**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **The Rebels**
Halifax Hoppers Club: **Nine Play Hendrix**
Hanley The Place: **Winter Wine**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Red Guitars**
Hull Dingwalls: **Dr. Feelgood**
Ipswich Gaumont Theatre: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Sammy Rimington Band/Waso**
London Adlib at The Kensington: **Menage A Trois**
London Brentford Red Lion: **G.B. Blues Company with Root Jackson**
London Brixton The Ace: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London Brixton The Fridge: **High Street Fashion**
London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **Frigidairs**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sir Douglas Quintet**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice Revue**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Farenji Warriors**
London E.C.1 Empress of Russia: **Elton Dean & Friends**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **UK Subs/The Screaming Dead**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **John Mizarolli**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The London Band/Atazoa/Topo**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Weather Report**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park Theatre: **Mike Mower Sextet**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Flying Pigs/Major Setback**
London Highgate The Gatehouse: **Jake Thackray**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Ricky Cool Band**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Lewisham Concert Hall: **Linda Lewis**
London Marquee Club: **Jim Capaldi**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **High Roller**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Dudu Pukwana's Zila**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Putney Half Moon: **Tony McPhee Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Juice On The Loose**
London Strand King's College: **Still Life**
London Wembley Arena: **David Bowie**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Wait**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Flyiung Pickets/Facing West (until Sunday)**
Loughborough Charnwood Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Manchester University: **Chris Rea**
Manchester University Union: **The Propaganda Game**
Middlesbrough Town Hall Crypt: **John Otway**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Here & Now**
Norwich East Anglia University: **China Crisis**
Nottingham Sherwood Rooms: **Budgie/Limelight/Shywolf/Hell**
Nottingham The Asylum: **The Specimen present The Batcave**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Larry Miller**
Oxford St. John's College: **The Nashville Teens**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Plymouth Good Companion: **Glass Ties**
Portsmouth Granny's: **King Kurt**
Retford Porterhouse: **The Truth**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Peter & The Test Tube Babies**
Southampton Solent Suite: **International Rescue/The Flaming Softies/Gestalt/The Now/Colony Earth**
Stafford Riverside Centre: **The Alarm**
Stanley Castles Ballroom: **Del Shannon**
St. Austell Cornwall Coliseum: **The Drifters**
St. Neots Riverside Festival: **Girlschool/Picture**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **The Artex Wall**
Washington Biddick Farm Arts Centre: **Good Cooking**
Weymouth Dorset Institute: **Shark Taboo**
Wigan Riverside Club: **Passion Polka**
Wokingham Angie's: **The Reactors**
Coventry General Wolfe: **The Truth**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Occidental Artbeat**
Dublin Trinity College: **Neil Innes**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Twelfth Night**
Durham Fowlers Yard: **Uproar/Dogs Body/Sadistic Slobs**
Eastbourne Kings Club: **The Drifters**
Edinburgh Moray House College: **Hey! Elastica**
Glasgow Strathclyde University: **Kissing The Pink**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **The Rebels**
Guildford Royal Hotel: **Toucan Trolls**
Hanley The Place: **Hot Quisine**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Cracked Mirror**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Shakey Vick Blues Band/Travelling Shoes**
Huddersfield White Lion: **Nine Play Hendrix**
Hull Dingwalls: **Bad Brains**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **De Dannan**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Wily Willy Barrett**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **Shake Appeal/Free State**
Liverpool Philharmonic Hall: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **The Dossers**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Decorators/The Smiths**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Roman Holliday**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **King Kleary & His Savage Mooses**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Chelsea Carlos & Johnny's: **Dance On A Telephone**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Apollinaires**
London Crystal Palace Concert Bowl (free, noon-8pm): **Pauline Black Band/Clint Eastwood & General Saint/Amazulu/Spartacus R/The Flying Pickets/Semba Tropical etc.**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Opposition/Billy Bragg**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park Summer Theatre: **The Flying Pickets**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Flesh For Lulu/Dreamers Go West**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead/Anvil**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **A Far Cry/Vamoose**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Ruby Turner Band**
London Kensington Commonwealth Institute: **Rip Rig & Panic/Oliver Lake/Jump Up**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Kings Cross Union Tavern: **Peggy Seeger & Ewan MacColl**
London Ladbroke Grove Acklam Hall: **Urban Shakedown/Benjamin Zephaniah**
London Leicester-Square Centre Charles Peguy: **Stinky Winkles**
London Marquee Club: **Music For Pleasure**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Pete Corrigan's Band Of Hope/Eggy Ley's Hotshots**
London Putney Half Moon: **Juice On The Loose**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Carol Grimes**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Band**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover/Makka**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Don Rendell/Esmond Selwyn**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Rd. The Roebuck: **Joolz/Slade The Leveller/Dinah Livingstone/Andy Naff**
London Wembley Arena: **David Bowie**
London W.1 (Conway St) Adams Arms: **TV Personalities/Miles Landesman/Twelve Cubic Feet/The Legend/Swinging Soul Sisters**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dave Kelly Band**
Loughborough (Quorn) White Horse: **Lemon Sisters/Rebel Scream**
Manchester Ashton Metro Theatre: **JoBoxers**
Manchester Circle: **Major Accident**
Manchester The Gallery: **UK Subs**
Manchester University Union: **Beware Of Strangers**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Dr. Feelgood**
Newcastle Shieldfield Club: **Caffrey**
Northampton Black Lion: **The Jazz Butcher/Nikki Sudden**
Northampton Lings Forum: **Neat Neat Neat/Agri-Pop**
Norwich Studio Theatre: **Ton Ton Taboo/Golden Dawn**
Nottingham Midland Group: **Orchestre Jazira**
Nottingham Union Rowing Club: **John Otway**
Oxford Pennyfathing: **Splash**
Plymouth Ark Royal: **Glass Ties**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **Magnum**
Rayleigh Crocs: **The Specimen present The Batcave**
Retford Porterhouse: **Sugar Minott**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Saracen**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Black Symbol**
Southampton Gaumont Theatre: **Robert Palmer**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Separate Energy**
Staines Town Hall: **Solstice/Pendragon**
Stanley Castles Ballroom: **Del Shannon**
St. Neots Regatta Meadow: **Bad Manners**
Stoke Wagon & Horses: **Picture**
Telford Oakengates Carnival (afternoon) and Stirchley Studios (evening): **Ion Age**
Tonypandy Royal Naval Club: **Exposure**
Wallingford White House: **Fair Exchange**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Tredegar**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wishaw Heathery Bar: **Dagaband**
Wokingham Angie's: **Veto's**
Wolverhampton West Park (afternoon): **Sub Zero**
Worthing Marine Pavilion: **Linda Lewis**
York I.N.L. Club: **Pretty Shades Of Pink**

saturday 4th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Chris Rea**
Aylesbury Friars: **China Crisis**
Basildon Barstable Community Centre: **Invasion/Charas/Mik Remmington**
Birmingham The Mermaid: **Loch Lomond & The Trossochs/J.C.**
Bournemouth Maison Royal: **Morrokko**
Bracknell South Hill Centre: **Sara Gray**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Jaguar**
Bristol Polytechnic: **The Boomtown Rats**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Zipper**
Cardiff Nero's: **The Swinging Laurels**
Chard (Somerset) Cricket St. Thomas Open-Air Festival: **Hawkwind/Chase The Fade**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jennies/Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Francs: **Brigandage**
Conningsby Castle Club: **The Nashville Teens**

sunday 5th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Kissing The Pink**
Arbroath Smokies: **Hey! Elastica**
Bath Little Theatre: **Now We Are Six**
Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel: **Dagaband**

CONTINUES OVER

Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **David Bowie**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
Birmingham Weoley Castle Club: **Del Shannon**
Bristol Locarno: **China Crisis**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Magnum**
Colne Francs: **Wrathchild**
Coventry Polytechnic: **The Alarm**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Trevor Burton Band**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Alligators**
Kettering King's Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
Lancaster Sugar House: **JoBoxers**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Sugar Minott**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Bob Taylor's Full Frontal Rhythm boys (lunchtime)/John Otway (evening)**
London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Battersea The Latchmere (lunchtime): **Wilma Williams & The Combo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck (lunchtime)/Rodeo (evening)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Fourteen Karat Soul**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Elderly Brothers (lunchtime)/Ruby Turner Band (evening)**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Shadow Boys/Salidae**
London Drury Lane Theatre Royal: **Gilberto Gil**
London Finchley Torrington: **Carol Grimes & The Crocodiles**
London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Juvessance**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Blueberries/Step By Step**
London Fulham Palace Courtyard: **The City Waites**
London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Ruthie Smith & Friends**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Wild Side**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Motorhead/Anvil**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddlers: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Swimming To France (lunchtime)/Jazz Sluts (evening)**
London Kensington The Tabernacle: **Pete Thomas Jivin' Jump Band**
London Marquee Club: **Roman Holliday**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt (lunchtime): **Pete Neighbour Band**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
London Putney Half Moon: **Kevin Coyne Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Brass Impact Big Band (lunchtime)/Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra (evening)**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **UK Subs/The Vibrators/Newtown Neurotics/Action Pact**
London Victoria Palace: **Chas & Dave/Richard Digance**
London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **Proper Little Madams/Martin Long**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Alan Elsdon Band**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dance Hall Style**
Manchester Corn Exchange: **Carmel**
Manchester Palace Theatre: **Weather Report**
Manchester The Gallery: **Picture**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Mezzoforte**
Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Exposure**
Newcastle Playhouse Theatre (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Peterlee New Town Football Club: **The Straw Mat/Illegal Scene**
Poole Arts Centre: **Robert Palmer**
Poynton Folk Centre: **Paul Metzers/John Hobson & Howard Lees**
Rickmansworth Watersmeet: **Neil Innes**
Royton Railway Hotel: **Pressure**
Wallasey Dale Inn: **French Boys On Phones**
Wokingham Angie's: **Drew McCulloch (lunchtime)/Red Beans & Rice (evening)**

monday 6th

Basildon Roundacre Centre: **English Rogues**
Bath Pump Rooms: **Neil Innes**
Birmingham National Exhibition Centre: **David Bowie**
Bradford Benson's: **Picture**
Bradford University: **The Truth**
Brighton Dome: **Jasper Carrott**
Brighton Top Rank: **China Crisis**
Glasgow Cardinal Folley: **Mezzoforte**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Dagaband**
Hastings Rumours Club: **Expandis**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Liverpool State Rooms: **Chris Rea**
London Brentford Red Lion: **The 45's**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Man**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Johnny Johnson's Flyers**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
London Charing Cross Heaven: **The Specimen present The Batcave**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Compulsion/Dance In A Trance**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Eddie 'Cleanhead' Vinson & Trio (until Saturday)**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Veto's**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Agent Orange**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Guana Batz**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Suja**
London Marquee Club: **Drum Clinic**
London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Our Band with Dick Morrissey & Jim Mullen**
London Putney Half Moon: **Del Shannon**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Baby 'n' The Monsters**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Rectors**
London W.1 (Maddox St) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
London W.1 (Panton St) Boulevard Theatre: **Eddie & Sunshine**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Flesh For Lulu**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Now Is The Time to Forget The Whimpering/Child Become The Warrior/Islands Of Dance?**
Middlesbrough The Albert: **North Winds/Boulevard**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
Northampton The Slipper: **The Peppermint Lounge**
Portsmouth Cumberland Tavern: **Chartreuse**
Reading Hexagon Theatre: **Magnum**
Southend Zero Six: **Terraplane**
Stopckton The John Walker: **King Bees**
Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**

EASTWOOD & SAINT: Crystal Palace on Saturday

tuesday 7th

Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom: **Mezzoforte**
Abertillery Mount Pleasant Club: **Tredegar**
Brighton Dome: **Jasper Carrott**
Brighton New Regent: **The Specimen present The Batcave**
Bristol Locarno: **JoBoxers**
Derby Assembly Rooms: **Motorhead/Anvil**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Dagaband**
Glasgow Theatre Royal: **George Melly & The Feetwarmers**
Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**
Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Semba Tropical**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Brockley The Brockley Jack: **The Duplicates/Private Collection**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Del Shannon**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Blueberries**
London Camden The Palace: **Jucy Lucy**
London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wrectangles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **Wit Of A Banker**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Heartbeats**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Tronics/The Orson Family/Bigger Mercedes**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Jingo Huckster/Taming The Outback**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Magnum**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **S.F.X.**
London Marquee Club: **Budgie/Fortune**
London Putney Half Moon: **Morrissey Mullen**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Pete King/Dave Suttle Trio**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **China Crisis/Matt Fretton**
London W.1 (Jermyn St) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Electric Bluebirds**
Manchester Ashton Metro Theatre: **Girlschool**
Manchester The Gallery: **The Truth**
Middlesbrough Town Hall: **Chris Rea**
Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne Quintet**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Kissing The Pink**
Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Streetplayer**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Hey! Elastica**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Vendino Pact/Lemon & Curd/The Vulkyries**
Shrewsbury Tiffany's: **Martha & The Vandellas/Sub Zero**
Stockton The John Walker: **North Winds**
Wolverhampton The Arches: **The Statues**
York Cross Keys: **dV & The Clients**

wednesday 8th

Bath Theatre Royal: **Urban Sax**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
Bradford 1 in 12 Club (at Tickles): **Colenso Parade/The Sunbeams/Dirk Spig**
Bradford Prince Arthur: **Excalibur**
Brighton Dome: **Jasper Carrott**
Bristol Dingwalls: **Natural Roots**
Broxburn Astor Roadhouse: **Dagaband**
Cardiff Top Rank: **Man**
Chesterfield Aquarius: **Del Shannon**
Chippenham Goldiggers: **Girlschool**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Wilko Johnson**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Mezzoforte**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **The Armoury Show**
Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Matt Fretton**
Hull City Hall: **The Drifters**
Hull Dingwalls: **Sugar Minott**
Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
Liverpool Venue Club: **Zanti Misfitz**
London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Semba Tropical**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Cocteau Twins/Gene Loves Jezebel/Dead Can Dance**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Jelly Roll/Luke The Duke**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Dr. Feelgood**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Poorboys**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckngham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Bouncing Czechs**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Laverne Brown Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Riot Squad/The Mau Mau's**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Resident Aliens/The Out**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Domino/Choc Guzzle**
London Kensington The Tabernacle: **Cayenne**
London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Richshaw's Hot Goolies**
London Marquee Club: **Budgie/Fortune**
London N.1 Almeida Theatre: **Alterations/Misha Mengelberg**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **The Artex Wall**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **London Dixieland All-Stars**
London Putney Half Moon: **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Alan Elsdon Quartet**
London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
London Tufnell Park Boston Arms: **Bitelli's Onward Internationals**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Siger Small Band**
Manchester The Gallery: **Grown Up Strange**
Newcastle Dingwalls: **Drifting Robots/Blow For Blow**
New Romney The Seahorse: **Marondogs**
Nottingham The Asylum: **If All Else Fails**
Sheffield Dingwalls: **Chris Rea**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Kissing The Pink**
Sheffield University: **Motorhead/Anvil**
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2,3 Weather Report
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7 Magnum
10 Steve Harley
10 Martha Reeves and The Vandellas
11 Shriekback
12 Anti-Nowhere League
17-19 Glastonbury Festival
18 Al De Meola/John McLaughlin/Paco De Lucia
19 Eddie Grant
19,20 Al Jerome
24,25 Curtis Mayfield
27 Rod Stewart
27 Big Country
27,28 King Sunny Ade
28 Residents
29 Warren Zevon
30 Mezzaforte

JULY
1 Nick Heywood
1,2 George Benson
2 Jacko Pastorius
3 Hanoi Rocks
4,5 Bauhaus
9 Peter Gabriel
10 Men at Work
11 The Damned
11,12 Stevie Winwood
11,12,13 Crosby Stills & Nash
18 Echo & The Bunnymen
22 Mike Oldfield
31 Killing Joke

AUGUST
20 Whitesnake

SEPTEMBER
19-22 Kid Creole

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6,7 Depeche Mode

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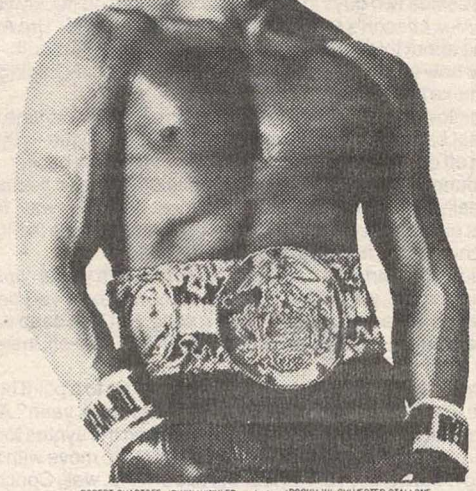

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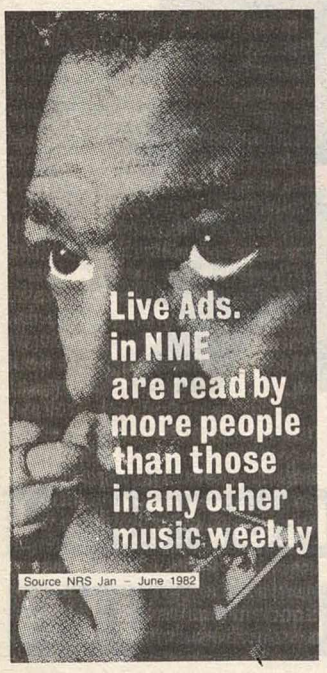

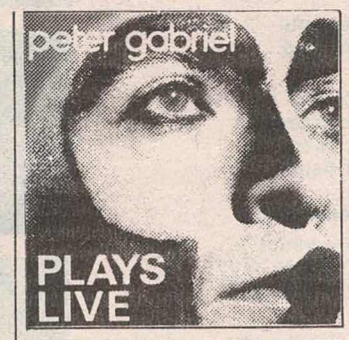

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LIVE

WALL OF SOUL

MARVIN GAYE

New York

THERE IS a video tape circulating around Black Rock (CBS corporate headquarters) that is a five-minute demonstration of Marvin Gaye's pure genius. It records a recent occasion on which Gaye sang the American National Anthem, 'The Star-Spangled Banner', at the opening of a major basketball play-off game.

Gaye brought along his own backing tape, a spare synthesizer-and-syndrum version of the 'Star Spangled' beat. Hands clenched and face full of feeling, he gave the song a cool but meaning-laden reading, turning it into a new message of hope, a story about racial tension and assimilation. The story of modern America (not the Revolutionary myth the song supposedly celebrates) was written in his voice, his mannerisms and his cunning musical restructuring.

Such genius was not much in evidence on the first night of Gaye's sold-out week at Radio City Music Hall though.

The main problem was the incongruity of the 30-piece orchestra. There were seven horns, six violins, loads of percussion, even a harp, all formally dressed and laid out. This orchestra was very good, but the effect of all that instrumentation was just overwhelming. Gaye's songs are essentially simple and direct, but neither the songs nor his voice could cut through the instrumental overkill.

Then there was Gaye himself, his voice sounding scratchy and sometimes strained. He seemed, especially at the start, to be content to present himself as an object for admiration. Since he is a pre-sold hero, the audience provided him with a support that let him get away with it. It was a lazy strategy, but when Gaye finally starts to really *act* — throwing his hands up in the air and shaking his head, getting down on his knees, begging and praying and demanding and asserting all at once, he is beautiful, and it's impossible not to love him.

The denouement of course is 'Sexual Healing', with Gaye stripped down to his trousers and a handful of women allowed through the bodyguards to offer brief worship. Again the orchestral arrangement missed the simplicity and perfect completeness of Gaye's self-created studio version, but at least now the audience was on its feet and having the fun they came for.

There were moments when Gaye personified need, tenderness and passion. But there is a wall up on stage with Marvin Gaye. It's partly a wall of sound, and partly a wall of the heart and soul, and he spent too much time hiding behind it.

Richard Grabel

LISTENING TO MARVIN

THE GO BETWEENS

London King's College

SINCE PAEDOPHILIA got the better of intellect somewhere back in '81 the shivering thrill of pop has been a rare pleasure. It's certainly something you don't expect to discover in the desolate surroundings of a miserable college gig. But this was a night with the delight of surprise in the air, a night to look beyond the disconsolate tinsel of the pap parade and glory in the glint on the edge of The Go Betweens' pop knife.

'Before Hollywood' has been the most unpredictable triumph of the year so far, an LP of cool subtlety, with immediate appeal but with a lingering shadow of sharper wit behind it. Just as the Postcard sound seemed ground down to a self-parodic simper, Orange Juice and Aztec Camera have dropped their gangly appeal and discovered their potential to be truly beautiful. Now the slightest voice of early Postcard comes up with perhaps the most brilliant expression of its promise.

The message that comes through The Go Betweens' glisten is that this is no time to be disheartened. This is a time rather to grasp for the few grains of brilliance that still sparkle in the sand-heap. Be moved by Yello, confronted by Foetus and startled by The Go Betweens.

Back in the mists of history, this band were a slight prospect, too far in the shadow of their influences. Now they are an encapsulation of the maverick in the post-Velvets scheme of things. On record they reach for intangible strands of feeling and catch fine cobwebs of melody, entrancing with light strokes of surrealism, catching the heart with their immaculate deceptions. Live they're a harder prospect altogether, a head-on emotive sweep that raises their art to the level of anthem. You could almost sing along.

They still wade through history but their influences are now more of a sparkle of amusement than an overwhelming weight. Robert Forster stands still with the style of David Byrne, Grant makes a sartorial nod to The Byrds (via the wardrobe of Mat Snow), while the Velvets and 'Blonde On Blonde' period Dylan swim through the strands of their sound. The current is strong enough to be innovative though.

Lindy Morrison's fringe sweeps across her eyes as she lashes out a rhythm, the guitar and bass undulate in harmony, somewhere a voice says "It doesn't have to be that way," and a familiar but all too dimly rememberred excitement wells up through their power.

The Go Betweens pull at the heartstrings in a manner you'd have thought was impossible in the aftermath of all those trite pop affairs.

It's all so simple — discard the dirt and look for the diamonds. Go for The Go Betweens.

Don Watson

DON WATSON SEES THE GLINT ON THE EDGE OF THE GO BEES' POP KNIFE

RUSH

Wembley Arena

ACTUALLY GETTING to Wembley was a bad trip in itself. I got hit by a VW van and the guy didn't even bother to stop, y'know? So kicking out the dents made me late.

I'd wanted to catch the whole gig as I've had this irrational uncontrollable hostility toward Rush for some time and I thought that if I could bring it out in the open and just try to ENJOY, that maybe something really positive would happen. I mean, 30 odd thou' showed at the Arena over four days and really dug the show, so where was I at being negative?

Sitting beside two guys in 3D shades who were obviously very into axeman Alex Lifeson's fretwork, I still couldn't relate to 'The Analog Kid'. It's a song about this kid in a garden with a blade in his mouth — I mean, no matter how you look at it, violence just ISN'T on, and hiding it in art doesn't make it okay, right?

But I mellowed out as Lifeson took the fore again. This time it was a really great baroque piece. A repeated riff — like a fugue — that I could really get off on. 'Brought all of 'Stairway . . .' flooding back.

Considering I'd been flung into this situation at such a bad angle I was coping really well, when 'Countdown' almost blew me away. Did you know that all three members of Rush were actually there in Florida for the launching of the first Space Shuttle? Wild!!

'Countdown' charts the day of the big event, with visual clips of rows of receiving dishes and actual shots of just how *hyper* everybody gets at those scenes; it's an amazing idea for a song. But I felt deep down that it should've carried us through the EXPERIENCE of lift-off, instead of stopping short.

Like, the "T minus forty seven . . ." gig is fine up to a point but, I mean, the whole vibe of a rocket is that it gets off the ground, yeah? And I've got to say that Geddy Lee got a bit heavy handed on the synths too. Don't get me wrong, I can appreciate that we've all got to move with the age of technology, but frankly I *LIVE* near the airport and, well, Concorde used up my white noise quota, y'follow? So that turned the whole number into a downer for me, which was a real bummer . . .

The 2½ hour set had other highs. Drummer Neil Paert threw some really amazing juggling shapes during his solo at the end and we all got off on that, and with the other film clips like, *Dracula* doing an intro for 'The Weapon', the gig ended on an up. Even the Hitler who laid a ticket on what was left of my wheels couldn't blow the buzz but, hey, it just shows — Rush or no Rush, '84's closing in, yeah?

Regine Moylet

NEW ORDER

Birmingham Tower Ballroom

FINALLY, TOTALLY, New Order have swept *everything* aside. One hour of sheer refined Power, beautiful dignified detail and concentrated commitment, and New Order had tried, tested and then torn up every expectation and desire. They were breathtaking, awe-inspiring, completely unnerving.

"Well old things never die (seems like I've been here before)"

At the heart of such strength, New Order's striking, shining singularity sets them above and apart from all others. And the unconcerned confidence with which they began tonight (with the resounding, silken grace of 'Love Will Tear Us Apart') left no room for doubt: this would be special.

"It's a strange day in such a lonely way"

The gliding daze of 'Truth' ssshakes and ssshivers, before stumbling into a hypnotic, haunting collision of searing, soaring keyboard and bitterly involved guitars to produce a glorious, furious trance finally free from Hannet's stained production.

"Oh it's the last time"

'Temptation', sung with unabashed nerve, with that subtle, peaceful strength, shuffles in, seductively simple, the *easiest,* most unaffected, uplifting triumph of all.

"Tell me how does it feel when your heart grows old"

The cold, consuming 'ICB', 'Blue Monday' and 'Everything Gone Green' follow, with flickering thrills and shimmers of a flowing, ecstatic energy, a glossy menace, giving 'electronic dance' a blue-soaked, trigger-happy face-lift.

"And there's a taste in my mouth as desperation takes hold"

After the hungry, spirited persistence of 'Age of Consent', the vulnerable, pleading 'Leave Me Alone' finally catches Albrecht out. For one moment only we get a look of guilty weakness and defeated tenderness that even he can't shrug off. It's gonna be so quiet in here tonight . . .

"And the noise that surrounds me grows so loud in my head"

The shattering, galloping *RAGE* of 'Denial' — a most dazzling, careering chase, a quite breathless charge — grips the breath, pumps the blood, snatches the pulse with Morris's spell-binding pounding at its heart. Guitars thrash and synths whistle and whirl to form a panic-striken BLAZE of Power that has even Albrecht pale with the peril of such *PACE.* Catching your breath, you have to wonder.

"How does it feel"

New Order control and contain a desperate ferocity, an inspiring impact, an invincible involvement, with a quiet price and patient economy; they have a delicate tension that tears at the barriers of pure *force.*

"Is there something I know, the answer's not there"

The most moving, awesome Might, taking on love, life, time, truth and movement, New Order drown, drain, thrill and unnerve. Over the Top? Well no, for this was New Order, proving, finally, they're doing more than enough.

And it comes and it goes and it frightens me.

Jim Shelley

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LIVE

WAITING FOR THE PENNY TO DROP

BERNARD SZAJNER
HOWARD DEVOTO

Hammersmith Lyric Theatre

I SAT in this picture book pop-up theatre for more than an hour, waiting for just three moments and absently dreaming, like old Amrik Rai, of Howard Devoto and the deadly magic he has in his little finger.

Miles beneath me, Bernard Szajner, eccentric French inventor of dumb novelties like the laser harp, the electric umbrella and electronic "axe-oboe" (*surely* not) was indulging in a piercing, turgid music of clanging drama on his various toys, while his band of rock relics served up bombastic travelogue-themes of a type that I imagine only people like Rush and Pink Floyd still persue. Endless hollow, booming versions of 'V2 Schneider' plodded by — all with the sort of bloated grandeur that Devoto himself (narrowly) slipped clear of after 'The Thin Air' — while a dismal laser offered only meagre diversion.

When Devoto ambled on, (in my heart of hearts) I wanted to scream with relief. Healthy, snide and relaxed, fresh and in the flesh at last, (the alien!) Devoto was a million miles from Szajner's lethargic time-warp and (being no man's equal) he briskly, effortlessly and a little reluctantly stole the show.

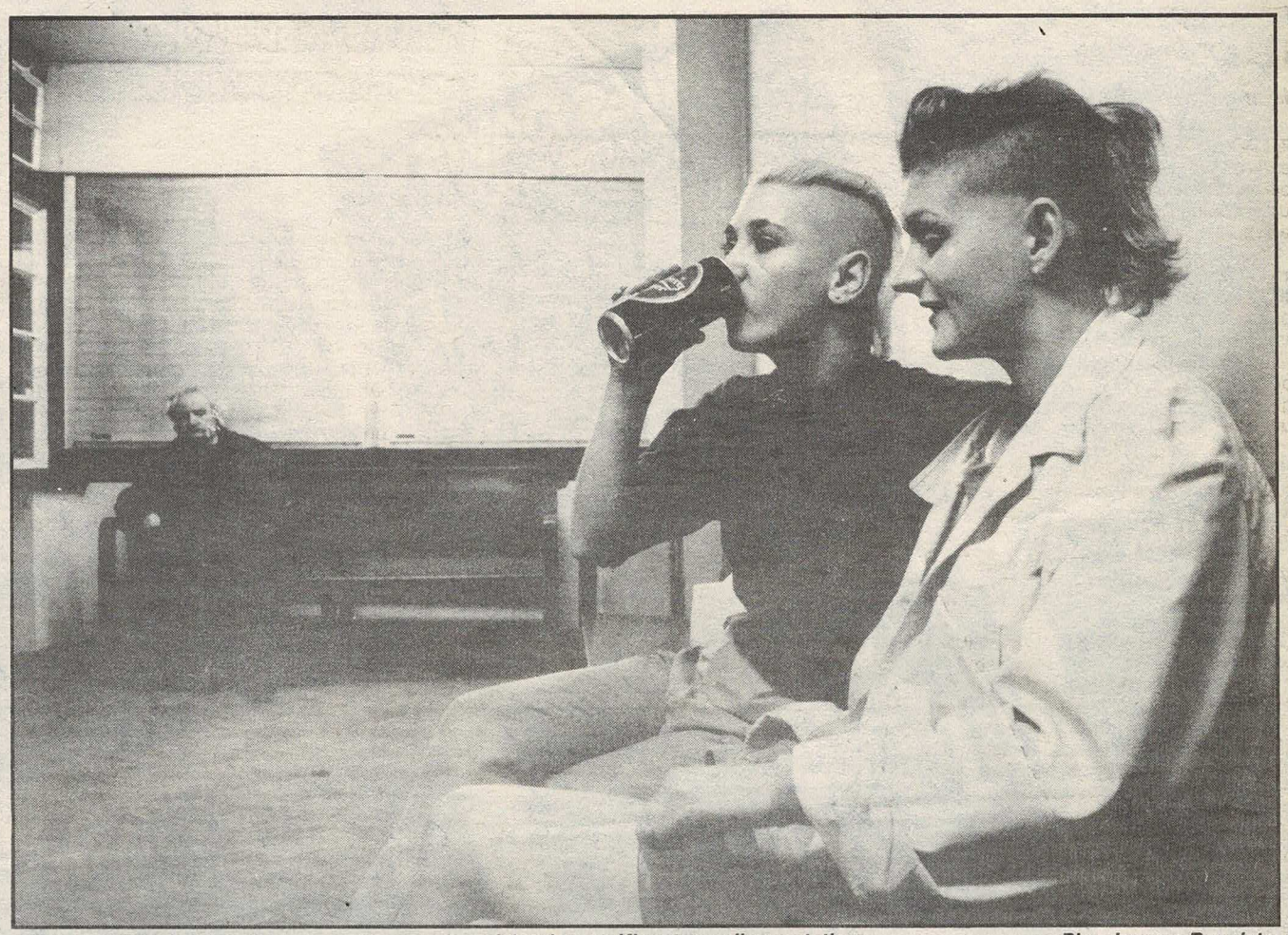
'Without Leaving' *("When I hit on love/With nothing to back it up/Count me out of luck")* was quietly assured, restrained even, perky, quirky, full of bending, bubbling beauty and Devoto's special evil pleasures.

'Deal Of The Century' *("Your system of happiness has mastered me/Then make your move/It only looks as if it hurts/My first impulse was to buy . . .")* dragged and dragged with a callous splendour, bitter unease and twisted trickiness (but it's exactly what I want).

And finally, 'The Convention' *("I've been looking at all the candidates' wives/You're the loveliest object of worship . . . And if it's him you love/Then I'm like him")* had all Devoto's old sour panache, sly beauty and sick impulsiveness in full. And that was that.

Szajner droned on, lapsed, ruptured, with yet more of his cruel, cumbersome pomp and circumstance. But, having had my three moments, I left — still dreaming of Devoto's wicked way with words and thinking ahead to the magic he'll work with those fingertips at the real comeback at the Hacienda next month.

Jim Shelley



Marine Girl and pal indulge in wild post-gig celebration at Kingston railway station *Pic: Jeremy Bannister*

LEYLA SANAI SEES THE LOVE SONG SEWN UP

THE MARINE GIRLS
Kingston Poly

TO BE truthful, I anticipated nothing more than a night of gentle boredom. The few listens I'd stolen of The Marine Girls' 'Lazy Ways' LP awakened only a mild interest — they didn't seem to have discovered anything that Durutti Column or Aztec Camera hadn't unearthed a good few years earlier.

Although their live set was no radical departure from their vinyl format, it managed to disarm me of most of my scepticism. The difference lay in the mood they evoked, an aura intangible on record that, live, cast out silken skeins to capture attention and draw the listener in. It wasn't hard to be spellbound.

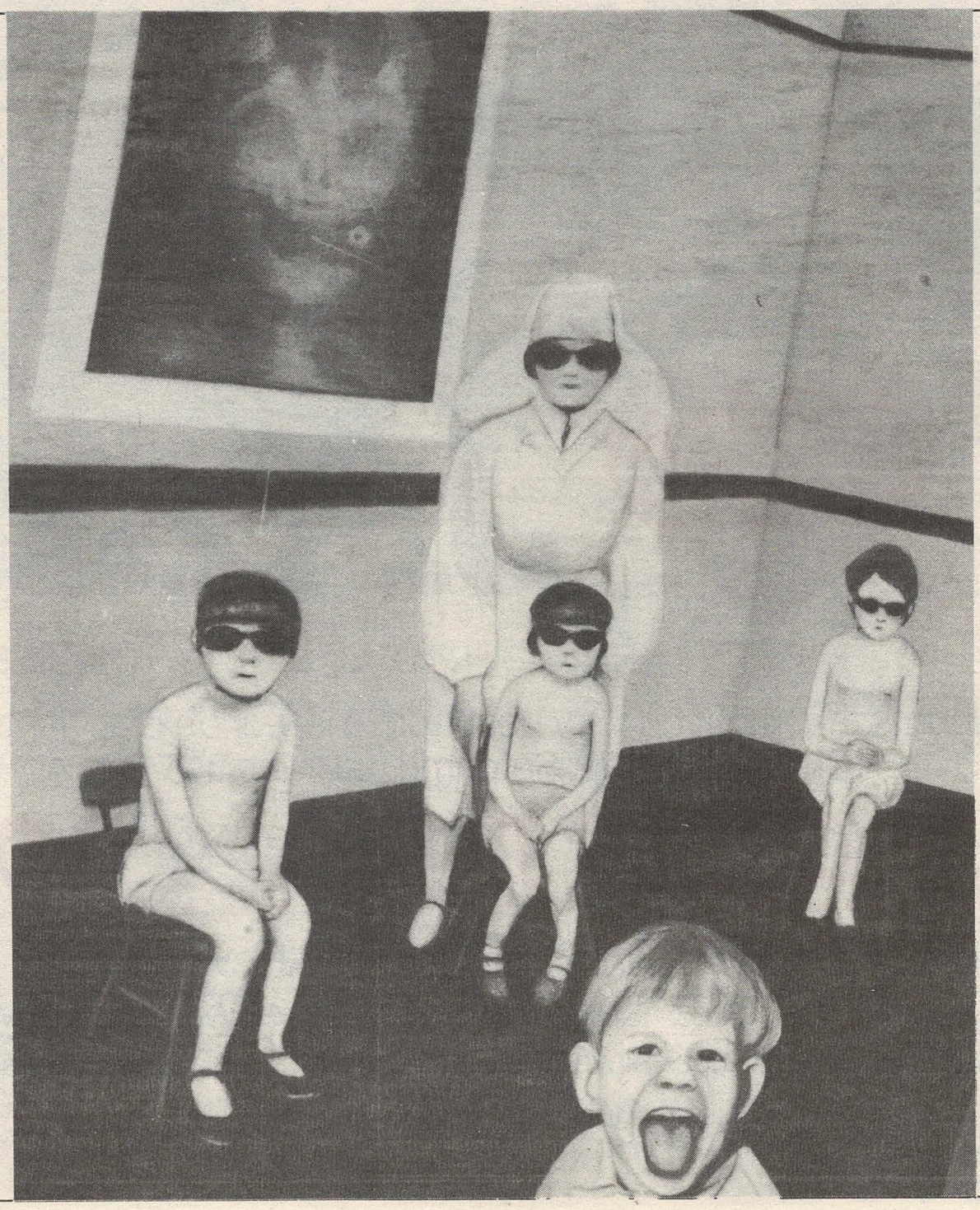
Their sound is fragile, almost insubstantial, but the sparsity is tickled with trickling melodies. The instruments hook and dart under Jane's breezy vocals, weaving airy cameos of life and love.

Obviously, there's still room for growth. Sleazier touches of jazz and blues would strengthen the sound and create the smoky club intimacy that The Jazzateers once perfected, whilst swapping some of the misty-eyed melancholia for zippier tones would help them transcend the brittle frailty that could easily drown them. Songs like Nancy Sinatra's 'These Boots Were Made For Walkin' would sound wonderful, gutsy but still delicate enough to showcase their craftsmanship.

They've definitely conquered the wistful love song — let the next goal be the world.

Leyla Sanai

KISSING THE PINK



NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE OUT NOW

TOUR DATES

JUNE
3RD FORT WILLIAM, Milton
4TH STRATHCLYDE, (GLASGOW), University
5TH ABERDEEN, Venue
7TH NEWCASTLE, Dingwalls
8TH SHEFFIELD, Lead Mill Club
9TH LEEDS, Warehouse
10TH BRADFORD, University
11TH MANCHESTER, Polytechnic
12TH REDCAR, Coatham Bowl
14TH LIVERPOOL, State Rooms
15TH KEELE, University
16TH HULL, Dingwalls
17TH LOUGHBOROUGH, University
18TH CARDIFF, University
19TH BRIGHTON, Pavillion Theatre
JULY
6TH GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
7TH LYCEUM, LONDON

WOOLWORTH
And Woolco

THE ALARM
UNDER TWO FLAGS

Hammersmith Clarendon

HEY JOE, how you gonna come? With your hands on your heads or on the trigger of your gun? On our guns, say the Flags. On our heads, say The Alarm. And there you have it.

Under Two Flags are the young guns of Brixton; they SHOUT! Why wallow in the rubble of corporeal decay that is South London when you can forge a steely resilience on stage? Why indeed?

You can fault this four, if you must. Their sound (ignoring the Play-Do PA) needs tightening and their confidence bolstering, but from a handful of gigs the seed of their urgency is beginning to shoot.

Gavin, suited but raw, is a shaking configuration of young anger pierced with the same manic glint that makes Ian of Death Cult such an acutely perceptive malcontent. Whilst Soapy cuts through each number with a rare surge of acoustic guitar; is this the line that U2 lost? Shit, they never even found this edge.

Under Two Flags are dealing with illicit goods; perhaps they'll proclaim a monopoly on this dark, ferdent, earthy sound. Perhaps.

Perhaps someone from The Clash Monopoly Commission should investigate The Alarm. Sadly these gauchos are living under the shadow of the Westway thus their guns are loaded not with bullets but with lead poisoning.

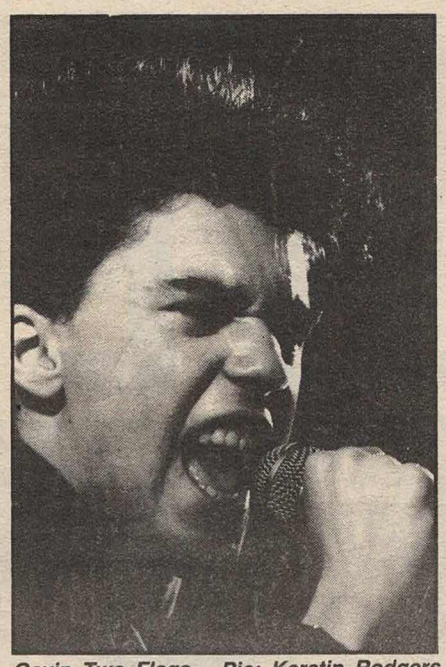
But let us set the scene, the scorched horizon is blistered with bloody crosses whilst the foreground is branded with Tombstone Calling for this preacher man's word. If it is religious fervour that drives this band then the crowd seem oblivious, revelling not in faith but Fosters. Occasionally the iron horse rhythm section is split by the plaintive cry of a harmonica but for all the heat and dust their crusade fails miserably to break new territory. 'Blaze Of Glory', 'Marching On' and 'The Light' all stand as testament to Mike Peters' christian zealotry; 'The Stand' itself comes in like a boothill western theme, sturdy though worn and probably off a deadman's feet.

The Alarm are guts and glory, they glow and the crowd sweat as though blessed with some watery stigmata yet ultimately there are others who deal with this Rock of Ages in a far superior fashion.

In retrospect, the evening was a prime cut of spiritual fare. Was it all just a vision? Or did The Alarm in their fight, submit to the devil within — their religion.

Meantime, The Flags are close to exorcising their spirit in favour of a purer belief — youth and strength in unity against the Reality. So to both — Good Luck. Amen.

David Dorrell



Gavin Two Flags Pic: Kerstin Rodgers

FINGERS
ON THE TRIGGER

CULT IS A SORRY PASSWORD

AND NICO IS AN ANAGRAM OF ICON...PHEW!

NICO
1919

Brixton Ace

ALL'S BEEN quiet on the Killing Joke front for quite a while now, and it was only a matter of time before someone else got in on the act. Tonight 1919 played 200 miles from their native Bradford to a full-throated reception from a large contingent of fans. Is this the start of something?

What 1919 play is grammar-school HM. Instead of the comic-strip power fantasies of your Saxons and Iron Maidens, this short-haired four-piece hide behind a portentous pseudo-intellectual mystique. They stir up a routinely ugly noise: plodding Teutonic rhythms, harsh, droning guitar and very dreary singing. 1919 epitomise adolescence at its most unattractive: self-important, humourless and very, very boring.

The usual crowd of sad devotees and curious European tourists had turned out for Nico, and they lapped up every last drop of the lachrymose self-pity in which she wallows. Once or twice a rather pathetic girl flung a tatty bunch of flowers on stage, which Nico would acknowledge with an ironic but shy smile, briefly cracking her mask of blighted Garbo-esque disdain.

Thus is her appeal best understood. She's a rock equivalent of the tragic icons of cinema, Garland and Garbo, with a career like the script of *Sunset Boulevard,* except that a broken-down Marlene Dietrich plays the Gloria Swanson role. Her fans draw solace from her scars and deep well of loneliness. In the tradition of poetess Sylvia Plath, Nico is the romantic incarnation of the bedsitterland sucidal impulse.

By now her set is well known. Half the time she is accompanied by a "rock 'n' roll" band, and half the time she isn't. Nico sits behind her harmonium in solitary splendour and cranks out dirges with strong, icy precision. She has a peculiarly brooding intensity, a German *weltschmerz,* which lends fascination to music of otherwise unrelieved turgidity.

But when the band plays, a different kind of frustration prevails. They don't look at her and she don't look at them, and this communication gap cuts through the music. Clomping versions of The Velvet Underground's 'Femme Fatale', an overlong 'Waiting For My Man' and 'All Tomorrow's Parties' survived their efforts, but single-minded jauntiness transformed the epic melancholy of Bowie's 'Heroes' into a terrace anthem.

Mother of mercy, is this the end for little Nico?

Mat Snow

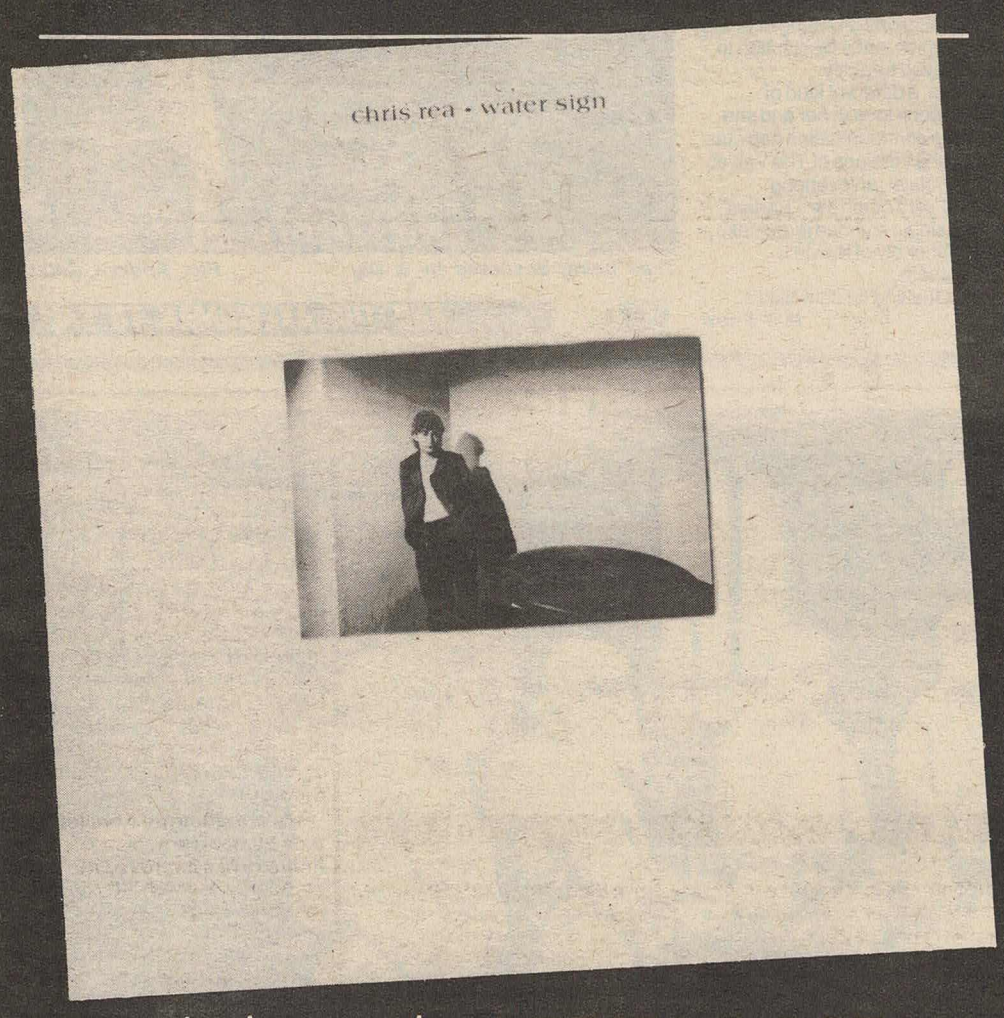
Nico being devoured by a wig Pic: Andrew Catlin

«« ...AND THE AXEWOMAN TO FALL

CHRIS REA

His New Album & Cassette

'WATER SIGN'



Includes singles LET IT LOOSE
and
I CAN HEAR YOUR HEART BEAT

CHRIS REA TOUR DATES

JUNE

HEADLINING

1st DERBY, Assembly Rooms
3rd MANCHESTER, Umist
4th ABERDEEN, The Venue
6th LIVERPOOL, State Rooms
7th MIDDLESBROUGH, Town Hall
8th SHEFFIELD, Dingwalls
9th LONDON, The Venue
10th SOUTHAMPTON, Guildhall Hall

MAGNET

LIVE

Cosey *Pic: Jeremy Bannister*

NOISE AS A BLEEDIN' ARTFORM

CHRIS AND COSEY

Brixton Ace

"Oh shit," I thought, sitting on the tube home, "how am I going to write about this one?" I'll be honest with you, seeing Chris and Cosey (late of Throbbing Gristle) isn't like a night down the Venue watching Prince Charles where you can spin words around the naff spandex clothes, the moronic lyrics or the 'fuck witchew' attitude. No such easy signposts here.

Chris and Cosey, a nice couple with matching fringes, nondescript image and a new baby, planted themselves in front of the Ace's huge screen and for the next hour produced a range of sounds with accompanying projected images of uninspiring landscapes, deserted buildings, strange masked creatures, cosmic galaxies and Cosey in the buff. Nowhere in evidence the almost commerically accessible sound of the new mutant-pop single 'October (Love Song)'; this was all new material. Occasionally Cosey added indecipherable vocals or picked up her trumpet and tooted through the dense wash of noise. I felt (apologies to J. Conrad) like the official in *Heart of Darkness* who's trying to go about his everyday Western rituals in the overwhelming jungle wilderness. Review this as a 'gig'? It was madness.

The trouble with avant-garde 'sound research' is that it's so bloody amorphous. It has a place in its pure state, as an experiment and an influence, but my sneaking suspicion is that it's more interesting to do than to listen to. You can only communicate so much in sound alone, all non-specific and personal to the listener.

If this was meant to be a 'happening', I missed it and so did the audience who either lounged round the back using C and C as a novel back-drop for their conversational pearls or stood upfront, motionless through even the funkiest sections. When it was all over, I went up to ask Chris what the pieces were called to help me describe to you, dear reader, the gist of the evening. He smiled and handed me a little square of paper covered in neat tiny symbols. It read: 1, The Burning Inside 2, Intro Section 5-00 3, First Rhythm 5-30 4, Loop Rhythm 6-30 5, Funky Rhythm 5-00 6, The Need 7-30 7, Conquest 6-30 8, Running Round 4-30 9, Mary 4-30 10, Thy Gift 6-15.

So now you know.

Gaye Abandon

THE MONOCHROME SET
HELEN McCOOKERY BOOKS
KEVIN HEWICK

Kingston Polytechnic

THE STRANGEST thing is, it was like a time lock. Everything had the eerie, unreal air of a slice of potted history, from the lone dream-dragged mohican writhing with fanatical zest to the strains of punk classics at the beginning, to the three acts perfectly preserved from late '70s fossilization.

Take Kevin Hewick for example. He used to be an inevitable part of those Factory package gigs, sandwiched between Blurt and Durutti Column to whet the appetite for the greater acts to follow. Even then he seemed out on a limb, furthering the inaccessibility of his offbeat taste by dourly dismissing the humour and harmony that Ted Blurt and Vini Durutti recognised as lifelines. Sadly, his migration from Factory to Cherry Red and the few years in between don't seem to have resulted in any new direction. His ballads, wrung out over unappealing guitar chords, are still valiant lonely-hearts heroics, and the complete absence of any backing material only magnifies the limitations of his scope and technical ability. Brave perhaps, but unless Hewick mellows his sound with melody, his material won't amount to anything more consuming than bitter pellets of self pity.

Helen McCookery Books are direct descendents of The Chefs, whose infuriatingly catchy '24 Hours' seemed to be a one-off glory. Their fluid set of light, clear-voiced pop was a perfect example of a good foundation. Now they need to expand on it, constructing different levels and planes by taking risks with tone contrasts. Magic and hypnotism are only ever stumbled upon, not achieved through labour.

The Monochrome Set are further along the same path. After a few moments of brilliance, the most notable of which was the 'Eine Symphonie Des Grauens' single back in '79, there was relative silence, but this gig showed there's still life and clout in them. Peppy and sharp, they raced through their most memorable moments captured on the retrospective album 'Volume Contrast & Brilliance', and hinted at further magic on the forthcoming album.

Pop rises from the archives to challenge the new sounds — judge for yourself which look the museum pieces.

Leyla Sanai

MAXIMUM JOY
PLEASURE & THE BEAST

City Of London Poly

The CLP Students Union building seems just like happiness itself — small, thinly peopled and in the wrong place.

Ther support act for this particular May Ball was described in an advertisement as an "inventive dance-mime-music troupe" which easily makes me a gold medal pole vaulter.

I arrived just in time to catch The Beast's husky introduction of "Bonsoir" as he stepped into an upturned bass drum and wriggled about looking butch. He wore TIGHT leather trousers with a Halloween mask strapped to the groin, topped by a shredded T-shirt (but could he eat three?) revealing somewhat enviable mamaries. He moaned lustily of "evil thoughts in the rapist's mind" and fought for audio attention with a fog-horn PA, tape hiss and variations on Gary Glitter's 'Rock 'n' Roll Part I'. Pleasure croaked, as pleasure will, and together they created a sublime talent vacuum.

My giddy excitement at seeing a spectacle that was definitely awful was quickly replaced by irritation as we plodded through 'Dr Sex', 'Winter Love Affair' and 'The Victim'. As if that wasn't enough, an unsolicited encore was inflicted upon us innocents who, up to now, had merely been enjoying subsidised bar prices, oblivious of just how taxing a gank band...er, troupe can be.

By the time P & TB had finally coaxed themselves off stage they had succeeded in bludgeoning a perky audience into sullen dejection with their hideous gyrations and empty innuendo. So the hour was ripe for Maximum Joy's new minimalism!

'Jump Back' careered off into staccato funk with a hectic ferocity that could've been the MJ norm, or just a prelude to what followed. Before the intial burst of activity could level, guitarist John Waddington took a stroll off stage and out the door. A quick and total decline followed and vocalist Petta announced with a mixed expression of surprise and disbelief "This is...the end of the gig!"

Waddington, who has survived The Pop Group, could only repeat "There MUST be something more..." by way of explanation. But 24 hours later facing the harsh reality of a Soho pub at closing time, drummer Charlie put the whole event in focus. "I knew at 8 o'clock, with so much drink in the dressing room, something like that would happen." So it did.

Regine Moylett

PRINT

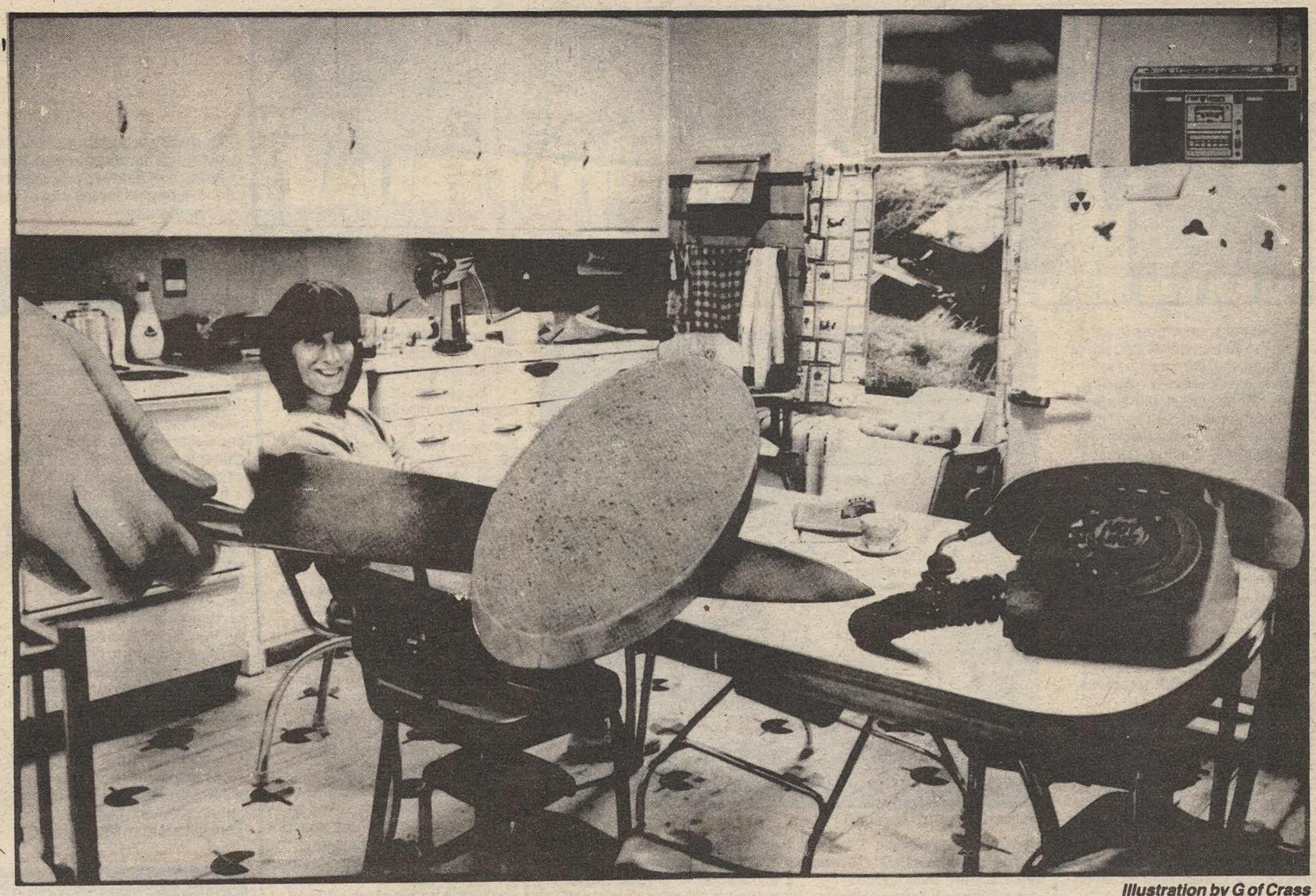


Illustration by G of Crass

P.S. YOUR SUPPER'S HOTTING UP IN THE FRIDGE

*Paranoia begins here... It was the most bizarre murder mystery of the '70s: Karen Silkwood was dead but **WHERE** was the dossier of incriminating evidence, **WHAT** dented the bumper of her crashed car and **WHO** put the radioactive luncheon meat in her fridge?*

PENNY RIMBAUD** follows a trail of clues that lead back to the CIA and the same nuclear barons that are financing Margaret Thatcher's election campai... but shhh, silence is **plutonium.

WHO KILLED KAREN SILKWOOD?

by Howard Kohn *(New English Library, £5.95)*

TAKE ANY 20th century conspiracy theory and up pop the American mega-corporations and that three-letter obscenity CIA. They brought you 'The Great Viet Nam Disaster' and they're currently working on its sequel 'The El Salvador Show'. Only time will tell what their involvement in the Falklands was, but one hundred to one there'll have been one.

Modern warfare is BIG business into which nuclear power is inextricably entwined. The myth that nuclear energy offers an alternative to diminishing natural resources is a cover up. Forget 'Atoms For Peace', there are none.

By the summer of '81 the American elite were seeing the European peace movement as a major threat to their nuclear imperialism. Twenty years ago, for similar reasons, the CIA smashed the Californian 'hippy revolution', by introducing cheap heroin onto the market. Equally cheap 'H' is now available in Brixton, Toxteth etc. The peace movement, however, was not going to be such easy game.

In the autumn of '81 'US Military Advisers' approached the Argentinian Junta suggesting that if they seized the Falklands Britain would not protest. Those same advisers must have known what Thatcher's reaction would be, indeed it is not inconceivable that they had already arranged the details with her. Either way, the resulting rise of militarism and nationalism served precisely the purpose that they would have intended; the demoralisation of the peace movement.

Meanwhile, another long term objective was partially achieved. Coincidental perhaps, but under cover of the media's obsession with Thatcher's armada, the Israeli offensive against the PLO in Lebanon slid by almost unnoticed. After all, Thatcher was defending the glories of Western democracy, while Israel was merely protecting its own interests... interests like the smuggled weapons-grade plutonium bought for 'strictly peaceful purposes' from, yes, you guessed, the CIA mega-corporation consortium.

So what's that got to do with a young woman factory worker in the middle of America? Answer? Too much.

Karen Silkwood was murdered on the 13 November 1974 for knowing too much. Yes, you've probably guessed by whom, but that's as close as US law is going to let you get.

Karen sought employment at Kerr McGee's Cimarron plutonium factory imagining that it would fulfil her childhood dream of becoming a scientist. She soon found out that she was expected to do little more than work on a lethally dangerous production line. Plutonium is one of the most deadly substances known to science, yet Karen became increasingly aware that what few safety laws existed for worker protection were being blatantly disregarded. While Kerr McGee lined their pockets with the vast profits to be made by the nuclear monopolists, the work-force was daily being exposed to doses of cancer-causing radiation. Inevitably Karen became involved with the unions and agreed to document the spillages, leakages, accidents and downright violations that made up a day in the nuclear mad-house.

The nuclear corporations, Esso, McAlpine, Goodyear, Westinghouse, Rio Tinto Zinc etc have made their billions from indiscriminate sales of plutonium, the uranium from which it is extracted and/or the nuclear plants required to convert them into nuclear bombs. The small amount of electricity produced by these plants is a sideline and a whitewash. Nuclear power stations are nuclear bomb factories. People who say otherwise are liars.

In 1980, Rio Tinto Zinc, who each year condemn thousands of poorly paid black workers to cancer and premature death in their Namibian mines, made a net profit of over £150 million. Similar profits, if not perhaps such large scale deaths, occur in ALL plants handling radioactive materials. If money is the meanest form of energy, nuclear power must surely come a close second.

Karen Silkwood hoped that the information that she gathered would give the unions a lever with which to demand healthier working conditions and if she hadn't been so thorough that's probably where the story would have ended. As it is, amongst the xerox copies of files, the photomicrographs and the scribbled notes, she almost certainly had information concerning 40 pounds of weapons-grade plutonium missing from the Cimarron factory, enough for four sizeable bombs. Kosher? Who knows?

1972 was the year of the Watergate 'snoop' scandal; a President felled by a phone-tap. It is hard to believe that two years later Karen was naive enough to use the phone to inform her union comrades of progress, but use it she did. Eight days before a rendezvous with a *New York Times* journalist at which she intended to spill the nuclear beans, things started running seriously amok. Karen started turning 'hot'. 'Hot' is American slang for radioactive contamination.

Karen turned hot, was washed down and then turned hot again. For three days she was exposed to the nightmares of contamination and the painful scouring down process that rips layers of flesh from the body leaving it raw and vulnerable; to the next contamination.

Eventually the source was traced to a massively contaminated pack of luncheon meat in the refrigerator of Karen's apartment. Someone wasn't saying it with flowers.

Despite this pointed warning, Karen was not deterred from setting out with her dossier of facts to keep her appointment with the press. She never made it. One mile beyond the Kerr McGee plant, her car left the road, sped several hundred feet along the grass verge, hit a butress and careered headlong into a concrete wall. Karen Silkwood was dead. Official verdict? Accidental death.

The following day friends were informed that no dossier had been found amongst the belongings in Karen's car. A few days later an independent expert analysed two ominous dents in the rear bumper of the car as having been made by another vehicle ramming it from behind. Official verdict? Accidental death.

Who Killed Karen Silkwood? details these events in an imaginative, if not mildly romantic manner and goes on to describe the long battle fought by a group of dedicated individuals to vindicate Karen from the wall of official lies that were used both to discredit her and to cover up the reasons for, and cause of, her death.

During the court hearings that ensued, one of Karen's fears became a reality. In the missing dossier she had had details of faults in the fuel rods that the Cimarron plant was contracted to supply to US power stations. On the 28 March 1979, one of those stations got out of control and polluted vast areas with radioactivity. Official verdict? The court ruled that no questions concerning the rods would be permitted during the hearing. Silence is plutonium.

It later transpired from other sources that it HAD been faulty fuel rods that created what came very close to becoming a massive disaster in which thousands of people would have died. Three Mile Island was America's most serious nuclear accident to date.

Karen Silkwood had taken on the CIA mega-corporation consortium because she cared, but because they didn't, she had lost. In her attempts to save the lives of others she was deprived of her own.

The court ruled that Karen had not placed the contaminated meat in her own fridge and that Kerr McGee were guilty of negligence and should pay damages of over £5 million. Beyond that, few questions relating to her activities or to her death were answered.

On the surface £5 million appears to be a huge sum, but companies like Kerr McGee are known to cost the possibility of such claims into their operations. It is also sobering to note that £5 million is under half of the sum being spent by Thatcher's government on their present election campaign and that the majority of that money will be 'donated' by those very same mega-corporations.

Question One: So who did kill Karen Silkwood?

Answer: Somewhere some jacked-up psychotic sleeps happy with the memory of forcing Karen's car off the road and the handsome pay-off received from, yes, you bet, the consortium.

Question Two: So who DID kill Karen Silkwood?

Answer: US.

As long as we are prepared to sit by and let other people risk their lives doing our dirty work, not only is very little going to change, but we effectively become no more than accomplices to the crimes committed by the wealthy elite against individuals like Karen Silkwood.

We are sitting on a nuclear time bomb. The nuclear industry has improved its standards of safety little in the ten years since Karen's death, indeed it is becoming blatantly obvious that nuclear energy can NOT be made safe. Accidents and miscalculations at nuclear plants occur with disturbing frequency. In the last three years four nuclear power plant workers have died from contamination in one UK station alone and many many more will have contracted terminal cancers. Barrow-in-Furness, downwind from the Windscale bomb factory, has the highest leukaemia rate of any town in Britain. Yet from Thatcher to Rio Tinto Zinc and back again, the official verdict is ALWAYS that there is no danger and, given the personnel and the massive profits involved, it makes a certain convoluted sense. Blinded by power and greed, these nuclear barons believe that they have the right to buy or shoot their way out of any moral responsibility for the world in which we all live and by so doing have sacrificed all sense of reason and human values.

It is up to us to carry on Karen Silkwood's work. Maybe we DO have the right to condemn ourselves to nuclear devastation, but do we have the right to condemn those as yet unborn?

WORKERS' PLAY time

Currently producing a new Gary Numan LP and sharing the aviator's hamburger diet, BILL NELSON leaves mixing desk and relish tray aside to talk about his "pretty unknowledgeable enthusiasm" for the pile of wood and metal known collectively as marimbas.

INTERVIEW: TONY BACON

IT WAS the sound, more than what the instrument looked like or anything, that attracted me to marimbas. When we worked in Abbey Road studios with Be Bop they had some in there and I used them on a couple of tracks on the very last Be Bop album, 'Drastic Plastic'.

But I'd always hankered after having some at home so I could explore them a little bit more and see what else could be done with them. Eventually, a couple of years ago, I managed to find a second-hand, four-octave set, the biggest ones you can get. The four-octave is much nicer than the three because it goes down further at the bottom end, and it's really the bottom end that sounds best.

I suppose the most familiar thing that people would recognise like marimbas is a xylophone or a vibraphone, they're very similar in layout. Marimbas are laid out exactly as a piano keyboard would be: you have two rows of notes, and the black notes on the piano are the ones that are above, the white notes are nearest to you and largest. So the actual chromatic scale is laid out exactly as it is on a piano, but whereas a xylophone or a vibraphone is made up of metal bars suspended on a frame, the marimba has wooden bars on a metal frame with metal resonating tubes underneath each note producing the overtone and the 'depth' of the note — the note itself is produced from the wooden block.

Marimba mastro Nelson. *Pic Richard Kerber*

You hit the notes with mallets, and there are various kinds depending on what sort of sound you're looking for from the instrument. I have three sets, one of which is very hard so you actually hear more of the percussive attack of the mallet on the note rather than the note itself, and then I have two different grades, one soft and one very soft that'll give a very round and full note with little percussion in it at all. Basically, you just hit them!

I picked up my marimbas for about £800, which seems a lot of money, but they're a couple of grand for a new set. I still have them at home, and I've used them fairly regularly on the last couple of albums, and I've also used them live on the Invisibility Exhibition tour that I did recently. They're really good to use live because you get that physical release — the hitting things with sticks bit, like being a drummer but being able to play tunes as well. I found them very exhilarating to play live.

The one problem with using them live is miking-up — in the studio it's not quite so bad because you can spend some time. You tend to be overdubbing them, so there's no huge problem, a stereo pair above and maybe a couple of mikes underneath will get a convincing sound in the studio.

Live, we had immense problems because of the amount of spill from monitor cabinets which have to be nearby so you can hear what you're playing, and feedback problems. We ended up on this last tour using something like 10 or eleven mikes, maybe even more. There was a whole battery above to get the hard edge, and then mikes underneath to pick up some of the note.

Then we had to shield off the resonating tubes with a cloth so that we kept the monitors' sound away from them as much as possible — and even then it was a struggle to get the level up above that of the backing tapes. It took a few gigs to get it right.

There's no way you can actually tune marimbas, other than shaving off a bit of wood, which is something I'd rather not do. They are a fixed pitch, so I use them as the basis — mine are a little under concert pitch so any synthesisers have to be detuned to suit, a quarter-tone or something. There are certain notes on the scale on my marimbas which, because of wear and tear, are a little flat. But the nature of the instrument allows those little inconsistencies, and it actually adds to the character of the sound. So it's not as critical as, say, a piano.

It's difficult to get a marimba sound from a synth setting, though I'm sure I could get it with a Fairlight or Synclavier — sample it and virtually get the same thing. But you wouldn't play it in the same way, playing it from a keyboard you'd be using a totally different technique. Actually physically having to hit them is a reasonably aggressive thing, it's quite a nice feeling to be tired by playing them. Hitting them also brings out a different approach, I think you'd probably select a different pattern of notes than you would at a keyboard. So the form of the instrument itself dictates a certain approach that you wouldn't get from keyboards.

One of the dangers is you really have to protect marimbas when you travel — if they get too scratched, particularly the wooden bars, they can get out of tune, just by having wood knocked off them. And you can't put that back really. The obvious thing if you're going to travel with them a lot is to put them in a flightcase, but I haven't because it would be such a big — and therefore such an expensive — flightcase. And they're really used more in the Studio. But we wrapped them in big thick old car blankets for the tour, and then strapped them to the side of the truck wall.

The other thing to keep them sounding good is to wipe them with a damp cloth — things get stuck on them, because they tend to get used as a coffee table. When they're in my little eight-track studio at home they definitely get used as a coffee table. A bit of the old Johnson's Wax goes down a treat.

NELSON NOTES

Inspiration: Captain Beefheart 'Blabber And Smoke' from 'The Spotlight Kid' LP: "Not traditional marimbas, but amalgamated with those strange guitar things he used to do." Bryn Haworth 'Swiss Miss' from first (?) LP: "Rolling waves of sound from tradtional 'rolled' marimbas."

Bill's Best: (All from 'The Love That Whirls' LP):— 'Empire Of The Senses': "Multitracked marimbas, giving a good impression of what you can do with them." 'When Your Dream Of Perfect Beauty Comes True': "Virtually all instrumental, with repeating sequences played 'live' on marimbas." 'The October Man': "Marimbas playing a sort of bass riff."

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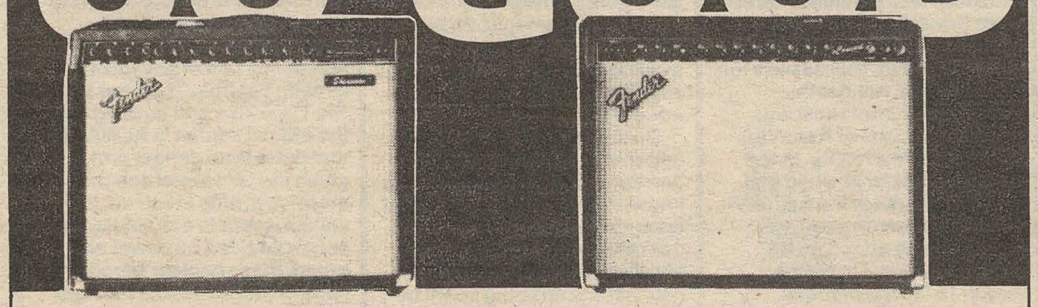

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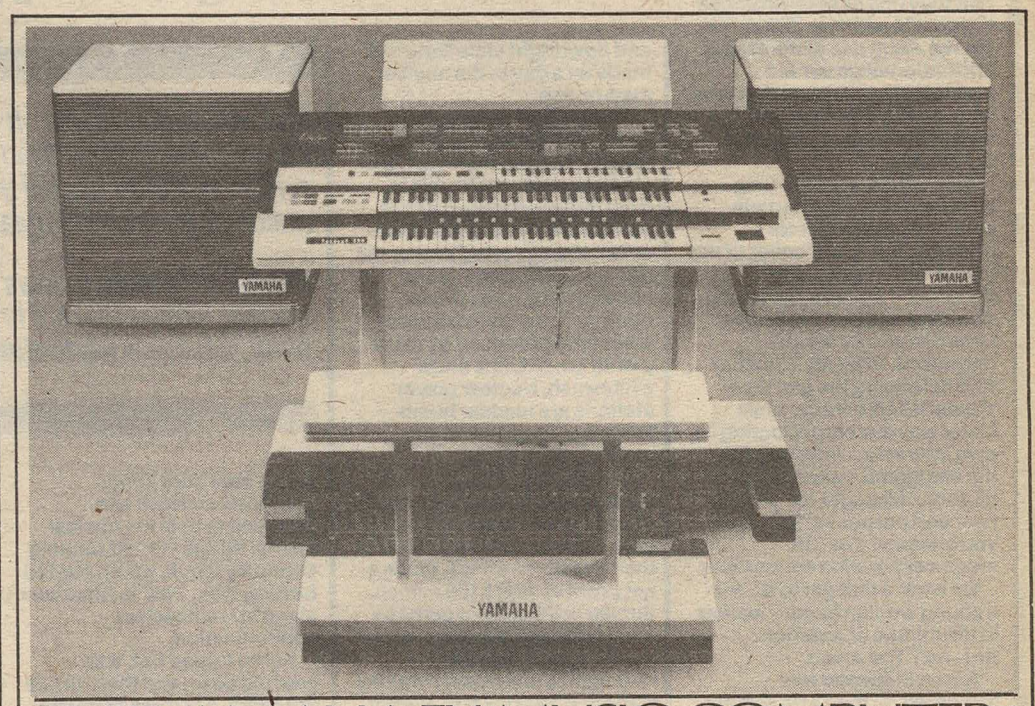

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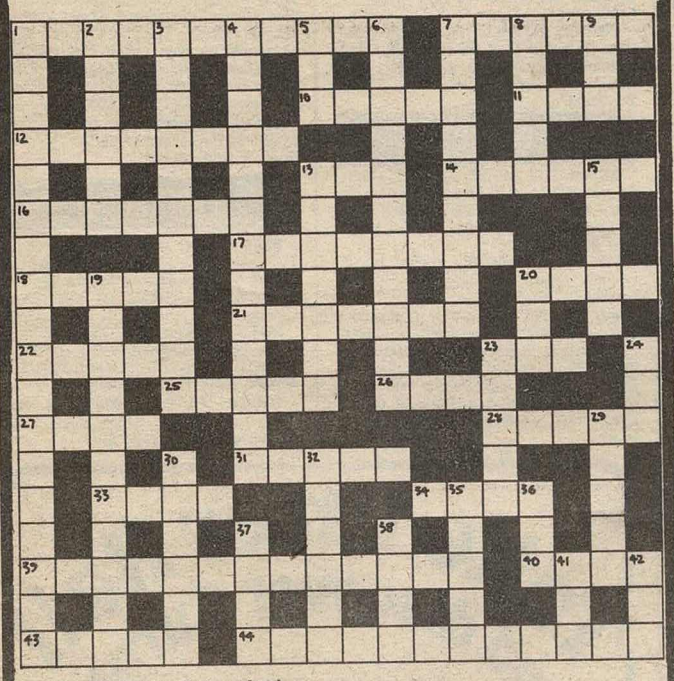
NME XPRESS

CLUES ACROSS

1. Ex-Crass label group, two of their singles featured Crass and Fatal Microbes releases on the flip-sides (6-5)
10 + 7A. For him no more moonlighting with Visage, just the day by day Uttravox production line (5-6)
11. No we get shaken up over a Rut (4)
12. Damned single, longer version of which can be found on 'Machine Gun Etiquette' (4-4)
13. What Welsh Bowie fans know him as? (3)
14. Glaswegian Juice (6)
16. Phil of Birthday Party or Robert of Hawkwind (7)
17. *"I have no need of friendship, friendship causes pain, it's laughter and it's loving I disdain"* 1966 (1-2-1-4)
18 + 29D. May I plod on? asked Diana Ross strangely in 1980 (2-3-5)
20. See 15D
21. See 24D
22. So this is how it all went for New Order (5)
23. —— Spots, US group from the '50s (3)
25. From the same era, the 'Ying Tong Song' renderers (5)
26. See 341A
27. David Grant split from them to go solo (4)
28. 'The —— Of Things To Come' by The Headboys (5)
31 + 26A. Police drummer Stewart Copeland has released a number of solo records under this pseudonym over the past years (5-4)
33. As Wah were fully known during 1980 (4)
34. US band can just be seen through a dusty x-ray (4)
39. Their name is taken from the heroes of the cartoon series *The Adventures of Tin Tin* (8-5)
40. Pistol at the back of Mexico, OK? (4)
44. Enid's tea cosy covers up something refreshing for the ear (5-7)



compiled by **Trevor Hungerford**

CLUES DOWN

1. They made their stage debut at the Rainbow in Christmas 1978 (6-5-7)
2. Minefield? If disturbed they could make Eve ill (1-5)
3. Born 1941 in Georgia, died 10 December 1967 in plane crash (4-7)
4. Squeeze split, one piece, go till broken (4-8)
5. Form of music torn back inside (1-1-1).
6. Red Crayola LP which featured various members of Pere Ubu (7-4)
7. Blue Zoo boo-hoo (3-3-3)
8 + 42A. She joined the Special AKA in 1981 with the remaining Specials (5-5)
9. Nippy house from down under (3)
13. Special AKA/Special again — a regular throughout the groups from 1977 (7)
15 + 20A. *"There are some things you can't cover up with lip-stick and powder"* — opening line to 1979 hit (5-4)
19. 1968 Tyrannosaurus Rex single — just when Bolan was getting a little boulder? (3-4-4)
20. So many years after for Alvin Lee (3)
23 + 38D. Times fly, I get confused thinking of an Animals single (3-2-4)
24 + 21A. Bay City Rollers (quick, pass the smelling salts) single originally performed by The Four Seasons (3-3-4)
30. Charlie from the UK Subs (6)
32. Friend of Gardner and Dyke (6)
35. Shop Member (5)
36. Formed in Swindon in 1973, had been previously known as Skyscraper, Star Park, Snakes and Helium Kidz (3)
37. Besides buildings, the other topic for Talking Heads songs (4)
41. The step beyond madness (3)
42. Silly Games Janet (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Test Tube Babies, 8. Users, 10. Drive-In, 13. Bane, 14. Syd, 16. Floyd, 17. Fatal, 18. Comet, 20. Lester, 22. Tree, 24. Money, 26. ZPS, 27. Corvette, 29. Sebastian, 34. Fad, 35. ELP (Emerson, Lake & Palmer), 36. Ate, 37. Ems, 38. Lol, 39. Ein, 40. Void, 41 + 7D. Power, Corruption And Lies,

DOWN: 1. True, 2. Specimen, 3. Bad Boys, 4 + 28D. Blind Vision, 5. Bye, 6. Einsturzende, 7. See 41, 9. Softly, 11. Ray, 12. Ve(ga), 15. Ya, 18. Camels, 19. Green, 21. Throat, 23. EP, 25. Equal, 27. Cat, 28. See 4, 30. Below, 31. Spear, 32. Ian, 33. Never, 34. Fripp, 38. Lip.

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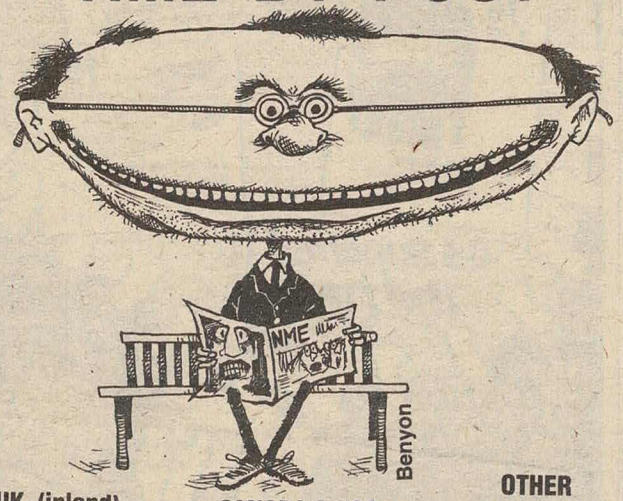

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G A S B A G

POLITICS

Mrs. Thatcher has called an election for June 9th. I thought I'd write and say goodbye.
Michael Foot, Westminster.
Thanks Michael! Remember if you sign this piece of paper you're giving away your choice of reply.—DD

ITALY

Readinga your letter page lasta weeka, I wasa very upseta to seea mya lovely son having the pissa takenout ofa him. Now Garya Spaghettia Cannelonnia Pizza Pasta Marconia Botticellia Marley isa very lovely boy and alla of his friends atta da school likea him very mucha. Onlya lasta weeka I hearda thema singing 'He'sa gotta da whole worlda in his hat."
Mrs. Mekon Megabonce, Pumpkin Land.
Paolo, Paolo, dontcha thinka (Give usa breaka — Ed) you're pushing this egomania a bit far? Remember you're British. Another first for Thaatchi & Thaatchi I think.—DD

THE MAN HIMSELF!

Cynical, arrogant and presumptious, well, very likely. A Tory — that I can refute. At no time in my previous letter did I state any support forThatcher. At no time did I state that I would vote for her. And at no time would I suggest that anyone else should support her.

Certainly, in the context of this election, it would make common sense to vote Labour as opposed to voting Tory, but if you think that they'll solve all your problems, then you have my sympathy. You are obviously very naive. You'll really believe that they love us all, and that everything will come up roses. No bombs, no war, equal rights for everyone and everything. Lots of jobs, lots of nice things, and all the baddies will be banished.

It isn't that simple, Paolo. We'll still be in the same old ship, we'll still be sinking. The best solution seems to be — bale out before it's too late. Either that, or else take matters into your own hands. Left, Right, Centre — the same old doggie biscuits in brand new packets.

Just as a matter of interest, I was on the dole for 18 months, until thanks to the wonderful MSC, I got a job, lasting three months. I finish next month, so don't say I don't know what poverty is.

Finally, what the hell are you talking about North and South in terms of class for? Are proles confined to the North? So who does the scabby work down SARF? Who starves down there? Are you really that blinkered? I fear that you are.
The Great Pretender (Slight Return), Newcastle.
It was the foul smell of cynicism from your letter which offended, especially as you spent all your time slamming the Left without offering any true alternative. What's your solution? Bale out? Into *what?* Of course Labour aren't going to 'solve everything', no political party will. At least Labour will be a start in the right direction. The North/South statement was based on the differing levels of unemployment in the country, and on the last election, where the further Maggie ventured up the motorway the less was her support.—PH

TABLOID FUN

NME EXCLUSIVE! Pop star in naked sex romp.
Outrageous pop star David Bowie has filmed a video which recreates the scurilous, lurid sex scene from the film *From Here To Eternity*. Next Week: *NME* BINGO.
R. Sheldon.
Wrong again — BINGO is on page 69 as we've told you before.—DD

Just thought I'd drop you a line to tell you that contrary to expectations I'm all in favour of David Bowie having it off on the beach! If he gets really adventurous he'll drown himself!
Chip Hamer, 32 Canterbury Road, Herne Bay, Kent.
Yeah! Love it! Just the kind of indulgent, sensationalist trivia we need. Feel free to write again.—DD

Is Robert Palmer really sitting on the loo on his tour poster?
Roger Ettlinger, Cliftonville, Dorking, Surrey.
Is that the poster for 'You Are In My Cystern'?—DD

What I want to know is who are this band called Piss In The Sink? That's certainly what they make me do when I hear their pitiful records — Hah!
Martin Allerton, Wealdstone, Middlesex.
PS: I I like John Cale — does this mean I am seriously ill?
Probably. But that doesn't mean that you can't enter our super bumper Bingo competition.—DD

Who is best for Britain? The question becomes more pressing as the election nears. None of the policies advocated by the major or minor parties will solve the underlying problems that Britain is facing. All the parties are proposing short term solutions to long term problems, problems that short term solutions won't solve. *(Eh? — Ed)*

Attitudes in Britain are wrong — trade union desire to increase their share of the cake whilst opposing ways of increasing its size; management reluctant to invest; entrepeneurs preferring to 'milk' their firms to pay for their lifestyle; and policy makers, concentrating on symbols (inflation and balance of payments most recently) without any reference to the real economy.

These attitudes started life as consequences of the environment, but have become so embedded in British life as to be causes of high unemployment and a low standard of living.

Attitudes amongst Britain's youth are becoming causes too. There were no riots in 1982 although unemployment rose and social conditions worsened. Have we taken an attitude of passive acceptance?

Without large scale social and institutional change, Britain will continue along the path of decline. Think on it.
Paul Mainwaring, Harpenden.
To be honest we don't really know the answer, but try the Citizens Advice Bureau. They know everything.—DD

I'm not sure to what degree *NME* is interested in comics, anyway — I suppose I should be grateful you mention them at all.
Ed Pinsent.
Of course you should. We mentioned you — didn't we?—DD.

DAVID DORRELL TAKES A SHORT CUT THROUGH THIS WEEK'S MAIL

Send your snippets To: Gasbag NME 3rd Floor 5-7 Carnaby St. London W1V 1PG

Was David Sylvian just a flash in Japan?
Andrew Mayer, Pontypridd.
Who said that the Welsh lacked a sense of humour?—DD

Regarding the correspondence on the subject of the Liverpool goalkeeper and Joni Mitchell's husband, could I also point out the similarity between Mick Belcker *(Hill Street Blues)* and Old Bruce.?
Ian Macleay, President of the Vince St. Clair/Jack Duckworth International Fan Club, London, W6.

I read two other magazines this weekend — *The End* and *No. 1.* They make *NME* look good (yeah, honest that's how bad they are).
Green Garthside's flat, Sale.
Well don't say we didn't tell you so.—DD

Why have they put *Soap* on at the same time as *The Young Ones?* Bastards! Why don't you feature Rik in *Portrait Of The Artist?* Bastards! Why do you include ads for shitty films like *Bad Boys* and *Hand Gun?* I'll tell you why, coz you're all bastards.
Dec the bastard, Birmingham.
They pay us a lot of bastard money.—DD

Cilla for breakfast TV. She'll give you men who want to rule the world!
Anon.
I love it. By the way, do you mean Margaret Thatcher?—DD

FRENCH LETTERS

Dear Nescafe Kid, glad you like the single! Dear Tucker, if you really push your luck, you're gonna feel the rough side of my tongue!
Wanton Tracie, Respondshire.
You tell it to them Trace. Give 'em hell. Play your single to em — that'll do it.—DD

I hope the *NME* isn't going to print any more articles on Paul Weller, Tracie or Style Council because I don't want to read about that load of Rubber Johnnies.

My God — you'd think 'Devil Woman' had never been written!
The Rik Mayall Appreciation Society (alias Trippen and Drippen, Telford).
Bastard! I suppose you think that's really clever Neil. *(I didn't say a word.—Ed).*—DD

D.M.O. (ANAG.)

Petty squabbling, bickering and backstabbing concerning those Spandau boys has reduced the *NME* letters page in recent weeks to something akin to *Sounds* (or less).

What has happened to the *NME* of old, when the letters page was reserved for witty observations concerning today's society or else anagrams of Orchestral Manoeuvres in the Dark?
Chris Ratcord, Deels. (Anag.)
If you look carefully you'll find it hidden between *T-Zers* and the back cover.—DD

I'm now convinced that the music press have been totally foxed by the concept of O.M.D.
Lynne Harvey, Brentford, Middlesex.
That's probably why people have stopped sending in anagrams of the band's name.—DD

DAON THE FROG AND TOAD...

Having seen *Loose Talk* this evening I can't wait to see Danny Baker getting his own chat show, asking *really* penetrating questions to Peter Tatchell, ie. — Hey Pete, what about that scoop neck black tee-shirt?
W. Sims, Ilford, Essex.

...CAME THIS ICE-CREAM FREEZER...

The camera zooms in to the dark bottomless void. What is it? The camera turns slowly, hesitating, now knowing quite what to expect. Into the picture comes tall ivory pollars, probably mystical relics from pre-Neanderthal times, time scorched with thick treacle-like moss.

What is this enigma? *(Give us a clue — Ed)* Yes folks, you guessed, it's Danny Baker's mouth.

"Where are you from anyway?" Danny shouts to the balding pop-artist.

"Why I was born just 100 yards from Bow Bells, beat that for being working class."

"Huh!" replies Danny in a thick genuine professional cockney accent, "I was born 90 yards from Bow Bells, and my dad's mate's brother knew the caretaker."

Suddenly, in the audience the waiter coughs.

"He was laughing at me!" Danny demands.

"No he wasn't you bastard it was me he was laughing at," with a deep conviction that could only have come from a man born 100 yards from Bow Bells.

"But I'm a cockney."

Then a fight breaks out on set.

"I'm from Greenwich if it helps," butts in Steve Taylor boringly.

And they all live happily ever after with their wage packets. How's that for sub-cultural prostitution? Dead sad.
Paul Boottle.
Well, if ya know what I mean. John, I'm not adverse to a bit of the ol' cockney patois! Gor! Knock it on the head. Danny Baker? Laugh? I could have gone to Ethiopia! Economy class of course. — Alexi Dorrell.

Illustration by Chris Long

A WORD FROM OUR SPONSORS...

Listening to my 'Stomping At The Savoy' cassette after losing my virginity to a girl I'm very much in love with was the nearest I could get to complete and utter bliss. Thank you.
Marc.
Anything to oblige. Try it to 'Hit The Road Stax'. Now that's something.—DD

The *NME* is so uncontentious, flat, sterile, meaningless and trivial these days that I can't think of anything cogent or pertinent to write. Like most people who write to *Gasbag*, I just want to see my name in print.
Anonymous, Oxford.

Okay you smug bastards *(That word again eh?—Ed)*, I'm well intrigued to find out what snyde little comment is going on the end of this piece of poorly written literature.
Alberto Jonz.
Tough! We ain't gonna tell you. What's more you're right — it was a poorly written piece of literature. Alberto Jonz? Do us a favour Morley — stop sending in these awfully spelt letters.—DD

Dear Drooper, I was distressed if not disillusioned to find that my last week's copy of *NME* had a rather obscure Rorscach inkblot upon it — being an up and coming (oops, mind the Freudian slip!!) psychologist I feel this may have a permanent disruptive effect on your younger admirers.
Clarabel, Preston Docks.
Actually this one was addressed to Jerry Lee Lewis but we've got no qualms about opening other peoples' letters.—DD

When a movie is given a P.G. certificate does it mean that cups of tea are served during the intermission?
John Connolly, New Barnet.
PG? Suitable for chimps?—DD

It has been brought to my attention that, not content with mutilating 'Rock the Boat', Forrest have now mercilessly sodomised The Detroit Emeralds' 'Feel the Need in Me'. I am standing here, waiting, just daring the bastards to touch anything by Smokey Robinson, The Four Tops, or The Isley Brothers. I'm just daring them. And if they do, I'll kill myself and all my family and then mutilate the bodies. Now, if they covered E.P. Thompson's *Making Of The English Working Class*, that really would be more than cherry pie.
Pip!Pip!
E of Leeds, Powys, near Fwance. (Geddit??!!!)

As usual, a man misses the point again. With a view to video 'nasties', or splatter movies, it's not a question of how well they are made, or if they are 'good fun' — these films are sickening and offensive to many people, especially women, because of the way women are continually portrayed as victims of mutilation, rape or murder.
You may find it 'amusing' Mr. Gill, but so-called harmless films have considerable influence, and the notion that women's bodies are there for the using is perpetuated in every 'Driller Killer', 'Snuff' or 'Dressed to Kill'. It makes male power and sheer physical force over women acceptable.
Also, it would be a good idea to check your facts before making such assumptions as "few of them bother to actually *watch* what they condemn". I, and many women against such films, have made a point of watching them — so that we, unlike you, Andy Gill, know what we're talking about.
Abigail Adams, Leeds.

T-ZERS

IT'S a man's life here at *T-Zers*, the column that never eats quiche. Let's begin with a tale of Real Men; those strapping jocks **Big Country**, who spent last week filming a video in the wilds of Dorset — Swanage, to be precise. The fearless four did all their own stunt work, including scaling a 100 foot cliff, performing wheelies on motorbikes and deep sea diving — or so they claim. They did run into some difficulties when their director (a man to rank alongside **Erich von Stroheim,** as a sadist if not as a film maker) required them to fall out of a dinghy a mile out to sea. Chequered life jackets were tossed in after them, however, and all hands were recovered....

Other pop folk, meanwhile, are, um, into getting their heads together in the country: **Roddy Frame** of **Aztec Camera** is buying a "cottage-cum-shack" just outside Stockport (yes, of his own free will) as a haven from the pressures of town life. He's now given up trailing around estate agents' offices and is instead paying calls on a number of major labels who wish to snap up (hoho) the group...

Paul Weller was 25 last Wednesday, which will come as a surprise to those who believed his birthday to be on December 25th...

Why do **Bananarama** sport three rings on each hand — index, middle and ring finger? If they don't know the significance of such adornment, we think they should be told, before they get themselves into an embarrassing, not to say Sapphic, situation. And what's this about mutterings within the ranks when a certain pop rag wanted to single out **Siobhan** for a front page feature?...

Reports from darkest Manchester suggest that not one of Factory's celebrity guests turned up for the Hacienda birthday party. Seems the immaculately designed invites displayed the wrong date — the Hacienda was established "to restore a sense of place". What ever happened to their sense of time?...

And now, from the people who brought you **KajaGooGoo: Sex Gang Children? Andi** and his chums are reputedly being chased by EMI persons waving chequebooks, new hairdos and all sorts of other enticements, if they'll only drop the Children bit and sign on the dotted as the Sex Gang. You know, like the **Sex** — what were they called again...

Fun loving rock'n'roller **Paul** "Ace" **Frehley** of **Kiss** charged with drunken and reckless driving after allegedly dodging New York police at 90 mph after leaving the scene of three accidents...

The riddle of the **Chrissie Hynde — Ray Davies** sproglette's name is solved at last; the infant is called **Natalie.** Turning to **Bob Geldof** and **Paula Yates** for a little zaniness on the subject. Their daughter will go through life reeling under the appellation of **Fifi Trixie-Belle Geldof...**

Swain and **Jolley** produced the next **Bananarama** single — it's 'Cruel Summer', written by the **'Nanas themselves...**

John Lydon may face a warm welcome from the Official Receiver when next he sets foot in Blighty, extended on behalf of the creditors of Public Image Ltd, liquidated in November '82. No *NME* — no comment...

Popsters featured in the Current Bun's 'How The Stars Vote' roundup included **Joe Strummer** to the Left (hurrah) **Mikey Craig** to the Right (hiss) and **David Van day** ("I met **David Steel** and I thought he was nice") down the middle with the Alliance...

Our own **Julie Burchill** pops up between the Cartier ads and **Jennifer's Diary** in this month's *Harpers & Queen*, which carries pre-publication excerpts from her book, *Girls On Film*...

A friend of **Neil Arthur's** who works for the African National Council was behind **Blancmange's** admirable decicion to donate to that body all their South African royalties. **Arthur** and **Luscombe** were said to be "very embarrassed" when they first discovered that 'Living On The Ceiling' had become a hit in the land of the Springbok...

Boy George will presumably be chuffed to hear that **Rod Stewart** considers him to be the best white soul voice since himsel and **Frankie Miller** (who?)...

Perhaps the fat-bottomed croaker will make a bid for **Culture Club** producer **Steve Levine's** services. The industrious Levine now has four singles in the chart — the Club's, **First Light, David Grant** and **UK Players**...

An awesome press release concerning *The Hunger* (review page 22) slithered onto the *T-Zers* desk this week, dripping with such purple nonsense as: "*The Hunger* is a mood, a look, an ambience" and "to be drawn into their world is to view life through a cracked mirror where a thousand distorted images scatter backwards in time". Oh yeah? *Word of mouth* on the film is that it *sucks* (just want to fill the humour quota, boss) — one viewer was moved to dub it 'Just A Vampire'...

Derek Jarman and **Roger Daltrey** (fresh from his starring role as country squire on a TV prog about trout-fishing — you mean you missed it?) were spotted watching **Toyah** at *Trafford Tanzi last week...*

Steve "Noggin" **Norman** and girlfriend **Gail** are holidaying in Crete (aaah!) with a party of friends including **Steve Strange.** Girls! Would you let your fiance sunbathe with this man?...

At last it can be told! *T-Zers* proudly presents the dastardly tale 'I Was Donny's Double', featuring cuddly but bewildered rock thinker **Don Watson** and some young puppy who had the gall to impersonate the great man in order to gain admission to divers pop concerts. Cornered at a recent **Rip Rig And Panic** show, the imposter confessed to passing himself off as *NME's* Dr Watson at **Prince Charles** and **Orange Juice** concerts, and was induced by an irate promoter to part with some £30 in default of other entrance fees. Quote from the imposter to the Don: "I turned up to some sold-out gigs and your name wasn't even on the guest list"...

"**A Flock Of Seagulls** are much uglier than we are," whinges some old dear from **Men At Work.** Maybe so, laddie, but it's a close-run thing...

Minute quantities of grey matter are now so highly prized in the USA that **Bianca Jagger** has been awarded an honorary doctorate in humanities by a Massachusetts university...

Vince Clarke's planned label is up for offers; first signing will be protogee **Robert Marlow,** a fellow Basildonian...

A stage production of **Kenneth Anger's** *Hollywood Babylon* shimmies into the Camden Palace on June 14, 15 and 16. Who's the hapless thespian who gets to play **Fatty Arbuckle,** we wonder...

And a stagestruck *T-Zer* reports that the club-within-a-club play **'Club Kangaroo',** recently staged at the Wag Club and apt to appear in various niteries in London and beyond, is well worth seeing...

Rod Stewart support act for Ibrox Park: **Orange Juice** declined, **Gary Glitter** accepted, **The Redskins** weren't asked...

During final negotiations on the **Cabaret Voltaire** contract between Virgin and Some Bizzare, **Stevo** pulled out his...no not that!... executive decision maker and proceeded to use it before the assembled multitude of the Branson Empire to decide on the percentage split between the group and company of any American advance. Stevo came out on top 75-25...

Still with Stevo, he's flying to Iceland in two weeks' time for a meeting with **Roman Polanski,** who has professed interest in some Some Bizzare group doing a soundtrack for his next picture...

It also says here that **John Barry** might approach **Psychic TV** to help out on a **James Bond** theme. Perhaps they will be able to put an end to the series where others have failed...

BANK HOLIDAY Monday's *Loose Talk* on hip-hot Channel 4 boasted some interesting moments between dull performance artists and disaffected Italians, notably the presence of **Robert Wyatt** and **Elvis Costello**, the latter distinguishing himself with a fine burst of vitriol on the subject of Ubergrüppenfuehrer **Thatcher** and Reichsmarschal **Tebbit**. *NME*'s own **Vivien Goldman**, as guest presenter, meanwhile confused the cameramen with her oyster earrings and the the touted **Matt** 'The The' **Fretton** sang flat flat...

Oops: in his exposition on Celtic soul brother number one **Van Morrison** last week, **Gavin Martin** stated that the awkward Ulsterman had once reduced Radio One jock **David Jensen** to tears with one of his infamous non-interviews. Definitively not so; yon Jensen has in fact broadcast interviews with the Belfast cowboy on two separate occasions (red faces all round, mumbled apologies, shifting of feet and sounds of dungeon doors being slammed behind the Martin carcass)...

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